

The Reason For Liz Taylor's May-December Romances

# PHOTOPLAY

N.

NEW SCREEN LOVERS

ELVIS PRESLEY

TONY PERKINS

DON MURRAY

who-why-what they are

How JUDY GARLAND

Went Broke on

\$100,000 a Year

TAB HUNTER: Hollywood's

Biggest Headache

20¢

ELIZABETH  
TAYLOR

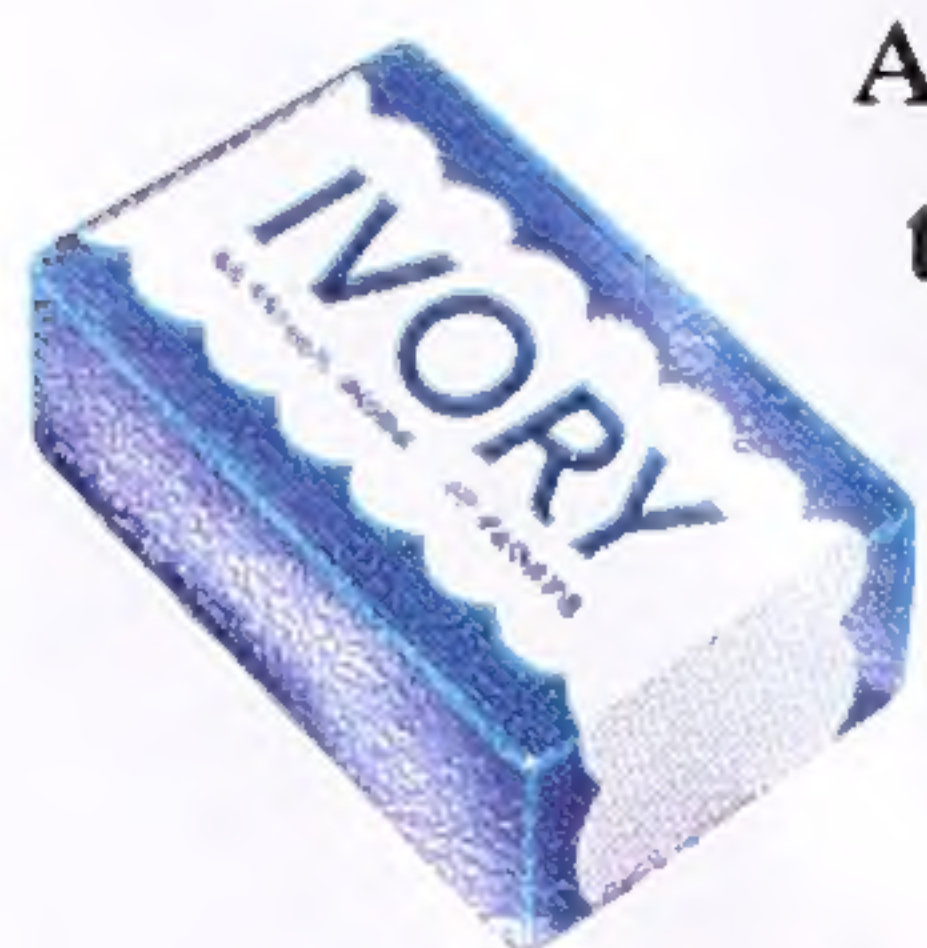
MRS C SLOSBERG  
7 CLEVELAND RD  
BROOKLINE 46 MASS  
P 858 7/L 10R M





# That Ivory Look

so clear...so fresh...so easily yours



A baby's loveliest gift is That Ivory Look—a look you, too, can have through the magic of Ivory's mildness. You see, the milder your soap, the prettier your complexion. That's why regular care with pure, mild Ivory leaves your skin so clear—fresh—endearingly lovely. It's such a pretty look—That Ivory Look—such an easy look for you to have.

*99%% pure...it floats*



Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory. Mild enough for baby's skin—so right for your complexion.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap



Are you ever *excited...*



*tense...*



*rushed?...*



That's when  
most deodorants fail... but  
new Mum cream keeps working

*You've probably noticed . . .*

... when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. *Mum keeps on working actively* to stop odor 24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are. No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn't that what you want?



*More people depend on Mum  
than on any other deodorant  
... it works when others fail*

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

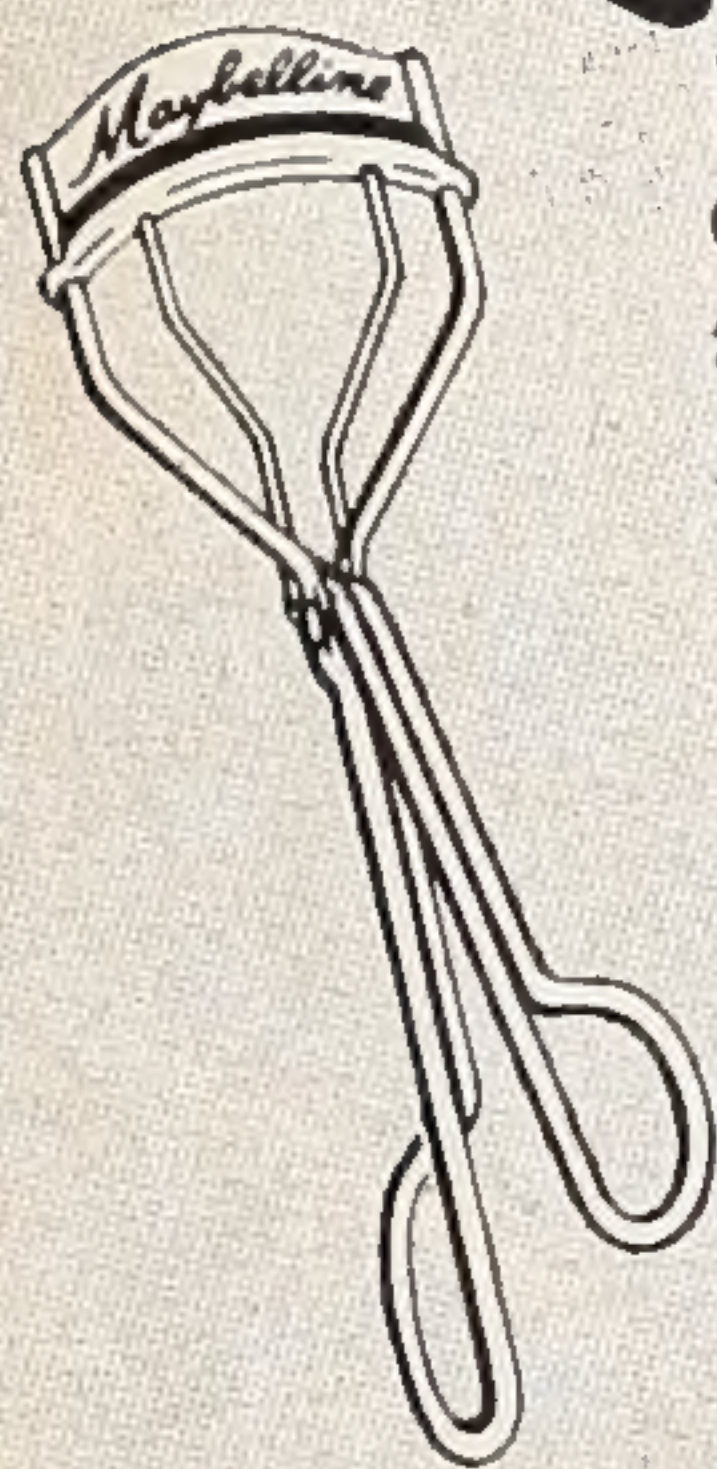
KIND TO SKIN AND CLOTHES



# LOOK...



## what's new in eye beauty!



Look prettier—through curly lashes in just seconds—with the new soft-cushion

**Maybelline**  
PROFESSIONAL  
EYELASH CURLER

naturally,  
it's the best...  
gold plated

Molded Cushion refill, only 10¢

You must try the wonderful new

**Maybelline**

AUTOMATIC  
EYEBROW PENCIL

never needs sharpening  
—spring-locked crayon  
can't fall out...

Velvet Black, Dark or  
Light Brown, and now in  
Dove Grey or Auburn...

39¢ for two long-lasting refills



79¢

Tweeze with ease—with the new silvery



**Maybelline**

EYEBROW TWEEZERS

designed with a grip that  
can't slip—straight  
or slant edge...

29¢

Last but not least—the world-famous

**Maybelline**  
MASCARA

for long, dark, velvety  
lashes—Solid Form in  
gorgeous gold-plated  
vanity case—or Cream  
Form in smart kit



\$1.25

**Maybelline**

SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

# PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

JANUARY, 1957

VOL. 51, NO. 1

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COVER: Color portrait of Elizabeth Taylor by Mead-Maddick from Topix. Liz is starred in "Giant" and in "Raintree County."

Your February issue will be on sale at your newsstand on January 3

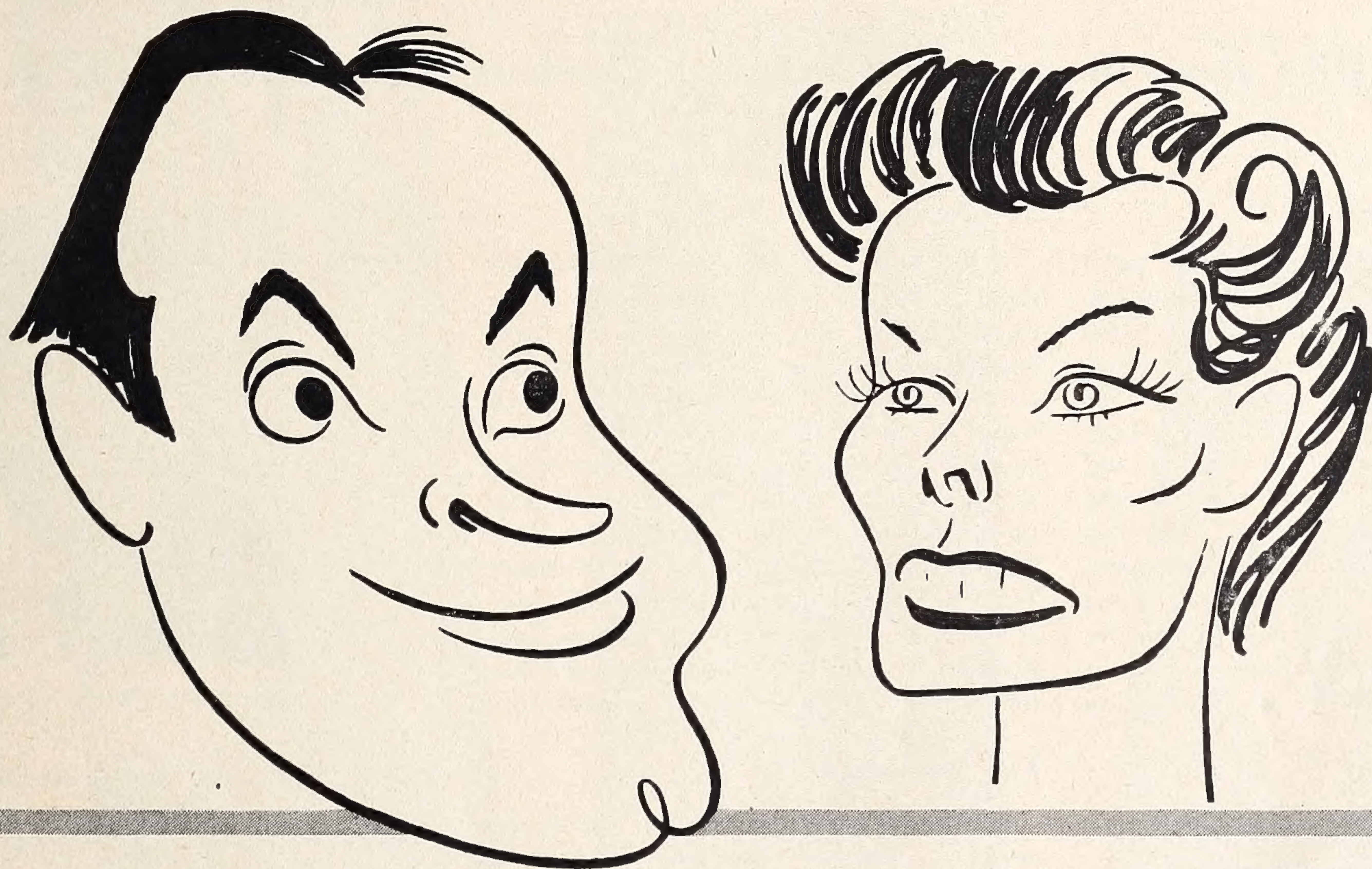


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*Together for the first time!*



M-G-M presents in VISTAVISION and TECHNICOLOR®

BOB  
HOPE

KATHARINE  
HEPBURN

in

# "THE IRON PETTICOAT"

*The story's about an American aviator  
and a Russian girl flyer in London.  
She gets to like our American ways,  
as taught by Bob. She's a spy;  
he's a spy; so it's spy-high with hilarity!*



with

NOEL MIDDLETON · JAMES ROBERTSON-JUSTICE  
ROBERT HELPMANN

Produced by BETTY E. BOX · Directed by RALPH THOMAS

A REMUS FILM · Produced in association with HARRY SALTZMAN

An M-G-M Release



# over the Editor's shoulder...

A great man talks about his greatest movie . . . Previews of exciting features to come

## Man with a Mission

If you've been lucky enough to catch an early showing of "The Ten Commandments," you'll surely understand why, when we heard Cecil B. DeMille was in town, we went hurrying off to talk to him. We found Mr. DeMille in a quiet hotel suite high above the roar of Fifth Avenue, and listened, spellbound, to the story of the making of this truly epic film. "The Ten Commandments," said Mr. DeMille gently, "is not a movie, it's a mission. Each of us would like to feel, I believe, that we have made some contribution, no matter how small, to the future of the human



Mr. DeMille fulfills his mission

race. I like to feel that, with this picture, I have made some slight contribution toward the cause of peace." Mr. DeMille hopes that enough people, not only in this country, but all over the world, will pause to see and ponder on the message that is "The Ten Commandments." "If people adhered to those commandments," said this gentleman of seventy-four summers, whose eyes and mind are as sharp as ever, "which are, after all, natural law, God's law, war and bloodshed, greed and envy would be unheard of."

"The Ten Commandments" is an emotional and spiritual experience from which no audience can go away unmoved. Mr. DeMille refused to take any money for producing it, beyond a regular salary—a salary much smaller than he would usually command. "You cannot have the pleasure of making a contribution," smiled this great man of the movies, "and, at the same time, expect to be paid for it."

## We Accept with Pleasure

. . . And with genuine gratitude the many, many letters that have come in enthusiastically endorsing the idea of book-length condensations. We also appreciate receiving suggestions for future book-lengths. Among the stars proposed by our readers are Frank Sinatra, Natalie Wood and Montgomery Clift. Watch for them in future issues, and don't miss "The Rock Hudson Story" that begins in February. This isn't just another Rock Hudson story. It is *the* Rock Hudson story, told as Rock lived it. And do let us know how you like this month's full-length story, "Crack-Up."

## For Women Only

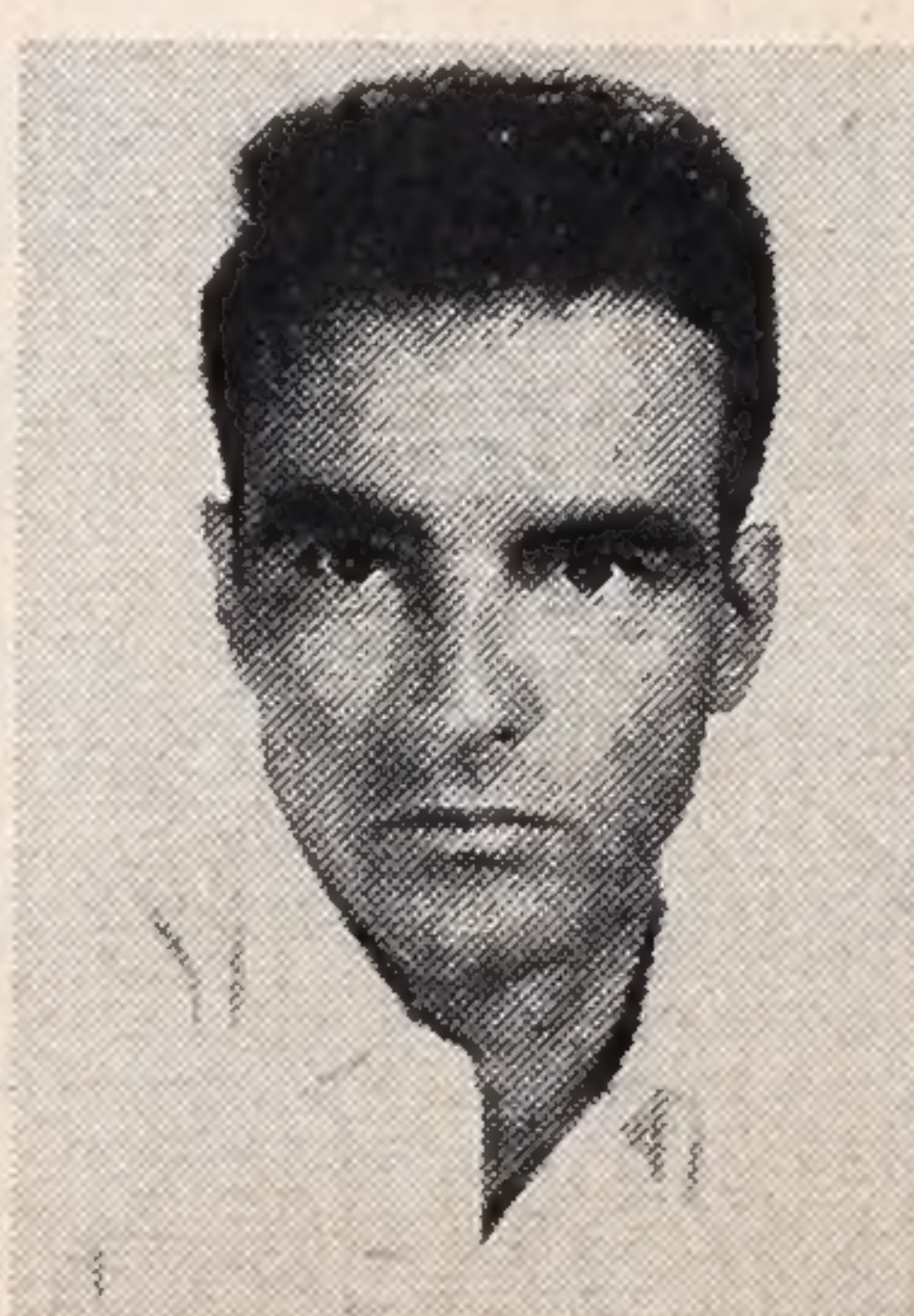
When the man in your life tries to get out of a date, do you ask suspiciously, "Why? Are you seeing another woman?" If he shows up with a telltale smudge of lipstick on his collar, do you put him through a third degree until he tells you what you don't really want to hear? Then by all means hear Rossano Brazzi's advice on "How to Have a Love Affair." The romantic star of "Summertime," "The Story of Esther Costello" and the forthcoming "Interlude" is an expert on such things, as you'll find out when you read this startlingly frank story in February PHOTOPLAY. We accept no responsibility, however, for what may happen if you let this story fall into the hands of the man in your life!

## Our Welcome Wagon

We were kept busy last month welcoming a lot of our Hollywood friends to New York, and we must admit this is one of the nicest parts of our job. Charlton Heston and his lovely wife, Lydia, were in town, and one night over dinner at Sardi's we talked over our future plans for stories



Frank stories to be told about Rossano, Monty



Otto doesn't want to be a gentleman

on Chuck, while he and Lydia talked over their future plans for their son, Fraser. . . . Kerwin Matthews and Valerie French ("Garment Center" stars) chatted about *their* future plans over tall, cold drinks in the Rainbow Room. . . . A luncheon with Francis X. Bushman and another with Otto Kruger reminded us that charm knows no years and no seasons, but is perennial. Why aren't we seeing more of Otto Kruger on the screen? "If only," he sighed, "they'd stop insisting that I must be cast as a 'gentleman' and give me some comedy roles. After all, when you've played, successfully, every kind of role from Shakespeare to—" Then he broke off, shrugged, smiled and said, "But then, that's Hollywood. Besides, I'd hate to leave my garden."

## Reminder to Mineo Fans

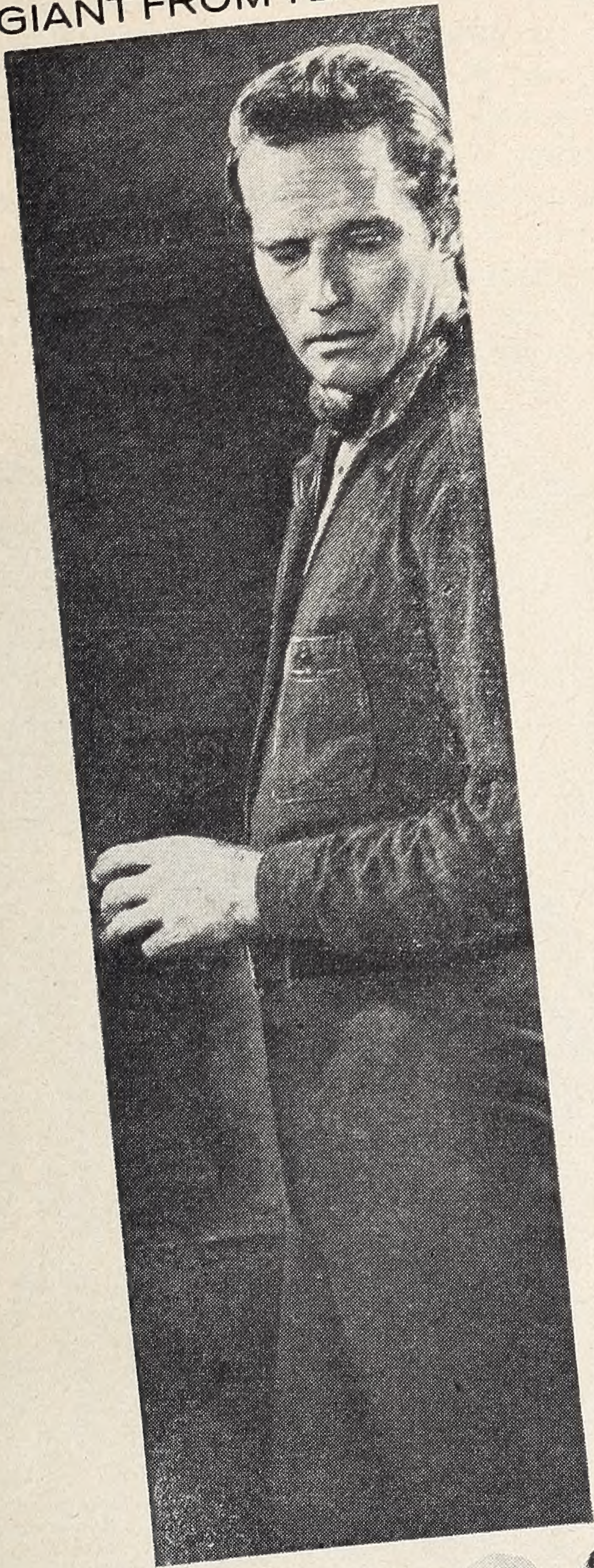
If you still have your December PHOTOPLAY and haven't entered the Sal Mineo contest, you have until December 9th to get in your entry blank. Note that the name of Sal's picture has been changed to "Rock, Pretty Baby." You may be the pretty baby to attend its premiere with Sal—if you hurry!

## Looking Ahead

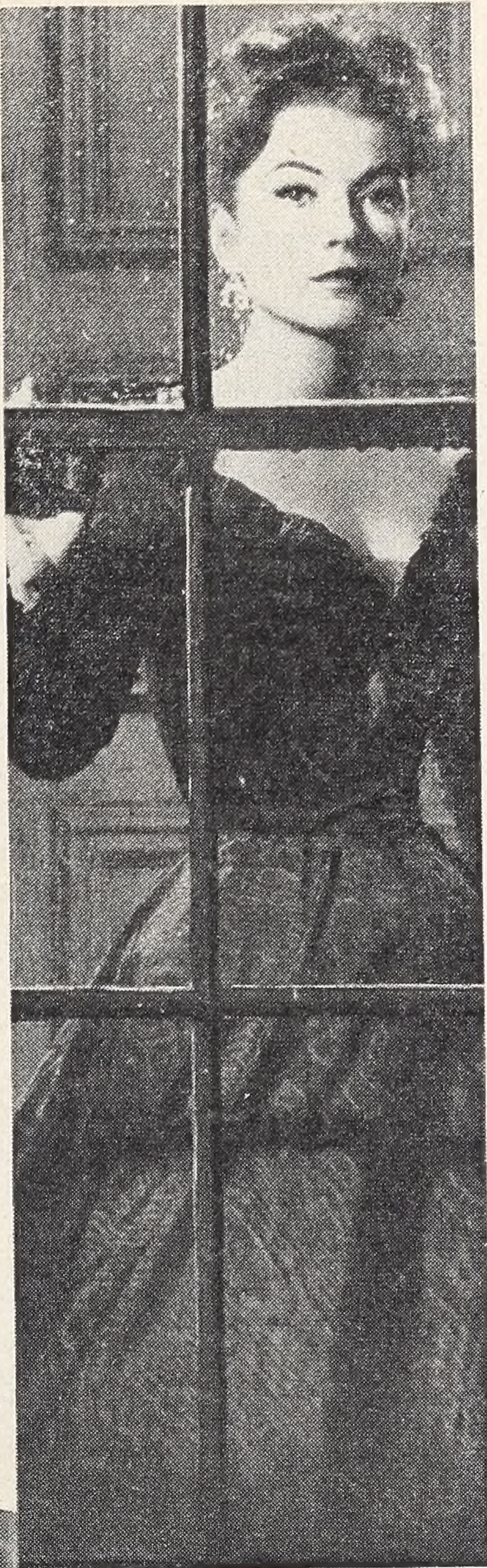
The year '57 will be one of the best for you PHOTOPLAY readers, with more color, more stories and pictures than ever. In addition to ten full-length feature stories in February, you will find an important beauty article on how to correct your most prominent feature fault. And with Valentine's Day coming up, don't overlook the Elvis Presley charm bracelet that you can order through PHOTOPLAY (see page 53). 'Til next month.—I.M.



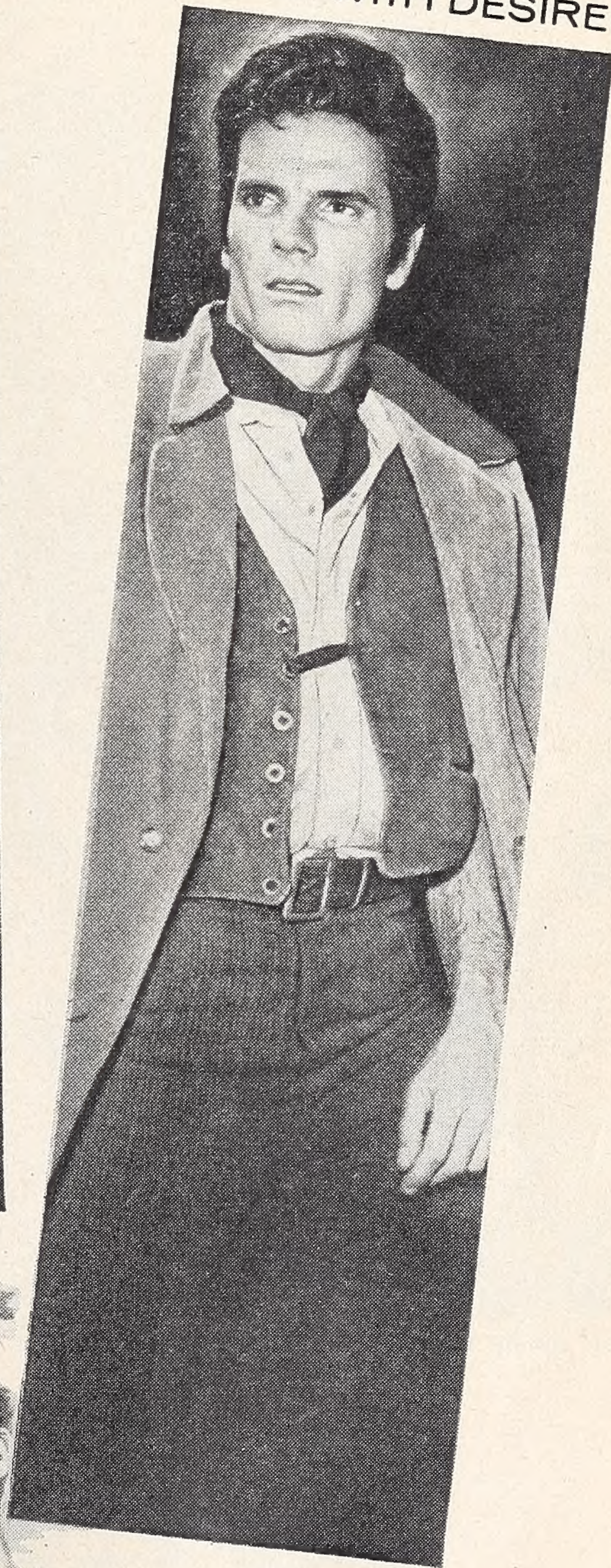
**COLT...**  
A POWER-MAD,  
WOMAN-HUNGRY  
GIANT FROM TEXAS!



**THE REDHEAD...**  
LOOKING FOR A  
MAN...AND COLT  
WAS ALL MAN!



**CINCH...**  
DRUNK WITH HATE  
AS THE OTHER TWO  
WERE WITH DESIRE!



Three lives twisted  
together in an emotional  
whirlpool too fierce  
to be fought!



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

**CHARLTON HESTON · ANNE BAXTER**  
**GILBERT ROLAND** IN

**Three Violent People**

CO-STARRING

**TOM TRYON · FORREST TUCKER · BRUCE BENNETT** with ELAINE STRITCH

Produced by Hugh Brown • Directed by Rudolph Mate • Screenplay by James Edward Grant

VISTAVISION

TECHNICOLOR



# LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓ GOOD

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓ FAIR

## *The Ten Commandments*

PARAMOUNT;  
VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ No one but Cecil B. DeMille could have made this epic, the story of Moses. The cast is firmly dominated by Charlton Heston, as the great Jewish leader, and Yul Brynner, as the Pharaoh jealous from childhood of the boy raised as foster son of a princess (Nina Foch). Among the vast panoramas and dazzling camera magic, the human element is further strengthened by an array of stars, including: Anne Baxter, as the princess who covets Moses; Yvonne De Carlo, as the shepherd girl who becomes his wife; John Derek, as the brave Joshua; Debra Paget, as his sweetheart; Edward G. Robinson, as a Jewish overseer who helps Egypt persecute his own people, but must go with them on the mighty Exodus. **FAMILY**

BEST ACTING: YUL BRYNNER, CHARLTON HESTON



Aaron (John Carradine) and Moses (Charlton Heston) ask a miracle that will show Pharaoh (Yul Brynner) the power of God



Smiles fade when Ronald Colman tells Niven and Cantinflas that the railroad ends here

## *Around the World in 80 Days*

MICHAEL TODD; TODD-AO, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ It's colossal!—and it's sheer, wonderful nonsense, never taking itself seriously for a moment. This sparkling version of Jules Verne's classic casts David Niven as the pompous British hero, who bets (back in 1872) that he can circle the globe in eighty days. With him goes Mexico's great comedian Cantinflas, as his resourceful valet. And the party becomes a trio when they rescue Hindu princess Shirley MacLaine from a fiery death. One mad adventure follows another; breathtaking scenes shot all over the world sweep across the huge screen, to rollicking music. But the human scenery's the big surprise. Forty-two top stars of several nations do bit parts with gay good cheer; famous faces keep cropping up casually. **FAMILY**

*Continued on page 78*

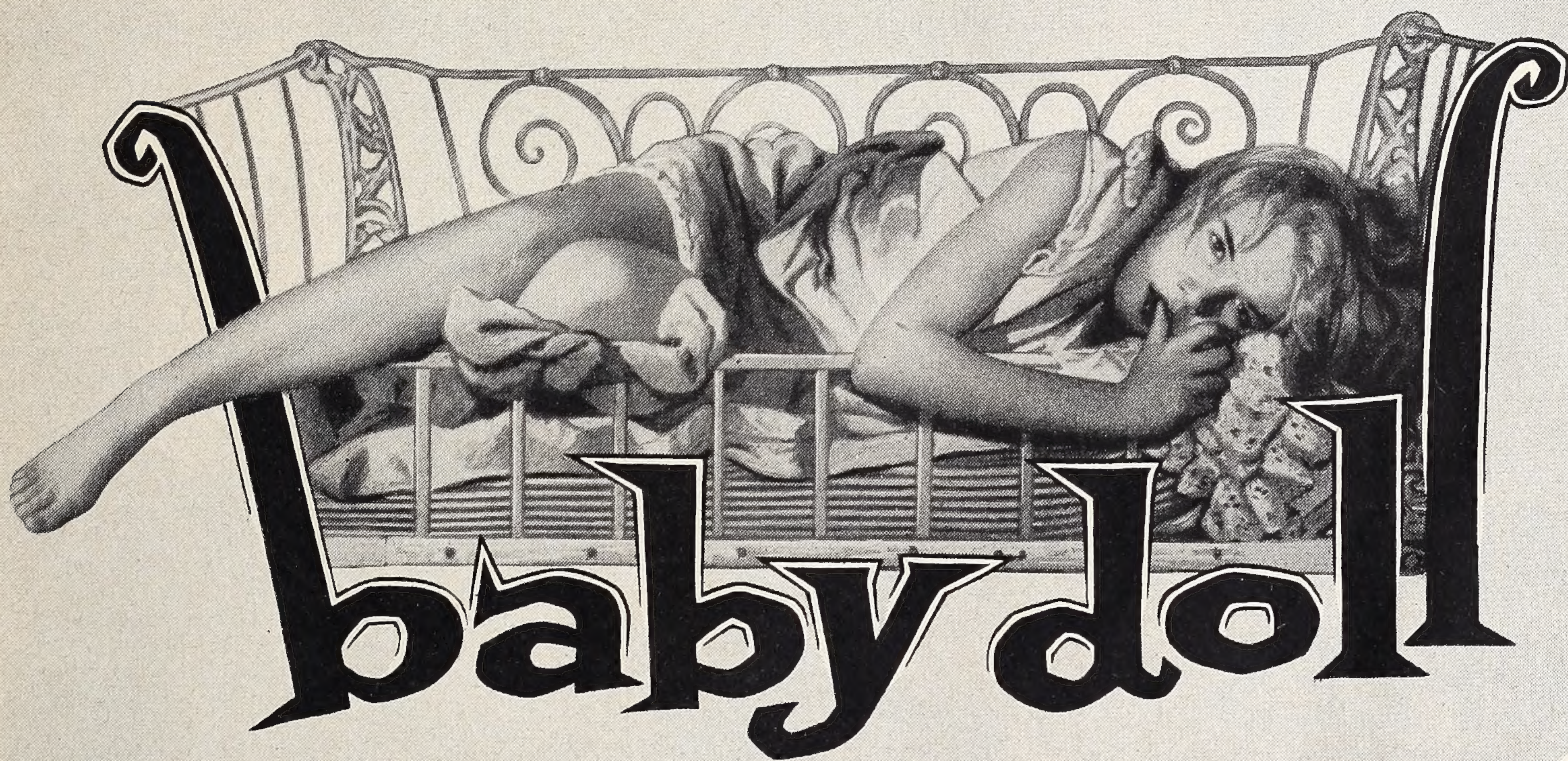


ELIA KAZAN'S

production of

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'

boldest story!

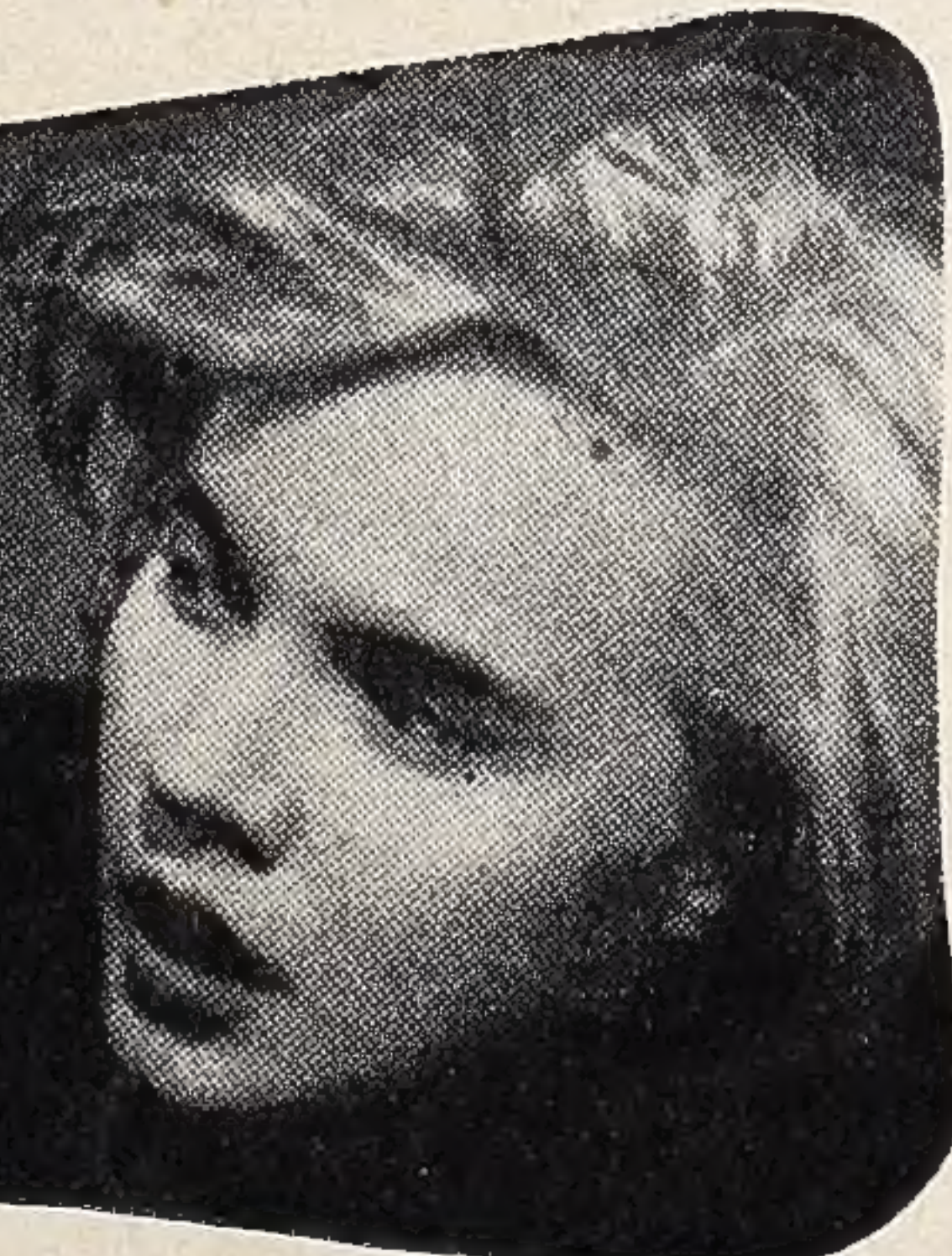


She's  
nineteen.

She  
makes  
her  
husband  
keep  
away  
-- she  
won't  
let the  
stranger  
go  
away.



Her name is  
**CARROLL  
BAKER.**  
She's raw  
electricity.  
Here is a  
very special  
new star.



FROM WARNER BROS. STARRING

KARL MALDEN • CARROLL BAKER • ELI WALLACH

Story and Screen Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS • Directed by ELIA KAZAN • A NEWTOWN Production







"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"



## New! Clearasil Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

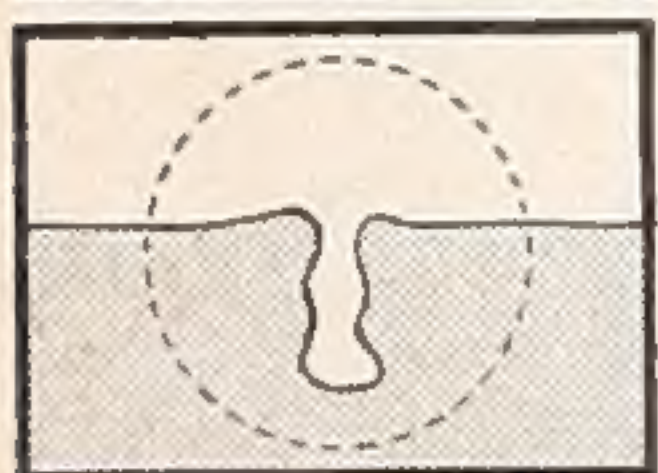
SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works*. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

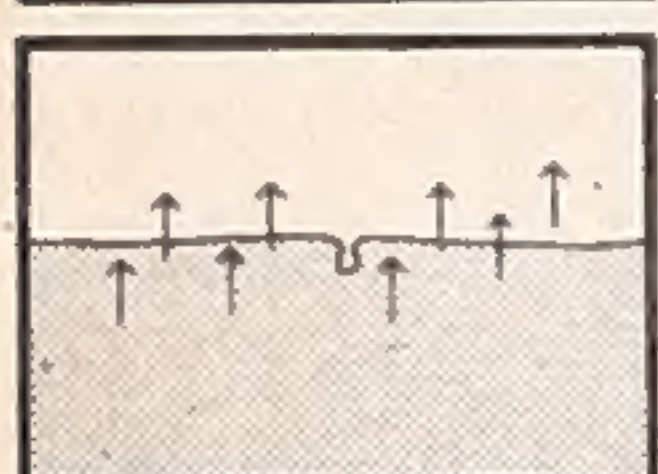
### CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



**1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . .** keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.



**2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . .** antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



**3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . .** CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

### SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

### 'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



**Largest-Selling Pimple  
Medication in America (including Canada)**

Address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY,  
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We  
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters  
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan  
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.  
For list of studio addresses, see page 66.—Ed.

# READERS INC...

## SOAP BOX:

My husband and I just returned from a wonderful vacation in Hollywood. We were fortunate to meet many of the stars in person, but I'd like to tell you about one in particular. We were walking down Vine Street and saw Peter Hanson going into a studio. I stopped him and asked if I could take a picture. He was so very nice, and talked to us like he had known us all of our lives. He's our favorite actor now, and I'm looking forward to seeing him in "The Ten Commandments." Will you please publish this picture which I took of him, with my letter, so I can thank him for his courtesy?

THELMA GOODWIN  
Chicago, Illinois



A fan praises Peter Hanson

I think you have a wonderful magazine, and after reading about Jimmy Dean, I couldn't resist writing this letter.

I, too, think Jimmy Dean was a wonderful actor and I know many other people agree with me. But I think it is utterly ridiculous to keep on writing stories about him and selling metal charms of him. For heaven's sake, let the poor boy rest in peace. Many other great stars have died also, but their names have not been carried on and on like Jimmy Dean's has. After all, he has been dead over a year now, and nothing is going to bring him back.

MARLENE SWAIM  
St. Louis, Missouri

The above letter reflects the thinking of thousands of Jimmy Dean's fans and of your editors. We heartily agree that the many promising young stars coming along should be given this space and attention, and we also feel that, were Jimmy alive to cast his vote, he would feel the same way. Therefore, PHOTOPLAY says its final farewell to Jimmy Dean with the publication of this letter.—Ed.

I wonder if American teenagers get as fanatical in their adoration of favorite stars as do British fans?

I know a 15-year-old Cheltenham typist who reckons that five years of being a Doris Day fan has cost her enough pocket money to pay for a trip to America! When Doris

Day was in London, this girl obtained three weeks' leave from her job just to follow her around, and moved into a friend's London flat. She has 10,000 Doris Day pictures, and has about forty records of the Day singing voice. She saw "Calamity Jane" and "April in Paris" thirty times each. She lost one office job because she took time off to see a Doris Day film.

Then, there's the young Irishman who is a fan of Marlene Dietrich. He took a week off from his job in Dublin, and spent all his savings to go to London to see her. He has more than 1,000 newspaper clippings about her, 700 photographs, and has seen all her available movies more than twenty times.

To be near Johnnie Ray, two girls gave up dancing and going out for six months to save forty pounds. They took a double room for a week at the singer's hotel in Manchester during their holiday; booked eight pounds worth of tickets to see every show at the theatre where he appeared; and bought him a six-pound box of chocolates specially wrapped to spell out the singer's name!

BARBARA ATKIN  
Stockport, Cheshire, England

I have just seen the wonderful movie, "A Kiss Before Dying," and I thought it was tops. If movie-goers could give Oscars, I would give mine to Bob Wagner. I think he's a great actor! I hope his part in this picture will mean more good roles for him.

SUE CAROL COOK  
Versailles, Kentucky

I address this poem to the older people who don't like Elvis Presley:

Elvis Presley has made a hit  
With every girl, I'll admit.  
He's handsome, nice, and friendly, too,  
The girls all like him, why don't you?  
Remember when you used to swoon  
When Frank Sinatra began to croon?  
I'll bet your mothers and grandmothers, too,  
Were disgusted with the lot of you.  
But now you're older, and you can't see  
What we like about Elvis Presley.  
We like him 'cause he sings so well  
He makes our hearts just swell and swell;  
And what we teenagers want to know  
Is why you all dislike him so.

JOAN HOBBS  
Boyne City, Michigan

When the movie "Raintree County" was being filmed in Danville, my husband and I drove over one day to watch a scene being filmed. The cast and crew were wonderful and so patient with all the "bother" caused by the many fans who were watching. We saw Rod Taylor, Eva Marie Saint, Monty Clift, Lee Marvin and many others. I just want to say that they were friendly human beings. They posed for pictures, talked to fans, and in general were just the opposite of the rumors that they were "stuck up."

NELVINA AGEE  
Richmond, Kentucky

Continued on page 14



# “Whatever became of the girl I married?”



**They say** one partner in every marriage is more in love than the other. And in the Millers' case, everyone had thought it was she. Then, almost overnight, her affection seemed to cool. She didn't want his kisses—she avoided his embrace. Poor John! He never even suspected that his breath might be to blame.

Why risk offending? Listerine stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly.

**The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions**

By far the most common cause of bad breath is germs—germs that ferment protein always present in the mouth. Research

proves that, the more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. And Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact—by millions.

**No tooth paste or non-antiseptic mouthwash  
kills germs the way Listerine does**

Non-antiseptic tooth pastes, mouthwashes and “breath fresheners” can't kill germs the way Listerine does. You need an antiseptic to kill germs. Listerine IS an antiseptic—and that's why it stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle with Listerine full-strength to keep breath fresher, longer.



**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste**



# INSIDE STUFF



*Natalie Wood's love life is like a revolving door these days—Nick Adams going out, Presley coming in, and Nat looking to see who's next on her list*

## *Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood*

**Fortune's Child:** Like Elizabeth Taylor, Natalie Wood seems destined to get everything she wants in life: Beauty, success, beaux and, now, a string of important movies, including "Band of Angels" and the best-selling "Marjorie Morningstar." We wonder whether Natalie ever ponders over the fact that sometimes the unhappiest people in the world are those who *do* get everything they want, so that finally they find themselves with nothing to wish for, nothing to hope for. All the excitement goes out of life, and you find yourself wishing, not for things you can have, but for things you shouldn't have. And maybe getting them. More and more people are seeing similarities between Natalie and Liz, and

more and more of Nat's friends are hoping that she won't, like Liz, insist on growing up too fast.

**Saddest Story of the Year:** Just when Gene Tierney's friends were celebrating her return to work and to Hollywood, she collapsed again and had to return to the Eastern sanatorium where this unhappy and talented young woman has spent so much time during the past two years. Gene's personal tragedies have simply overwhelmed her—her broken romance with Aly Khan, the illness of her younger daughter, the secret dread that, back in pictures, she might no longer be the success she once was. And yet 20th Century-Fox had so much faith

in her that they had penciled her in as lead in one of their biggest pictures of 1957, "Wayward Bus." It's the same old story, new again each time it happens: A human being can stand just so much pressure, and Gene Tierney had withstood one blow after another. When she so openly announced her engagement to Aly Khan, who then shifted his attentions elsewhere, it was more than her battered pride and her tortured ego could take. Gene Tierney is not through, either as an actress or a person. When she knows she is not alone, when she realizes how many people are rooting for her, she will, we're sure, make one more struggle to return to the world of work and love and happiness. And this time,





*Even at the height of her romance with Aly Khan, Gene Tierney's friends predicted nothing but heartache. But even they didn't foresee tragedy*



*Dick Egan's Number One girl is still Pat Hardy, and Cal will be surprised if Dick remains a bachelor through 1957. But then, Pat will be surprised, too*



*Fess Parker outlived Davy Crockett, and has some thoughts of his own about the Elvis Presley boom. But that's not what he's telling Ann Tynan about*



*The trouble with the Charlton Hestons is that they're just too happy. Hard to believe that people once believed their marriage didn't have a chance!*

we are also sure, her triumph will be complete and final.

**Right for Each Other:** That's what Pat Hardy and Dick Egan are, and no matter how many girls Dick might date, he always ends up with Pat. And our boy really played the jealous lover recently when Bob Neal stopped by at a party to ask Pat for a dance. Dick growled, "Go get your own girl," and refused to let Pat leave the table. When a romance reaches this stage, we say, "Why don't you marry the girl?" Hmmm?

**Here Today:** It's Elvis Presley's turn now, and he's become a millionaire in one short year. (Continued on page 54)



*To what new shore and what new love will Rita Hayworth's wandering take her? What new life and love will Jack Lemmon find to take Cynthia's place?*



# Peggy's DISMAL



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## PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS BALLOT FOR 1956-1957



### STARS

- |                          |                        |                        |
|--------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Adams, Julie          | 53. Hayward, Susan     | 105. Niven, David      |
| 2. Adams, Nick           | 54. Heflin, Van        | 106. North, Sheree     |
| 3. Allyson, June         | 55. Hepburn, Audrey    | 107. Novak, Kim        |
| 4. Andrews, Dana         | 56. Heston, Charlton   | 108. O'Connor, Donald  |
| 5. Angeli, Pier          | 57. Holden, William    | 109. O'Hara, Maureen   |
| 6. Arden, Eve            | 58. Holliday, Judy     | 110. Olivier, Laurence |
| 7. Baxter, Anne          | 59. Hope, Bob          | 111. Paget, Debra      |
| 8. Bergman, Ingrid       | 60. Hudson, Rock       | 112. Palance, Jack     |
| 9. Bogart, Humphrey      | 61. Hunter, Jeffrey    | 113. Parker, Eleanor   |
| 10. Borchers, Cornell    | 62. Hunter, Kim        | 114. Parker, Fess      |
| 11. Borgnine, Ernest     | 63. Hunter, Tab        | 115. Pavan, Marisa     |
| 12. Brando, Marlon       | 64. Jeanmaire          | 116. Peck, Gregory     |
| 13. Brynner, Yul         | 65. Johnson, Van       | 117. Perkins, Anthony  |
| 14. Burton, Richard      | 66. Jones, Shirley     | 118. Podesta, Rossana  |
| 15. Cagney, James        | 67. Jourdan, Louis     | 119. Power, Tyrone     |
| 16. Calhoun, Rory        | 68. Kaye, Danny        | 120. Presley, Elvis    |
| 17. Campbell, William    | 69. Kelly, Grace       | 121. Reed, Donna       |
| 18. Caron, Leslie        | 70. Kerr, Deborah      | 122. Reynold, Debbie   |
| 19. Cassavetes, John     | 71. Kerr, John         | 123. Richards, Jeff    |
| 20. Chandler, Jeff       | 72. Ladd, Alan         | 124. Rogers, Ginger    |
| 21. Charisse, Cyd        | 73. Lancaster, Burt    | 125. Roman, Ruth       |
| 22. Collins, Joan        | 74. Leigh, Janet       | 126. Rush, Barbara     |
| 23. Cooper, Ben          | 75. Leith, Virginia    | 127. Russell, Jane     |
| 24. Cooper, Gary         | 76. Lemmon, Jack       | 128. Russell, Rosalind |
| 25. Crain, Jeanne        | 77. Lewis, Jerry       | 129. Ryan, Robert      |
| 26. Crawford, Joan       | 78. Lollobrigida, Gina | 130. Saint, Eva Marie  |
| 27. Crosby, Bing         | 79. MacLaine, Shirley  | 131. Scott, Martha     |
| 28. Curtis, Tony         | 80. MacMurray, Fred    | 132. Sernas, Jack      |
| 29. Dailey, Dan          | 81. MacRae, Gordon     | 133. Shaw, Victoria    |
| 30. Damone, Vic          | 82. Madison, Guy       | 134. Sheridan, Ann     |
| 31. Danton, Ray          | 83. Magnani, Anna      | 135. Simmons, Jean     |
| 32. Davis, Bette         | 84. Malone, Dorothy    | 136. Sinatra, Frank    |
| 33. Day, Doris           | 85. Martin, Dean       | 137. Stack, Robert     |
| 34. DeHaven, Gloria      | 86. Martin, Dewey      | 138. Stanwyck, Barbara |
| 35. de Havilland, Olivia | 87. Martin, Tony       | 139. Steiger, Rod      |
| 36. Derek, John          | 88. Mason, James       | 140. Stewart, James    |
| 37. Douglas, Kirk        | 89. Mature, Victor     | 141. Strasberg, Susan  |
| 38. Egan, Richard        | 90. Mayo, Virginia     | 142. Sullivan, Barry   |
| 39. Ekberg, Anita        | 91. McGuire, Dorothy   | 143. Tamblyn, Russ     |
| 40. Ewell, Tom           | 92. Miles, Vera        | 144. Taylor, Elizabeth |
| 41. Farr, Felicia        | 93. Milland, Ray       | 145. Taylor, Robert    |
| 42. Ferrer, Mel          | 94. Mineo, Sal         | 146. Todd, Richard     |
| 43. Fisher, Eddie        | 95. Mitchell, Cameron  | 147. Tracy, Spencer    |
| 44. Fleming, Rhonda      | 96. Mitchum, Robert    | 148. Turner, Lana      |
| 45. Fonda, Henry         | 97. Monroe, Marilyn    | 149. Vera-Ellen        |
| 46. Ford, Glenn          | 98. Moreno, Rita       | 150. Wagner, Robert    |
| 47. Forsythe, John       | 99. Murphy, Audie      | 151. Wayne, John       |
| 48. Gaynor, Mitzi        | 100. Murray, Don       | 152. Wayne, Pat        |
| 49. Gobel, George        | 101. Nader, George     | 153. Widmark, Richard  |
| 50. Grahame, Gloria      | 102. Nelson, Lori      | 154. Williams, Esther  |
| 51. Granger, Stewart     | 103. Newman, Paul      | 155. Wood, Natalie     |
| 52. Griffin, Stephanie   | 104. Nielsen, Leslie   | 156. Wyman, Jane       |
|                          |                        | 157. Wynter, Dana      |



**Hurry! Hurry! This is your last chance  
to vote for your favorite stars and movie of 1956.**

**Mail your Gold Medal ballot today!**

## MOVIES

- |                                          |                                       |                                       |
|------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Alexander the Great                   | 66. Houston Story, The                | 108. Ransom!                          |
| 2. All That Heaven Allows                | 67. Huk!                              | 109. Rawhide Years, The               |
| 3. Ambassador's Daughter, The            | 68. Indian Fighter, The               | 110. Rebel in Town                    |
| 4. Anastasia                             | 69. Iron Petticoat, The               | 111. Reprisal!                        |
| 5. Anything Goes                         | 70. Jubal                             | 112. Revolt of Mamie Stover, The      |
| 6. Around the World in 80 Days           | 71. Julie                             | 113. Richard III                      |
| 7. Artists and Models                    | 72. Killer Is Loose, The              | 114. Rock Around the Clock            |
| 8. Attack!                               | 73. Killing, The                      | 115. Rose Tattoo, The                 |
| 9. Autumn Leaves                         | 74. King and I, The                   | 116. Rumble on the Docks              |
| 10. Away All Boats                       | 75. Kiss Before Dying, A              | 117. Safari                           |
| 11. Backlash                             | 76. Last Frontier, The                | 118. Santiago                         |
| 12. Bad Seed, The                        | 77. Last Hunt, The                    | 119. Searchers, The                   |
| 13. Bandido                              | 78. Last Wagon, The                   | 120. Serenade                         |
| 14. Barretts of Wimpole Street, The      | 79. Leather Saint, The                | 121. Seven Men from Now               |
| 15. Benny Goodman Story, The             | 80. Lieutenant Wore Skirts, The       | 122. 7th Cavalry                      |
| 16. Best Things in Life Are Free, The    | 81. Lisbon                            | 123. Sharkfighters, The               |
| 17. Between Heaven and Hell              | 82. Living Idol, The                  | 124. Solid Gold Cadillac, The         |
| 18. Beyond a Reasonable Doubt            | 83. Lone Ranger, The                  | 125. Somebody Up There Likes Me       |
| 19. Bhowani Junction                     | 84. Love Me Tender                    | 126. Spoilers, The                    |
| 20. Bigger than Life                     | 85. Lust for Life                     | 127. Star in the Dust                 |
| 21. Birds and the Bees, The              | 86. Man in the Gray Flannel Suit, The | 128. Stranger at My Door              |
| 22. Bold and the Brave, The              | 87. Man in the Vault                  | 129. Tea and Sympathy                 |
| 23. Bottom of the Bottle, The            | 88. Man Who Never Was, The            | 130. Teahouse of the August Moon, The |
| 24. Bundle of Joy                        | 89. Man Who Knew Too Much, The        | 131. Teenage Rebel                    |
| 25. Burning Hills, The                   | 90. Man with the Golden Arm, The      | 132. Ten Commandments, The            |
| 26. Bus Stop                             | 91. Meet Me in Las Vegas              | 133. Tension at Table Rock            |
| 27. Carousel                             | 92. Miracle in the Rain               | 134. That Certain Feeling             |
| 28. Catered Affair, The                  | 93. Moby Dick                         | 135. Toward the Unknown               |
| 29. Cha-Cha Boom!                        | 94. Mountain, The                     | 136. Toy Tiger                        |
| 30. Come Next Spring                     | 95. Never Say Goodbye                 | 137. Trapeze                          |
| 31. Conqueror, The                       | 96. On the Threshold of Space         | 138. Tribute to a Bad Man             |
| 32. Court Jester, The                    | 97. Opposite Sex, The                 | 139. True Story of Jesse James, The   |
| 33. Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell, The | 98. Our Miss Brooks                   | 140. 23 Paces to Baker Street         |
| 34. Crime in the Streets                 | 99. Pardners                          | 141. Unguarded Moment, The            |
| 35. Cry in the Night, A                  | 100. Patterns                         | 142. Vagabond King, The               |
| 36. D-Day the Sixth of June              | 101. Picnic                           | 143. Walk the Proud Land              |
| 37. Death of a Scoundrel                 | 102. Pillars of the Sky               | 144. War and Peace                    |
| 38. Diane                                | 103. Port Afrique                     | 145. Westward Ho the Wagons!          |
| 39. Earth vs. the Flying Saucers         | 104. Power and the Prize, The         | 146. While the City Sleeps            |
| 40. Eddy Duchin Story, The               | 105. Proud and Profane, The           | 147. You Can't Run Away from It       |
| 41. Edge of the City                     | 106. Proud Ones, The                  | 148. Young Stranger, The              |
| 42. Everything but the Truth             | 107. Public Pigeon No. 1              |                                       |
| 43. Fastest Gun Alive, The               |                                       |                                       |
| 44. First Traveling Saleslady, The       |                                       |                                       |
| 45. Flight to Hong Kong                  |                                       |                                       |
| 46. Forbidden Planet                     |                                       |                                       |
| 47. Foreign Intrigue                     |                                       |                                       |
| 48. Forever, Darling                     |                                       |                                       |
| 49. Friendly Persuasion                  |                                       |                                       |
| 50. Fury at Gunsight Pass                |                                       |                                       |
| 51. Gaby                                 |                                       |                                       |
| 52. Giant                                |                                       |                                       |
| 53. Glory                                |                                       |                                       |
| 54. Goodbye My Lady                      |                                       |                                       |
| 55. Great Day in the Morning             |                                       |                                       |
| 56. Great Locomotive Chase, The          |                                       |                                       |
| 57. Guilty                               |                                       |                                       |
| 58. Harder They Fall, The                |                                       |                                       |
| 59. He Laughed Last                      |                                       |                                       |
| 60. He'll Be Home                        |                                       |                                       |
| 61. Hell on Frisco Bay                   |                                       |                                       |
| 62. High Society                         |                                       |                                       |
| 63. Hilda Crane                          |                                       |                                       |
| 64. Hollywood or Bust                    |                                       |                                       |
| 65. Hot Summer Night                     |                                       |                                       |

### Vote for your Favorite Stars and Movie of 1956

BEST MALE PERFORMER.....  
(List star by number)

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER.....  
(List star by number)

BEST FILM OF 1956.....  
(List picture by number)

Mail your ballot to: **PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS**, Box 1893, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Ballots must be received no later than December 31, 1956. You need not sign your name.

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|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jane Russell | <input type="checkbox"/> Rise Stevens    | <input type="checkbox"/> Jack Lord     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sal Mineo    | <input type="checkbox"/> Cliff Robertson | <input type="checkbox"/> Vaughn Monroe |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Janet Leigh  | <input type="checkbox"/> Johnny Desmond  |                                        |

I have enclosed \$\_\_\_\_\_ to cover the Star Talk Photos checked above.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

2 STAR TALK PHOTOS \$1  
Send for your favorites

## READERS INC. (Continued from page 8)

Movies are better than ever! Hollywood has produced Richard Anderson's highly controversial play, "Tea and Sympathy" with deep understanding. Deborah Kerr is outstanding as the sympathetic housemother, and John Kerr is excellent as a sensitive young man who dares to be non-conformist.

BUD STARWAS  
Flint, Michigan

It has often puzzled me why movies are not filmed on location in Canada. They are filmed in England, Europe and Africa, but rarely in Canada. I saw "Pony Soldier" a while ago with Tyrone Power. It is a picture about Canada, when Indians were roaming the plains of the western provinces. This would give the impression to anyone not knowing Canada that we sleep in dread of Indians scalping us in our beds. I've met people from the United States who have that impression, and it is certainly not true. I live in Newfoundland, and I have yet to see an Indian or Eskimo. We have some very beautiful spots here and are proud of every one of them. Since we are neighbors of the United States, we think it would be nice if Hollywood realized there were very nice locations right next door.

DIANE PHELAN  
Bell Island, Newfoundland, Canada

I have been patiently waiting to see an article and pictures of John Cassavetes in PHOTOPLAY. I believe after seeing "Crime In The Streets" that this young man has great acting ability. Come on, fellow PHOTOPLAY readers, what are your opinions of this talented person? Let's start clamoring for his picture and stories about him.

WILLOWDEAN CHANNING  
Bloomer, Wisconsin

I'll never forget the wonderful picture, "The King and I." I think it is the most outstanding musical I have ever seen. Yul Brynner has indelibly stamped himself in my memory. With his eyes snapping in anger, or shining bright with laughter, his head bare and yet characteristic of a Siamese king, his voice defiant, angry or rebellious, or soft-sounding when happy, he was truly a king, and he held me spellbound.

KAREN ZIMMERMAN  
Trenton, New Jersey

## QUESTION BOX:

My friend and I were talking about the movie "Red River" one day and were debating whether or not John Ireland acted in it. Did he?

R. D. WARD

Naramata, British Columbia, Canada  
John Ireland portrayed the part of Cherry in "Red River," which starred John Wayne, Walter Brennan, Montgomery Clift and Joanne Dru.—Ed.

I would like some information about which studios Tab Hunter and Sal Mineo are connected with. I have tried to get this information from other sources, unsuccessfully, and would appreciate your help.

MARCIA MOREY  
Seattle, Washington

Tab Hunter's studio is Warner Bros.; Sal Mineo is with Columbia Pictures.—Ed.

I have just seen "The Eddy Duchin Story," and loved it. But I have one question: What has become of his son, Peter Duchin?

DOLORES H. ROSENER  
Festus, Missouri

We understand that Peter Duchin, who is about 20 years of age, attends Yale University.—Ed.

I would like to know if John Kerr and Deborah Kerr are related.

FRANCES BERRY  
Louisville, Kentucky

No, they are not related.—Ed.

Please tell me the names of the stars who played in "Roman Holiday."

DOROTHY B. BRIAN  
Mobile, Alabama

Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck starred in "Roman Holiday."—Ed.

Could you please set me straight on something? I have seen both "Love Me Tender" and "The Reno Brothers" named as Elvis Presley's first movie. Will you please tell me which is correct?

JOYCE McCORD  
Daytona Beach, Florida

They are one and the same picture. It was first titled "The Reno Brothers," but was later changed to "Love Me Tender."—Ed.

## LOOK ALIKES:

In PHOTOPLAY's November issue, you published a picture of Stephen Archer of Croyden, New Hampshire, whom you thought looked like Rock Hudson. Well, I



Rock Hudson look-alike: Chuck Huntington

think my son Chuck, or "Rock," as his friends call him looks more like Rock Hudson. Here is his picture. Don't you agree?

MRS. CHARLES HUNTINGTON  
Paterson, New Jersey

## CASTING:

I have just read *One Man Loved* by Marguerite Mooers Marshall, and think it would make an excellent movie, with the following cast: Dana Wynter as *Joan Perkins*; George Nader as *Stanley Judd*; Van Johnson as *Ricky Stewart*; Piper Laurie as *Midge Stewart*; Spring Byington as *Dr. Ruth McLeod*.

PAT HOGG  
Willoughby, Ohio

Come on, Hollywood—you have an Academy Award movie right under your nose—the historical novel by Rubylea Hall called *The Great Tide*. This is a moving and dramatic story of the fabulous Florida West Coast in the boom days of 1830 to 1840.

Beautiful Elizabeth Taylor would be perfect as the tempestuous and lovely *Carolina Cochran*; Henry Fonda would do well as *Douglas Blackwell* whom *Carolina* married without loving him; and Clark Gable could portray *Studd Stevens*, the irresistible gambler whom she loved without marrying; Cameron Mitchell could do *Anderson McQuague*; and Elvis Presley could perfectly portray *Tom Burnham*, reckless, dark and handsome.

BETSY ANNE BOLGER  
Dunedin, Florida

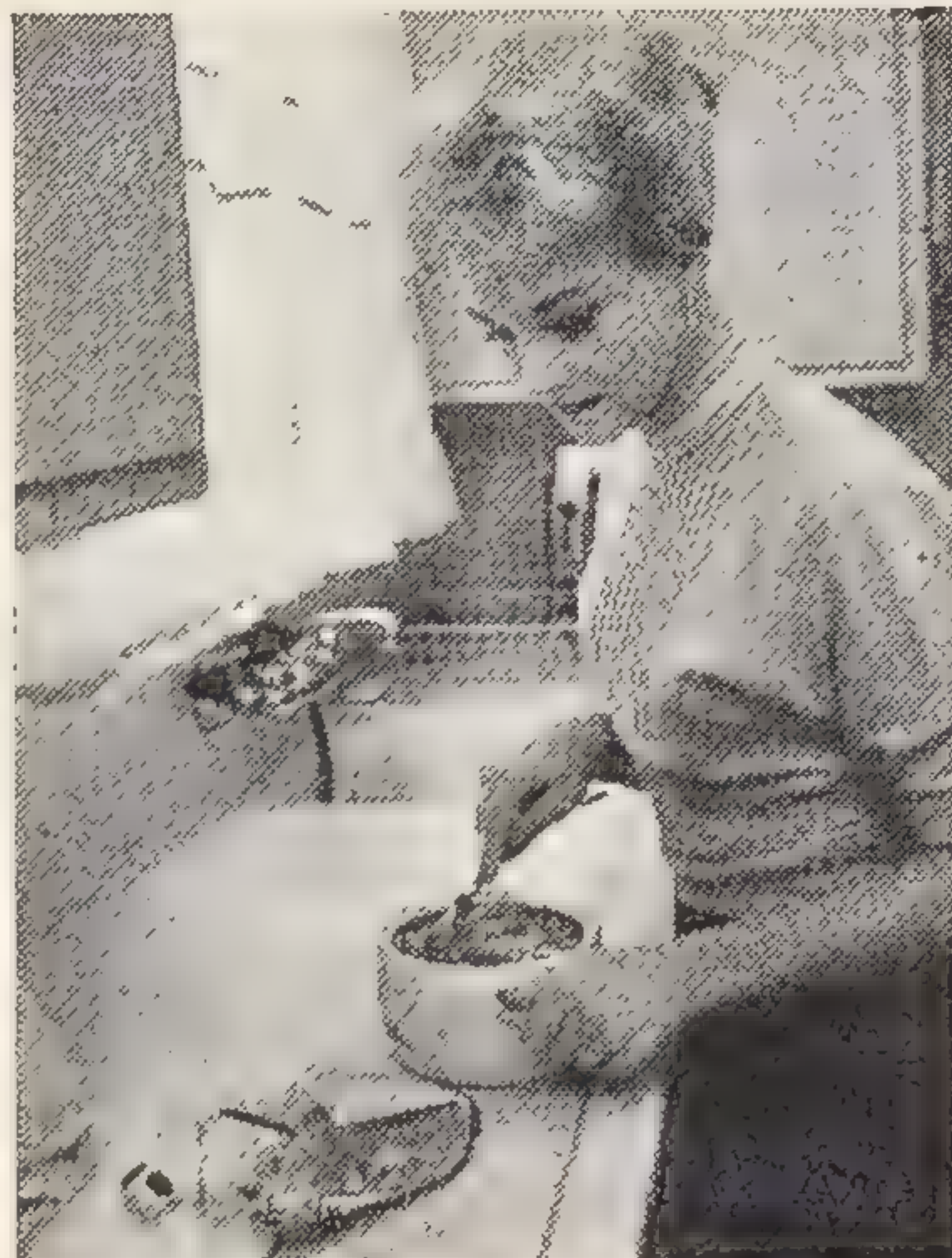


# First Christmas Together

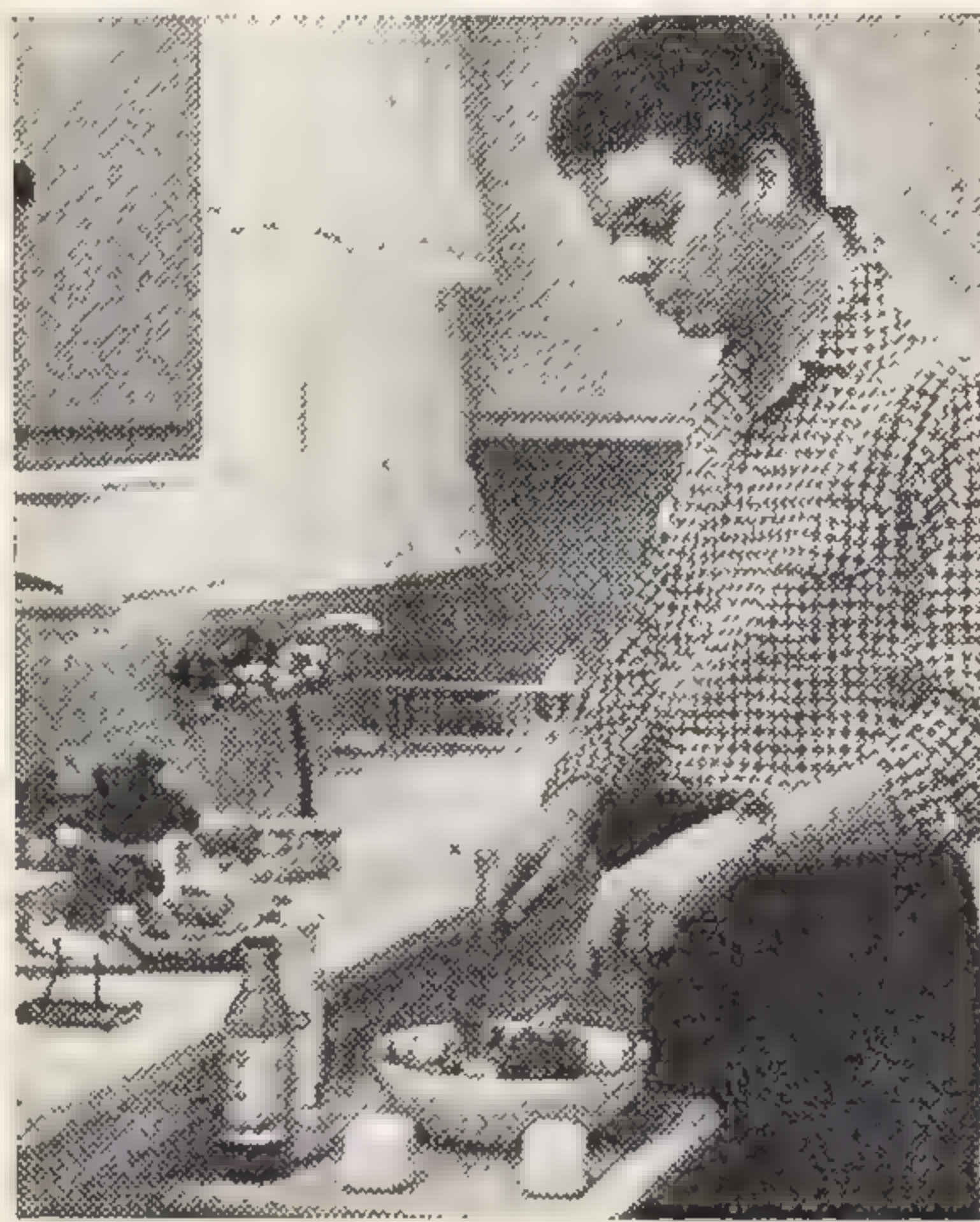
"What do you want for Christmas?"  
asked Venetia. "You," said Russ. So they added a  
turkey and had a feast of love



Russ was appointed to do the marketing while bride Venetia stayed home to puzzle over mystery of making a dressing like Mother used to make



Russ likes a highly seasoned dressing, but did she add a little too much sage, perhaps?



Russ tackles that California specialty, Caesar salad—guaranteed to be non-fattening



Good food, good health, good luck. Across a candlelit table, a perfect Christmas

Venetia Stevenson is in "The Girl Most Likely"

Table setting by Winfield China



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GORDON MacRAE

GLORIA GRAHAME

SHIRLEY JONES

GENE NELSON

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

EDDIE ALBERT

JAMES WHITMORE

ROD STEIGER

MUSIC BY

RICHARD RODGERS

BOOK & LYRICS BY

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

SCREENPLAY BY

SONYA LEVIEN

AND WILLIAM LUDWIG

DANCES STAGED BY

AGNES DE MILLE

PRODUCED BY

ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR.

DIRECTED BY

FRED ZINNE MANN

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# Who Will Be Elizabeth Taylor's Next Husband?

BY ALINE MOSBY

● In October of this year, Elizabeth Taylor finally announced she was leaving for Reno, Nevada, where, after establishing the usual six weeks' residence, she would file suit for a divorce from her second husband, Michael Wilding. Almost in the same breath, she announced that she would sell the beautiful big house in Benedict Canyon where she and Mike and her two sons, Christopher and Michael, Junior, have lived for the past two and a half years.

Close friends of Liz saw in this twin announcement a clear indication of her plans for the future. Then she *would* marry millionaire sportsman and producer Mike Todd, after all.

*Continued*

*Whether or not it's Mike Todd, chances are he'll be an older man. Here's why*



*A symbol of Liz's familiar problem: experienced Mike Todd, youthful Kevin McClory*

*Continued*



## FRIENDS →



*At 16, Liz found the strength she has always searched for in football hero Glenn Davis*



*But, like his wealthy successor, Bill Pawley, Glenn had only part of the qualifications Liz needed*

## *Lost between two worlds, Liz, the child, searches for a father, the woman for a lover*

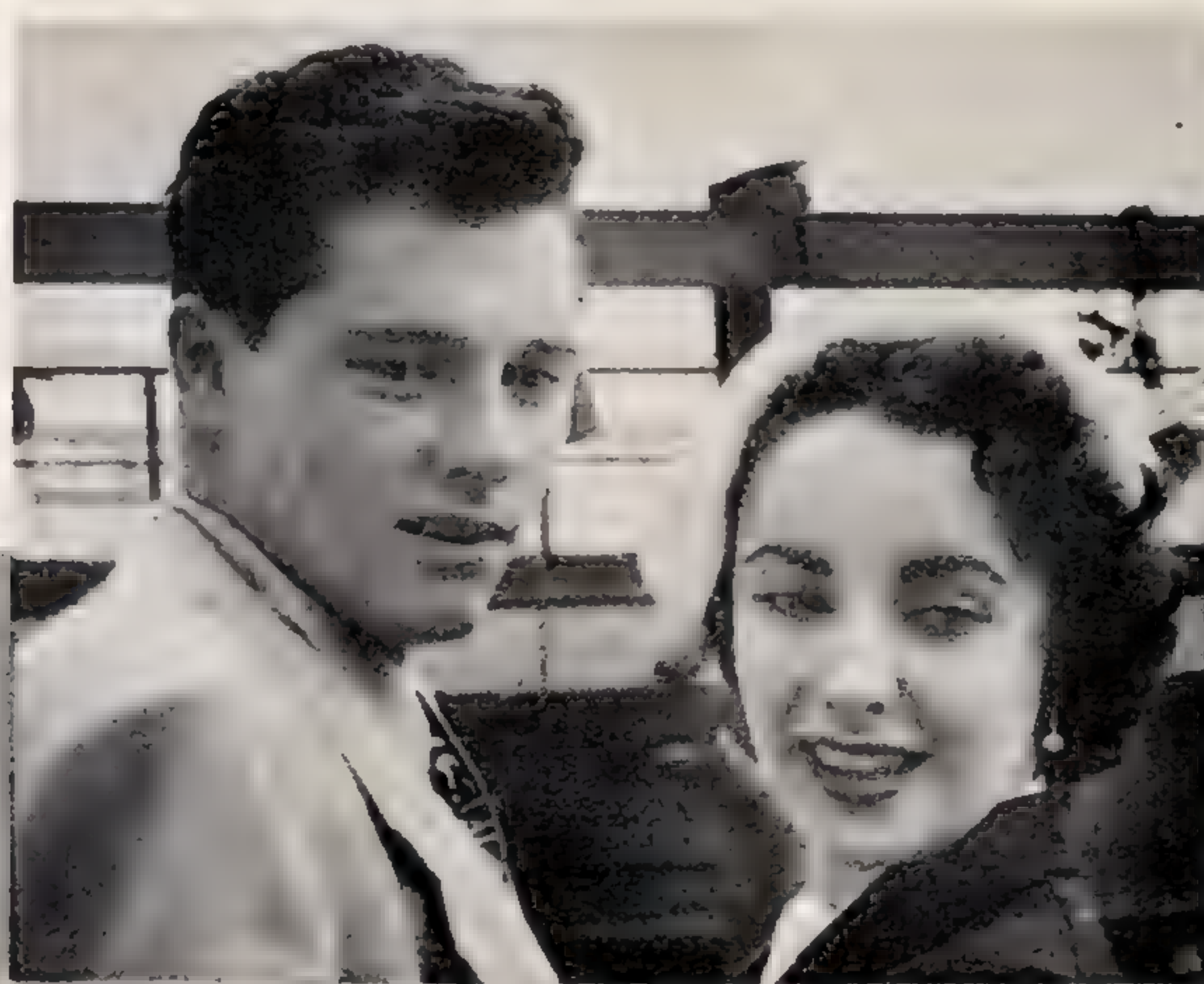
Close friends of Mike Todd's, in New York, were dubious. They cited the difference in ages; they pointed out that until as recently as last September Mike was still using the long-distance telephone regularly to call actress Evelyn Keyes in Europe. But the wife of one of Todd's closest friends said, "On the other hand, when Mike and Liz were here for dinner, they certainly had eyes for no one but each other, and they held hands during the entire evening. If that isn't love, what is it?"

Another friend recalled the fact that Liz bore a striking resemblance to Todd's first wife, Bertha Freshman, from whom he was separated in 1945 after twenty years of marriage and by whom he has a twenty-six-year-old son, Mike, Junior. The entire last year of that marriage was marked by tragedy and quarrels that made the headlines.

Bertha Todd died, under what the newspapers referred to as "mysterious circumstances," after accidentally severing a tendon in her hand while peeling an orange. At the hospital to which she was taken three anesthetics were administered, the last one ether. She died under the anesthetic for reasons that were never made entirely clear.

Although they hadn't lived together for years before their final separation, Mrs. Todd's death, coming as it did under such strange circumstances, was a severe shock to Mike Todd. There was no other woman in his life until his marriage to Joan Blondell in 1947. This marriage ended in divorce in 1950. There were no children.

The next woman to figure importantly in Todd's life was Evelyn Keyes, a very different type from either Todd's first wife, Bertha, his second wife, (Continued on page 72)



*First husband Nicky Hilton combined wealth with social position, but Liz's illusions of being taken care of were soon shattered*



## → LOVERS



## Who Will Be Elizabeth Taylor's Next Husband?

*Continued*



*Two other losers in the Liz Taylor romance sweepstakes — Kevin McClory and Monty Clift — were never more than fill-ins between husbands. Kevin, a gay, amusing escort, was a foil for the Mike Todd romance; Monty "brought out the mother" in Liz*

*Mike Todd, five years older than Wilding, again combines a fatherly protectiveness with a love of fun. But there are many reasons why Todd may not be the man*



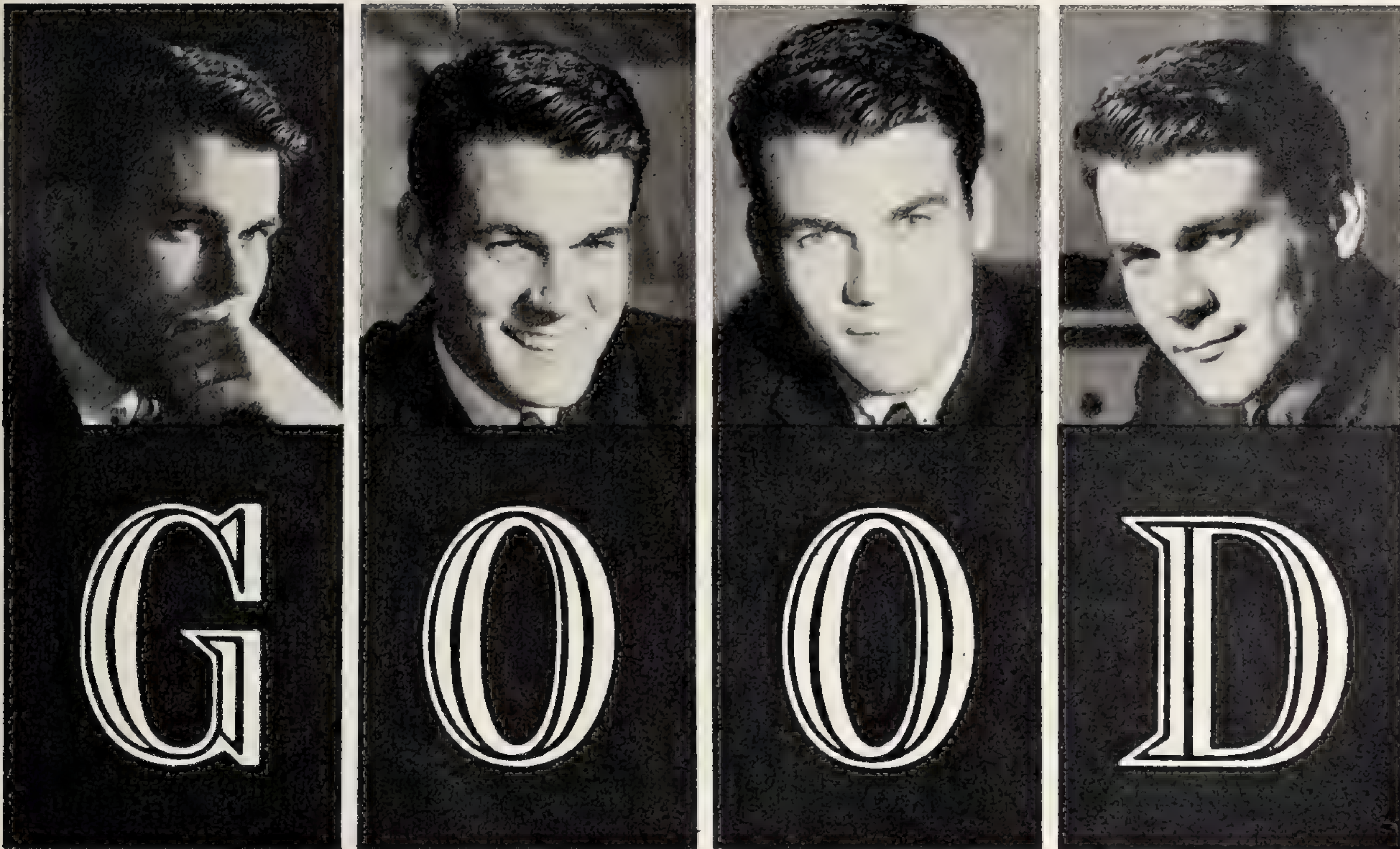
*At 19, her normal hunger to be treated as the child she was found an answer in marriage to Mike Wilding, twice her age but, she said, "just a boy at heart"*







**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Here are the three most talked-about young actors in Hollywood today—Murray, Perkins and Presley. Here is what Hollywood and movie audiences think of them. Here is why each of them is destined to start a whole new trend in movie heroes

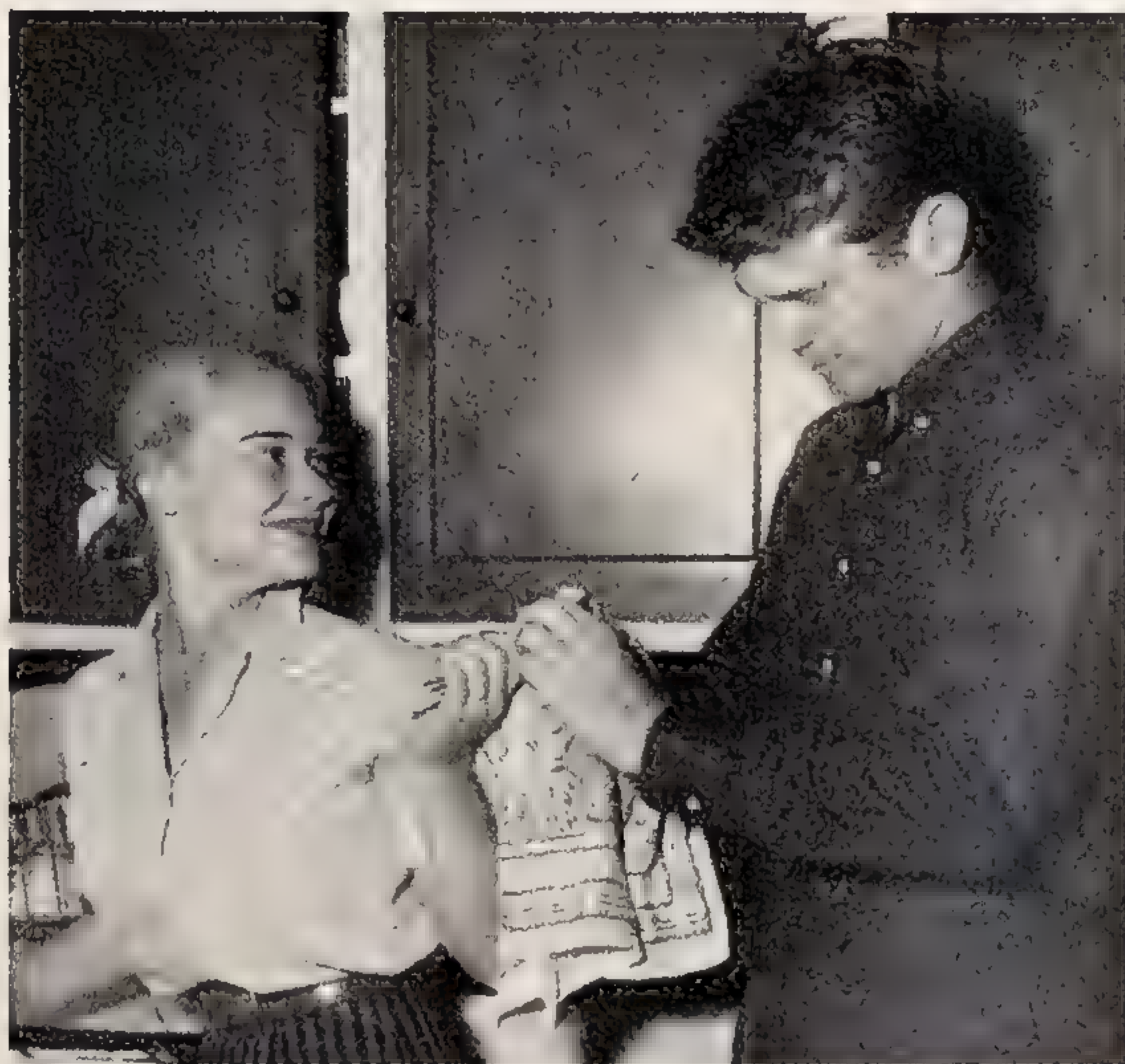


## BOY

*Don Murray is as wholesome as a gust of fresh air sweeping down from the mountains. He'll always be "the good guy"—and that's what he is* • BY EDWIN HANSON

● Don Murray comes to the screen and to Hollywood not like a breath, but like a gust of fresh air, a young man full of good spirits, good sense and good cheer. Less than a year after signing with 20th Century-Fox, Don is known in the trade as a "tough interview," because you can dig all day, talk to anyone who's ever known him, and you won't come up with a single, blessed word that's "gossip," that isn't all in Don's favor. He's clean-cut, wholesome, deeply religious and seems inevitably slated to play manly but unsophisticated screen roles, such as the one in "Bus Stop" which got his screen career off to such a flying start.

Don's interviews also get off to a flying start—and then come to a dead stop—as a result of the first question ever put to him. "You and Marilyn Monroe both studied at the Actors' Studio," the interviewers invariably point out, "and after all, landing a plum such (Continued on page 66)



*Don waited five years for Hope, is happy "just to be married"*

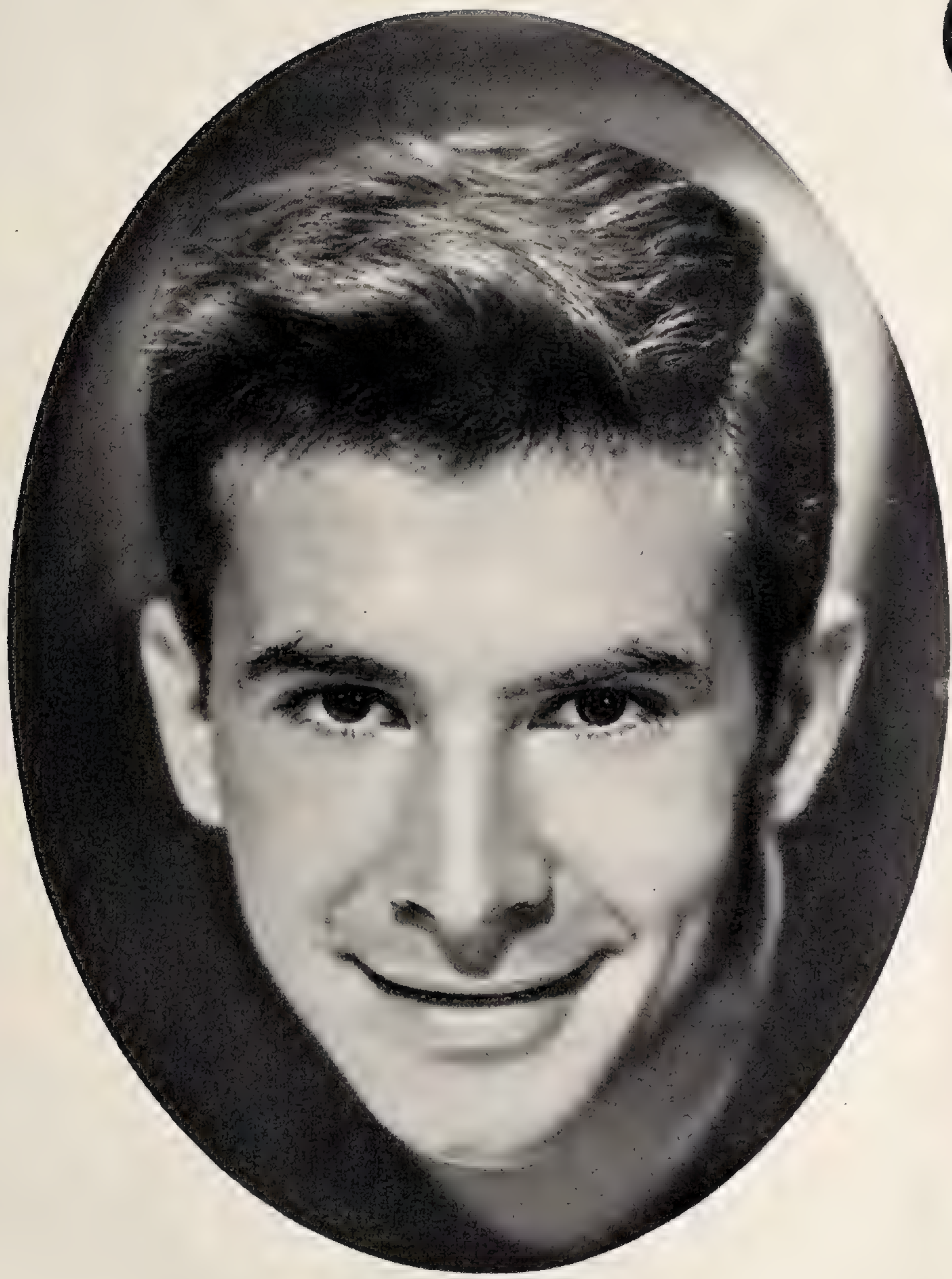


*The snow was from "Bus Stop," good wishes from Josh Logan*









# LITTLE BOY

*But beneath that shy, boyish grin is one of today's finest talents • BY LAURA LANE*

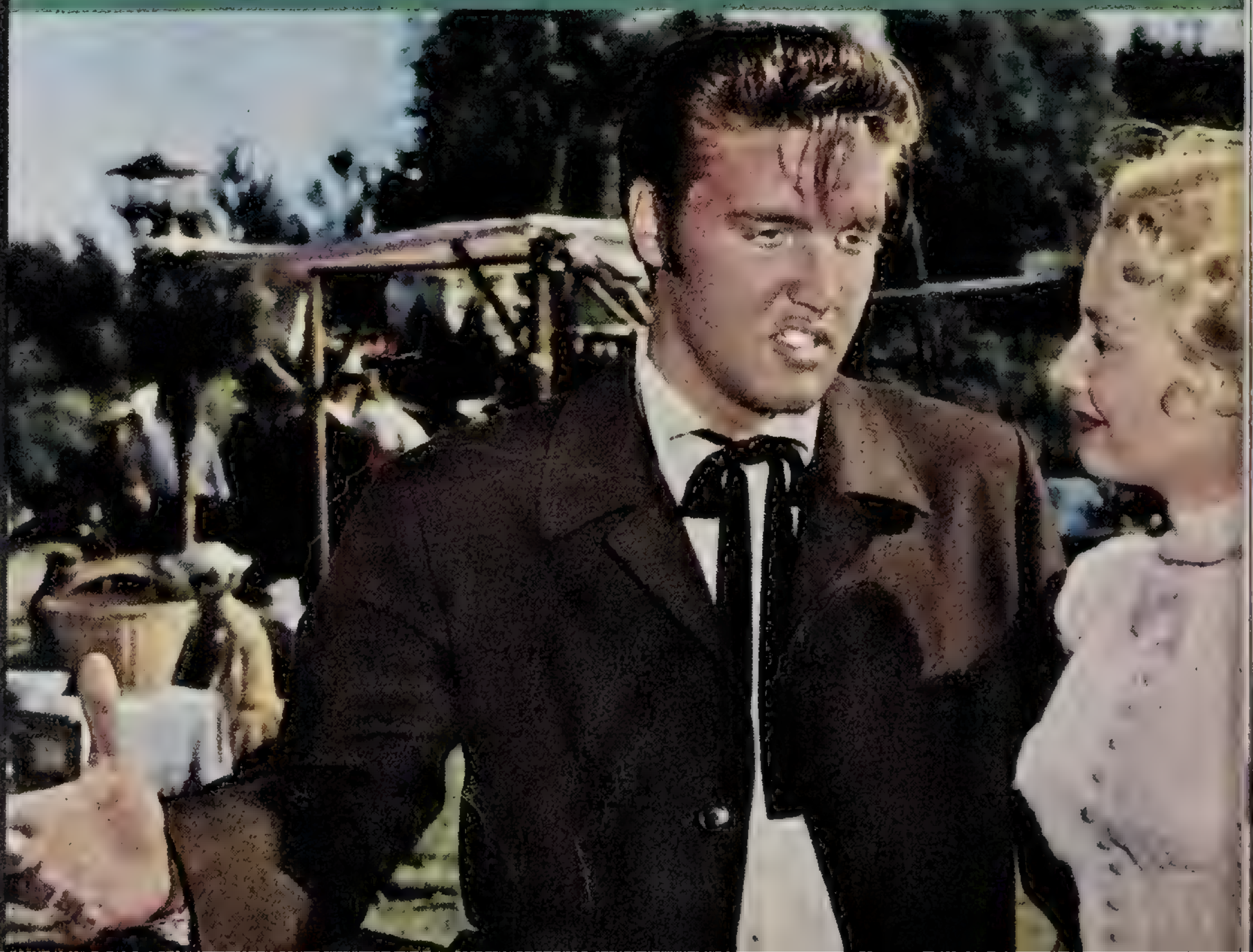
● Have you ever watched a small boy sitting impatiently through a long family dinner? Then you know exactly what Tony Perkins is like. He's a squirmer. He's a fidgeter. He's a restless young man whose moods come upon him swiftly and then, almost before you can grasp their meanings, are gone again. In fact, Tony's moods pass and shift so suddenly that anyone spending an hour or so with him comes away with a feeling of uncertainty. Is he or isn't he? Did he or didn't he? You also may come away feeling faintly foolish, certain that you have been playing "straight man" for some subtle jokes which you have taken seriously. And yet, you can't be sure. (*Continued on page 76*)





*Earl predicts that Presley will be the greatest lover of them all. Elvis got along well with fellow actors, took direction easily, proved capable of producing any variety of emotions*

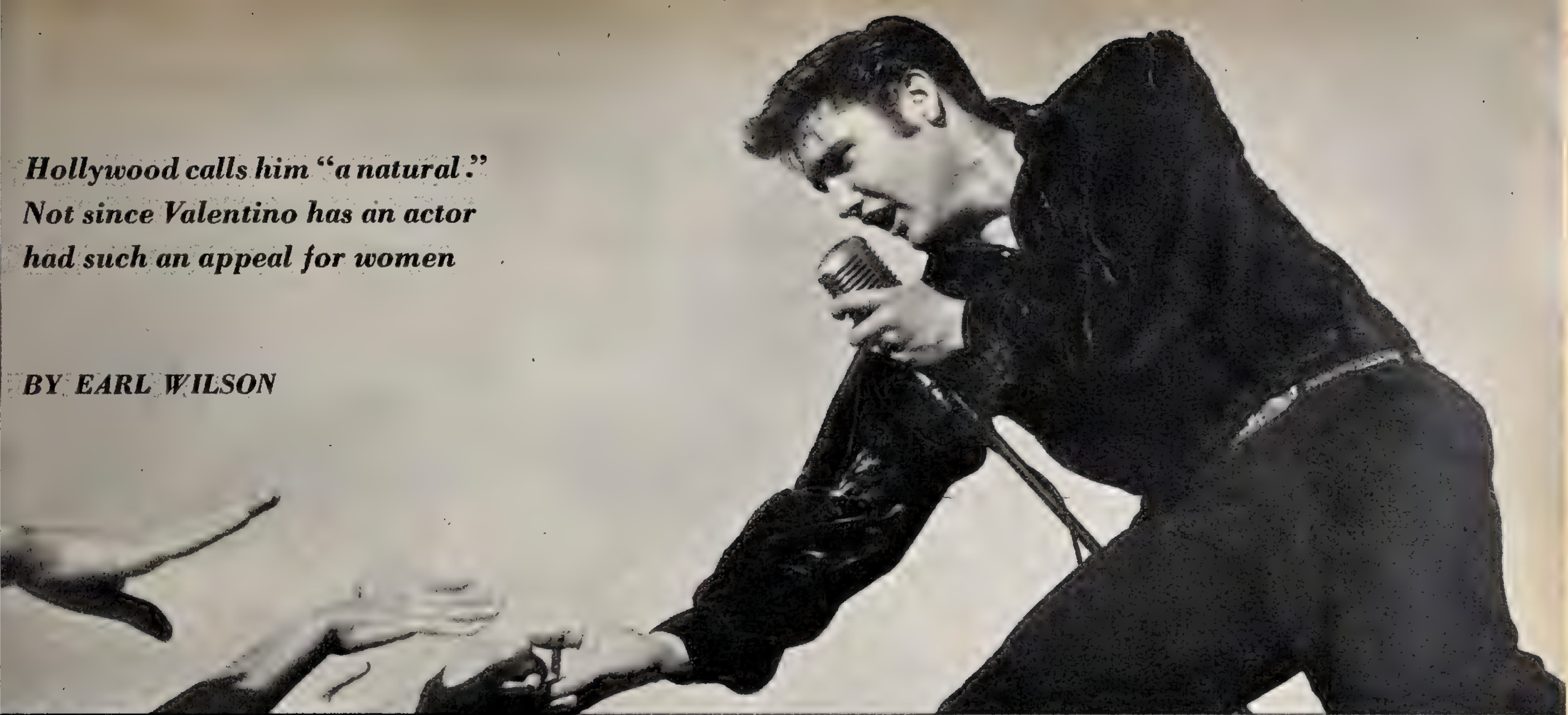
Color photos by Nelson Tiffany





*Hollywood calls him "a natural."  
Not since Valentino has an actor  
had such an appeal for women*

BY EARL WILSON



# LOVER BOY

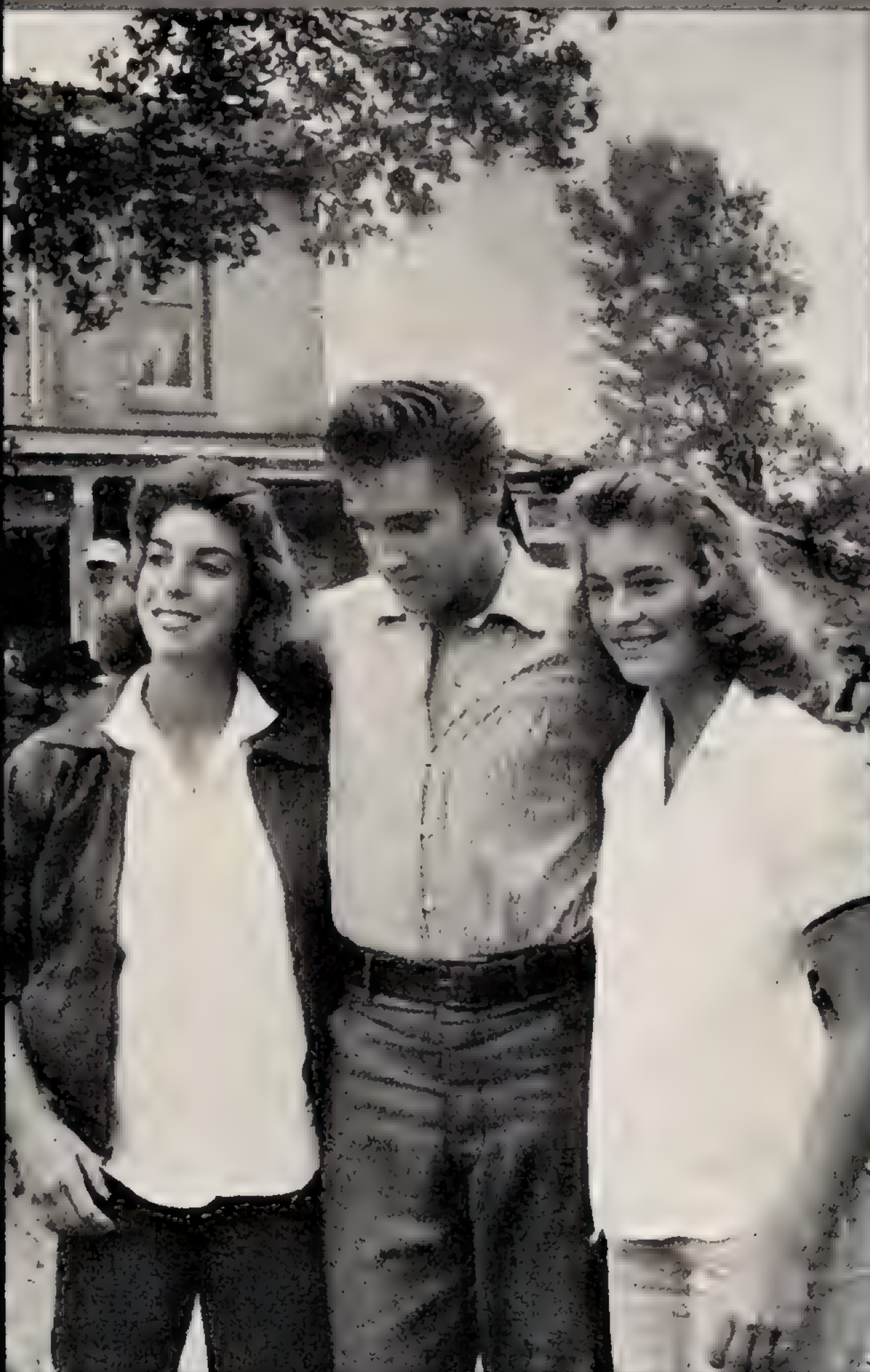
● Say what you want to, I think Elvis Presley will be the 1957 Rudolph Valentino or John Gilbert.

I mean, he can be a colossal screen lover. And this boy is no dope. He's determined to accomplish what he sets out to do, whether it's singing, acting or making a girl.

It's doubtful if the Valentino worshippers adored Rudolph any more than the Presley fans love Elvis. One day in Hollywood some fifteen-year-old girls, with the name "Elvis Presley" stitched on their tore-dor pants legs and guitars on the backs of their sweaters, waited for him until he went to lunch.

Elvis asked them to come into a luncheonette with him, and he bought them sandwiches.

"Of course, we couldn't eat. We just watched," one (Continued on page 70)



*Elvis appeals to women of all types and all ages, from self-conscious teen-age fans to sophisticated young actresses like Natalie Wood and Debra Paget, and older women like Debbie's mother, Maggie. They all find his tough but gentle, charming yet uncouth manner fascinating. Presley, in turn, finds women—all women—equally fascinating*









*Joan Collins, like any highly charged young girl, has done things of which her family didn't approve. But one thing they do approve of is—*

*my daughter,*

**BY MRS. ELSA COLLINS**



*JOAN*

● We were waiting for a cab, the slender, dark-haired girl and I. Her large eyes looked at me reproachfully and her voice was an anguished wail. "Do you really *want* me to go on being a juvenile delinquent, Mummy? Because I'll do it if you want me to."

My daughter Joan had no idea how the question sounded until it had been said—in Joan's vibrant, dramatic and far-carrying voice. When realization dawned, she gave a little gasp, then began to giggle. I turned around to find every single soul in the vicinity glaring at me as if I were intent on pushing my child into a life of crime. I disappeared as quickly as possible into a taxi, Joan climbing in after me. As the cab pulled away from the indignantly staring people on the street, Joan and I looked at each other and then collapsed in helpless laughter.

What we'd been discussing was her career. Joan, under contract to J. Arthur Rank at the time, had been cast as a delinquent in film after film. She was terribly worried about being typed and wanted to ask to be released from her contract, whereas I had been suggesting that she wait a while. (Continued on page 63)



*Mrs. Collins encouraged Joan's acting career. Her Dad didn't*

*Joan's parents didn't approve her marriage. Sister helped win divorce*



*Winning the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal was Joan's first big triumph*

*Joan's parents do approve of Arthur Loew, Jr., think they'll wed*







# RELIGION IN HOLLYWOOD

BY DON ALLEN

*The off-beat religions, like the off-beat people, make headlines, but what of the others?*



● "In their daily work," said Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Hollywood's Methodist Church, "movie people are constantly dealing with strong emotional and dramatic values. And perhaps for this reason, they seem to be more fully aware than the average person of a deep-felt need for divine guidance and spiritual understanding."

In past years, writers and critics have held Hollywood up as an example of much, if not all, that is weak, sinful or carnal in human nature. Hollywood is usually depicted as a land of tinsel and cardboard, built by pagan gold, and peopled by shallow "characters" whose only motivation is a desire for the fast buck. But today the exact opposite is true. Today the citizens of Hollywood are just as serious, hardworking, virtuous, civic-minded and God-fearing as people in any other town or city across the land.

"Hollywood people are human beings," says Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin of the Wilshire Boulevard Jewish Temple. "They have virtues in common with all mankind. They work hard, raise their families, build homes and churches, and worship God. And, just like others, they have their faults, too."

Unfortunately, it is for their non-conformity rather than for their conformity that these golden and glamorous creatures are known. For, as another church leader has pointed out, "Movie people exist in a perpetual spotlight. They live with their shades up. Most other people live with the shades down."

*Continued*

*Sunrise services at the Hollywood Bowl*







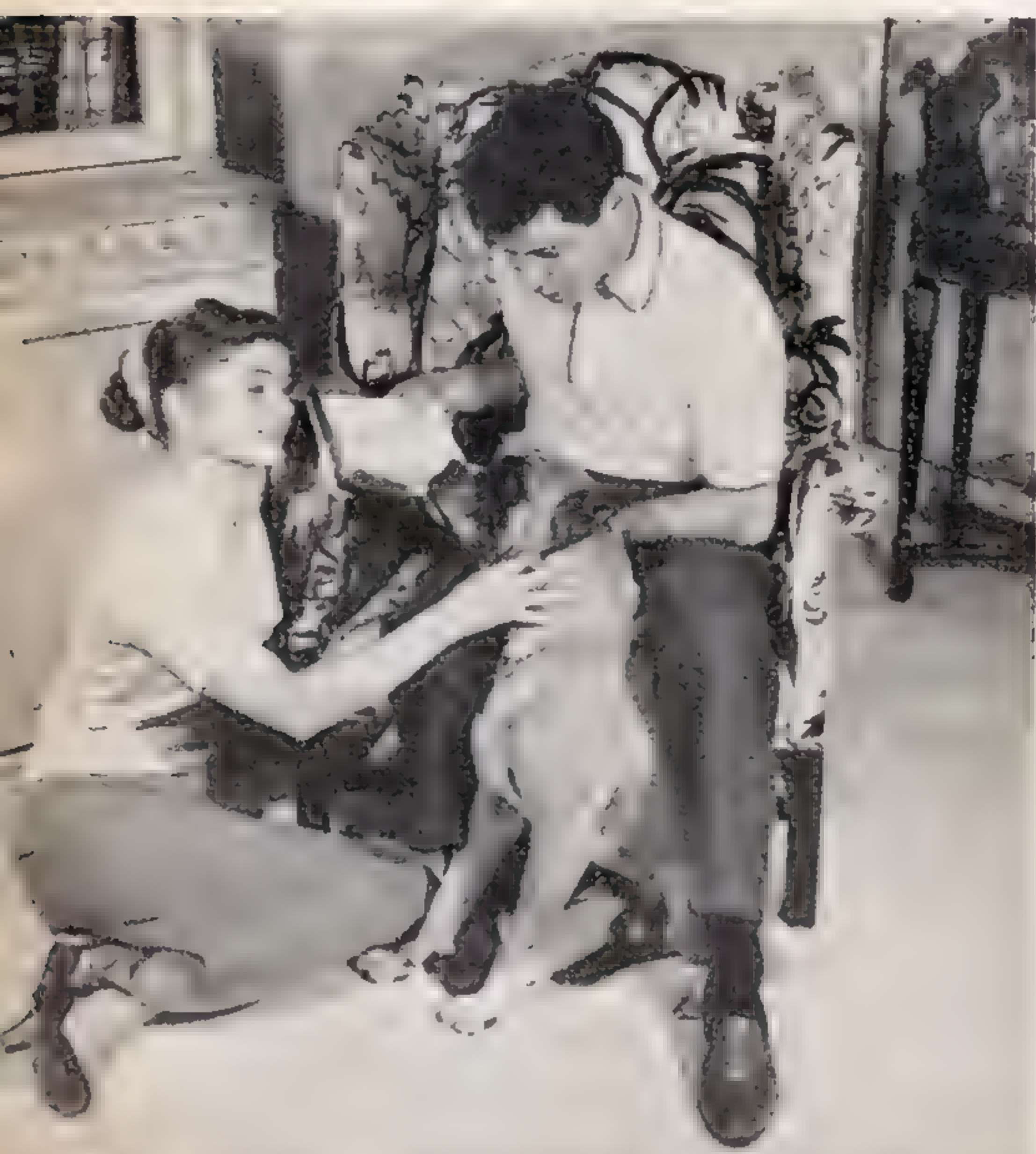
# RELIGION IN HOLLYWOOD

*Continued*

*With wealth and success has come an even greater need to believe that God and love*



*Russ Tamblyn and bride Venetia follow precepts of Mormonism*



*Marrying into the Jewish faith, Debbie said, "We're all equals"*

Undoubtedly there have been times when Hollywood has suffered from the wrong kind of publicity, sometimes deserved, sometimes not. In a community where more than 400 correspondents and 50 photographers constantly elbow each other in their efforts to gather "hot" movie news, this is perhaps understandable. Nevertheless, it is true that most Hollywood people are quite normal in their desires for a home, children, and a reasonable amount of emotional as well as financial security, which means spiritual peace of mind. And while national church membership recently reached a new record high of 60.9% of the total population, the Hollywood figures are slightly higher, showing 61.3% to be affiliated with some church organization.

Hollywood has never been a night-club town. This is a fact that many visitors discover, to their surprise. In

the yellow pages of the telephone book, for example, a total of 58 night clubs are listed. But the same book gives listings for 1,087 churches. A few of these are representative of such lesser-known faiths as the Vedanta Society, The Sky Pilot Revival Center, I Am Accredited Sanctuary, and the Self-Realization Church. But a very large percentage are churches of the major denominations which have many affiliations across the country and throughout the world.

A great number of Hollywood's churches are imposing in appearance and modern in design. The First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood has the largest congregation of that denomination in the United States. The Wilshire Boulevard Jewish Temple is justifiably proud of a history in Los Angeles that dates back more than 100 years. And the new Mormon Temple, a massive

*Jane Russell formed a psalm-singing chorus that toured the country last Christmas, made*





*are there for all who need them*

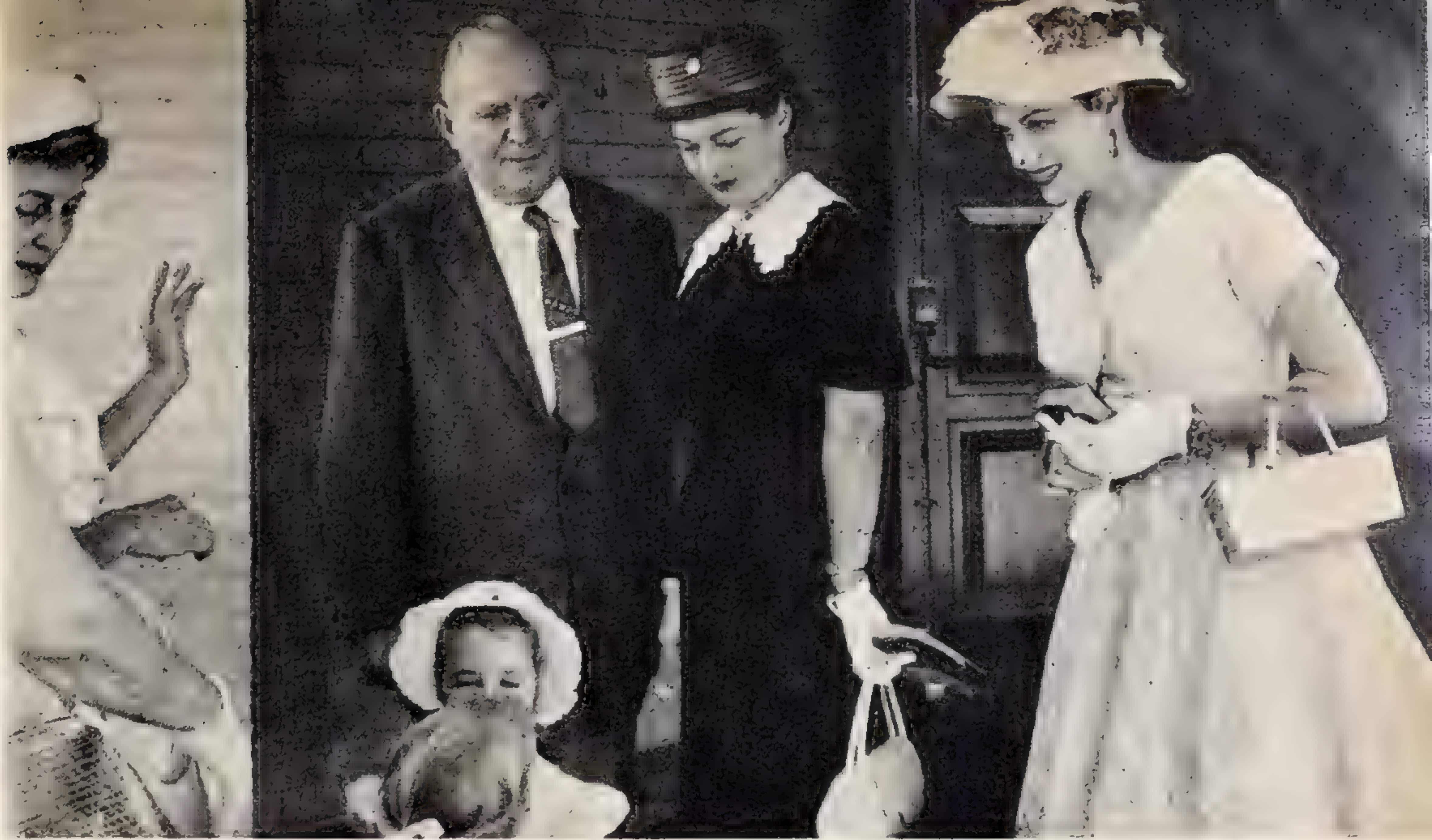
Mayan-style building standing on twenty-five acres, is the largest and most magnificent of the ten Mormon Temples in the world.

But despite these encouraging figures, the question of divorce and other unconventional behavior in Hollywood is bound to be raised. "How can they be so religious," comes the concerted cry from a thousand Main Streets, "when they're always divorcing people to marry other people?"

Divorce, however, is not peculiar to Hollywood. The percentage of divorces in Hollywood is no larger than in New York. The difference is, that in Hollywood the people suing for divorce have names that make news, and so it is that every day's headlines seem to carry some fresh report of one star or another going to Reno, Las Vegas or Mexico.

The really amazing thing that is revealed by a study (*Continued on page 83*)

*a fortune for orphans of all creeds*



*Maureen O'Hara with the Pat O'Briens outside the Catholic Church. Catholics may be divorced, as Maureen was, but the Church says they may not remarry*

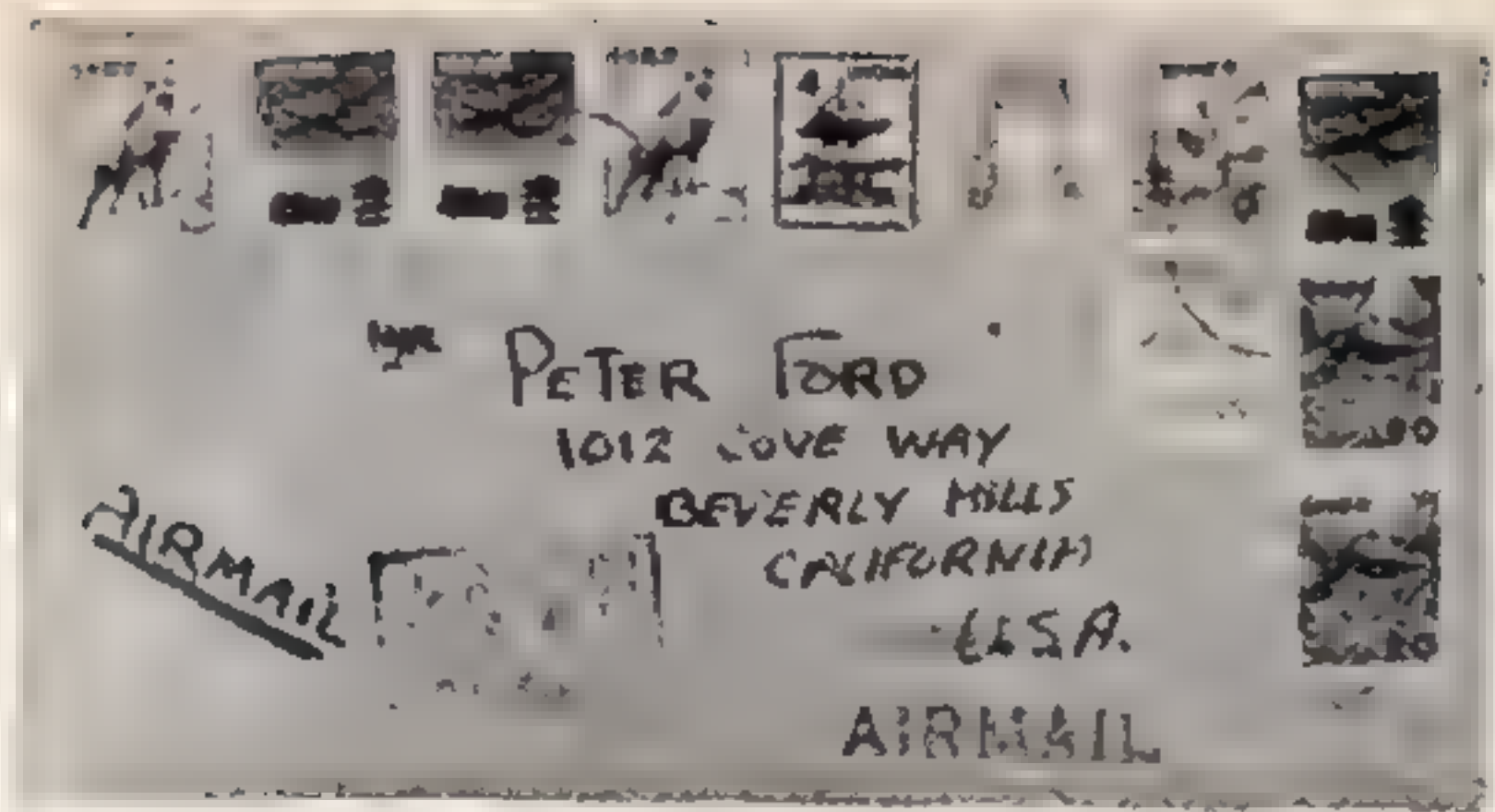


*Jewish Jerry Lewis married a Catholic, but says, "It's never made any difference to either of us." This shrine was erected in memory of Patti's mother*



*Dorothy Malone, escorted to church by her brother, greets Nancy Sinatra. Says Dorothy, "Religion isn't part of my life. My life is part of my religion"*





# THE WHOLE WORLD

TOKYO, JAPAN

Dear Pete,

What a welcome, finding your letter here at the hotel waiting for me! I'll try to answer all your questions. First: What is it like over here?

I think the best way to answer that one is to tell you about a little incident that took place in a museum once. There was a fantastic "painting" there called "White on White." I stopped to study it, and another man near me did the same.

"What do you think it is?" he asked me.

"I don't know," I said. "It looks like a snowstorm to me."

"No," he decided. "It looks more like a white building through a fog."

Another man walked up and scoffed at the painting. "This is a masterpiece?" he said sarcastically. "A blob of white on a piece of white canvas? *Anybody* can do that."

"I'm not so sure," the superintendent of the gallery said, having overheard us. "People come here from all over and study it. They look at it and put their own interpretation on it. 'White on White' makes people think, and what they see is the result of their own thoughts." (Continued on page 57)



Glenn is honored by a group of Boy Scouts and watches a game of American hopscotch played on a street in Japan. Later, one of the little boys "adopted" Glenn so that he wouldn't miss Pete too much while he was away



The things that bring people together, Glenn found, are always more numerous than the things which separate them. A love of movies and sports, prayers at twilight, were some of these shared experiences



# OVER

*A young boy questions, and a father tries honestly to give the answers. Peter Ford learned from Glenn's letters that love speaks a language everyone knows*

BY GLENN FORD



Japan photos by Ray Falk, Globe



*Glenn shopped for gifts for his wife, Eleanor, and his son; went on tours of the ancient city. He found no language barrier. "If you can smile and say 'Thanks' you can get along anywhere, including Japan"*



*Learning to eat strange foods, and familiar foods strangely cooked, was always an interesting though not always successful experience. Glenn came home hungry for one thing Japan couldn't offer in food—hamburgers!*





BY PATTY DE ROULF



*She shocked her parents by being born, shocked her teachers, assorted neighbors*



*and, finally, the world, by splashing into a pool fully clothed. But there*



*are more shocks in store—for you haven't heard the last of Diana*



*Diana's ex-prizefighter husband, Dennis Hamilton (below), was not met by Diana's father, Albert Fluck, or her Aunt Kit (above) on his recent journey home to England*

● Like another famous blonde beauty, Diana Dors has led the kind of life that makes for good copy—and makes people want to find out more about her. What is true and what is false? Is she just "England's answer to Marilyn Monroe" or is she an actress in her own right, and here to stay?

Six months after arriving in America she made enough headlines to blanket the country. She had earned a reputation as a wit and a sharp cookie. She was also known as a girl who never underestimated the power of a buck. One of her best press agents is her husband, Dennis Hamilton, who, among other things, has described his wife as "the world's greatest sex-pot."

Diana has added to the legend of Dors with such remarks as, "I'm a woman in a man's world."

By being just that, Diana today collects \$75,000 a picture, owns palatial homes in England and Hollywood, as well as three luxury cars, an airplane, a yacht and a mink bikini. Her first American picture, "I Married a Woman" co-stars George Gobel. People who saw the first rushes on it came away vowing that anyone who thinks Dors is just a sex-pot is seriously under-rating her.

"This girl," they say, "can act. She's terrific."

Who is she and how did she get here? Not only to America, but to a position in the acting world where (Continued on page 86)



*If getting pushed into her swimming pool was, as many people believe, a publicity stunt, it worked. Next day Dors was headlined all over the world*





**WATCH**

**OUT**

**FOR**

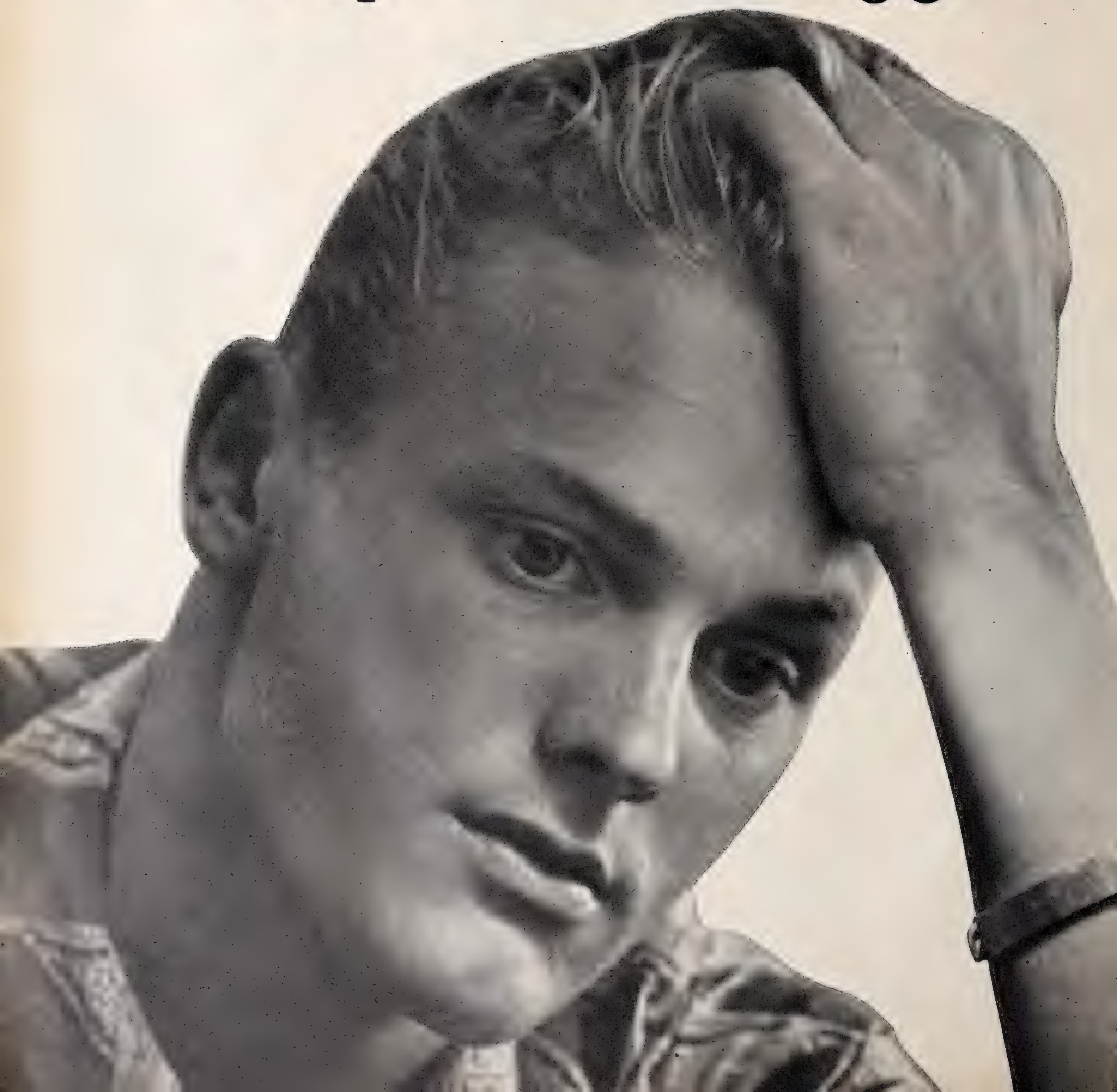
**DOORS**





**Why Tab Hunter has become**

**Hollywood's Biggest**





BY JOHN MAYNARD

# Headache

*This is the craziest story to come out of Hollywood. Read it, but you still won't believe it*

● At the spot in Los Angeles where the Sunset Strip melts into Hollywood proper, there are two adjacent establishments. One is a drugstore, famed Schwab's, and the other a restaurant, Googie's. They have something in common besides being neighbors. They are the gathering places, the hangouts, of Hollywood's young and aspiring film players. Here the kaffeeklatsch is endless, the talk is nothing but shop talk—some of it meaningless, some of it penetrating, some gay, some bitter, some vicious.

And much of the talk these days is concerned with one of the group's more distinguished alumni, the fellow Arthur Gelien, whom the young hopefuls, in common with most people, call Tab Hunter.

It is believed, in these rather discerning circles, that Tab Hunter has reached a crucial moment in his career. It is believed that now—or never—he is going onward and upward, and that there is no alternative but professional catastrophe. But there is little agreement on how the dice will fall.

"Tab," observes a young contemporary who probably can fairly be suspected of malice or even jealousy, "is a freak. Nobody likes him but the people. I'm not kidding you. You talk to producers over at Warners' and they'll tell you he's a headache. Except at the box office, where it counts. They can't even figure whether he's got talent or not."

But this man's young companion, a girl a little too well-known to want her name associated with anything controversial, takes issue with him. "How," she says, "can they tag him with that no-talent label when they haven't given him a chance to use his talent? Believe me, he *does* have it. I've worked with him (Continued on page 65)

## Tab Is Wondering: "Did I Goof?"

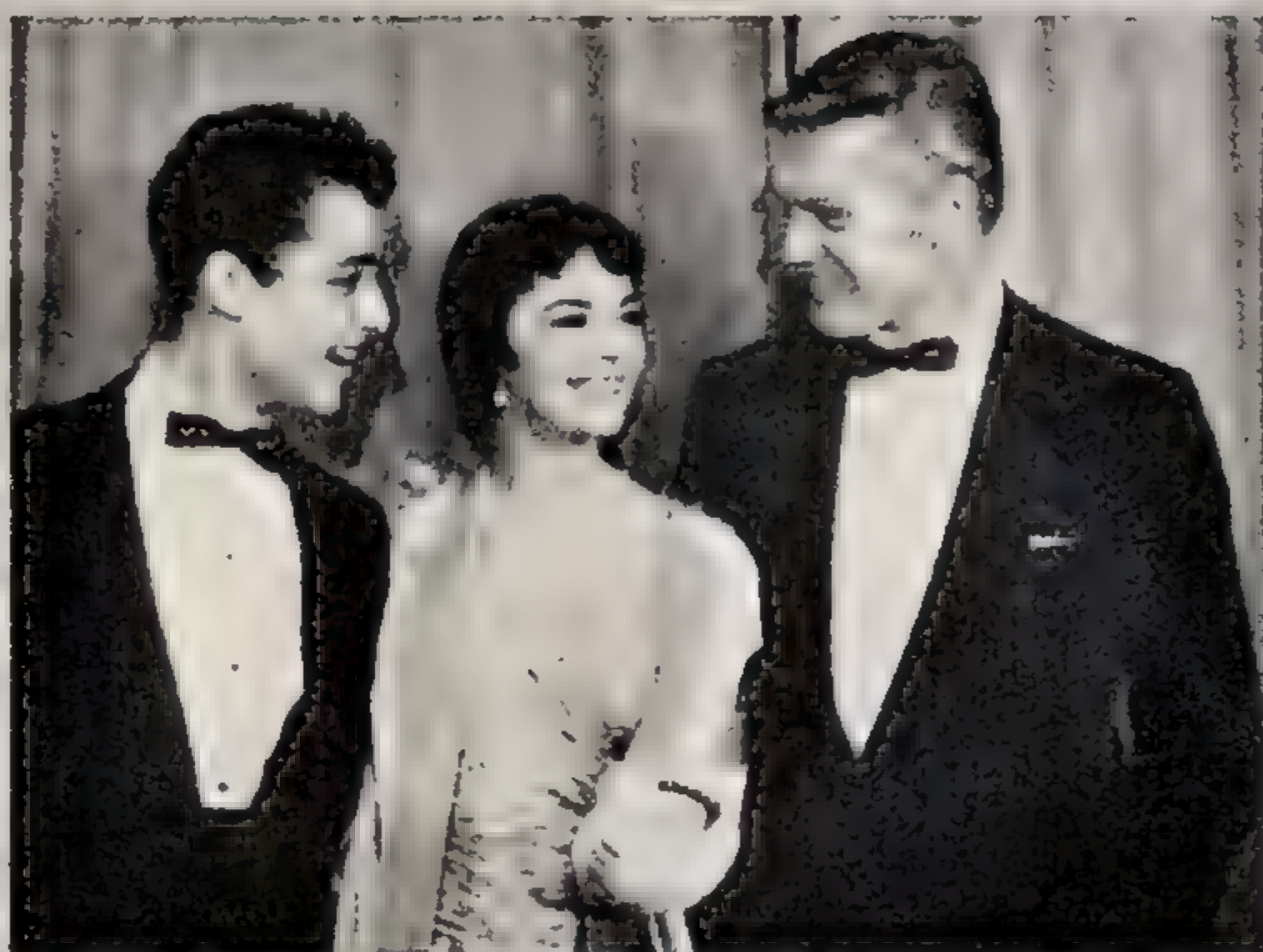


### Too Much Publicity?

*Knowing the importance of publicity, Tab was always willing to pose for "beefcake" and date art*

### Not Enough Work?

*Knowing how much he had to learn, he put away his ice-skates and knuckled down to study*



### Too Many Dates?

*He did his studio's bidding regarding dates, like one with Nat Wood and newcomer Sal Mineo*

### Fans Too Young?

*He worked hard to get fan mail and fan support, but did he limit himself too much to teenagers?*



### Can I Believe Her?

*Mrs. Gertrude Gelien, his mother, says, "You'll be a star and an actor." Tab hopes she's right*







# CRACK-UP

*This is the unforgettable story of the crack-up of one of the greatest talents in show business—told in its entirety and told for the first time. It's the story of how Judy Garland went broke on a hundred thousand dollars a year, lost her faith in family and friends—and found it again when she learned to have faith in herself*

BY JOE HYAMS

● A close friend of Judy Garland's recently described her as a cracked plate, still useful but dangerously near the end of its service.

This is the story of the cracks in the plate, of how an exceptionally talented young lady experienced a crack-up of all values, a crack-up she scarcely knew about until long after it occurred.

It is not a pretty story. Some of it has been told before, but no one has ever understood how the gradual building up of tensions, each small within itself, can lead to the crack-up of a great talent.

There is no real beginning because, like the slow, studied dripping of water on stone, tension takes a long time to make an impression. The pressures are always there, because all life is a process of breaking down, but the big blows—the ones that breed nightmares and insomnia and headaches and sessions with psychiatrists—don't show their effects all at once.

The powerful blows are the ones that come from within, like the time Judy was only ten years old and a member of the Gumm Sisters vaudeville act. The family lived in Lancaster, California, a small town where Judy's father managed a movie theatre.

Every weekend Mrs. Gumm gathered up her three girls, took them

*Continued*





*"I almost killed myself trying to keep up with Mickey Rooney," says Judy. She turned to food, got so fat her studio said she looked like a monster. Above, Clark Gable, Shirley Temple*

to Los Angeles and put them on-stage for as little as fifty cents per girl per performance, then brought them back home to Lancaster.

"I always felt like a freak in Lancaster," Judy recalled recently. "We were show folks."

Once, when a major charade was being planned, Lancaster social leaders called on the Gumms, borrowed their professional costumes, admired the girls—but didn't invite them to the party. Show business kids were all right as entertainers but not as social equals.

That was the first time Judy Garland was made aware she was "different." It was not the last.

When she was twelve her mother and father separated. Judy was the baby of the family—she was even called Baby—and the apple of her father's eye. She never understood why he left her.

When she was thirteen Judy enrolled at Hollywood High School. A vice-principal who was to be one of her teachers came over and said, "People like you should not be allowed to go to school with normal children."

In those days Judy was as round as a ball, with just as much bounce. She was pretty, with large brown eyes, a farm-fresh complexion and a puppy-dog personality. She

*She lived too hard, she worked*



**First divorce** was from composer and orchestra leader David Rose after four years. Judy blamed it on "career conflicts" but says, "He was good to me"



**Second marriage** to director Vincente Minnelli took place one week after divorcing Rose. Six years and one child later she was broke, jobless and ill

**First breakdown** sent Judy to Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. Judy's studio paid all the bills. Eleven weeks later she went back to work. It was too soon





oo hard. Her breakdowns were inevitable—her comebacks amazing



**Second breakdown** followed close on the heels of the first. Hysterical, Judy tried to cut her throat; an M-G-M executive tries to explain



**Second divorce** sent Judy on another eating spree. At 28 she was considered to be through, but meeting Sid Luft started her on comeback

**But tragedy struck again.** Judy's mother, Mrs. William Gilmore, died under circumstances that sent Judy once more to psychiatry



was, she believed, as normal as blueberry pie, certainly as normal as any other little girl of thirteen.

What do you say to a teacher who tells you you're not normal, don't belong with normal children?

Judy said nothing. But she was so upset she never returned to the school. Instead she enrolled at a private school with other "professional children."

Dorothy Gray, a child star in those days and Judy's best friend, remembers her as Baby Gumm, the prettiest girl in her class, popularly conceded to be the most talented.

"Judy and I did all the things little girls like to do, from making fudge to roller skating," Dorothy recalled. "But whenever we went to the movies we had to leave our names at the box office in case we got a studio call.

"There were a lot of things we couldn't do, like take regular vacations or go swimming, because we might miss a film call or catch cold.

"We theatrical kids used to be embarrassed when our pictures were in the paper because the other—normal—kids we knew would tease us. I guess in a way we were robbed of childhood. Only two (*Continued on page 60*)

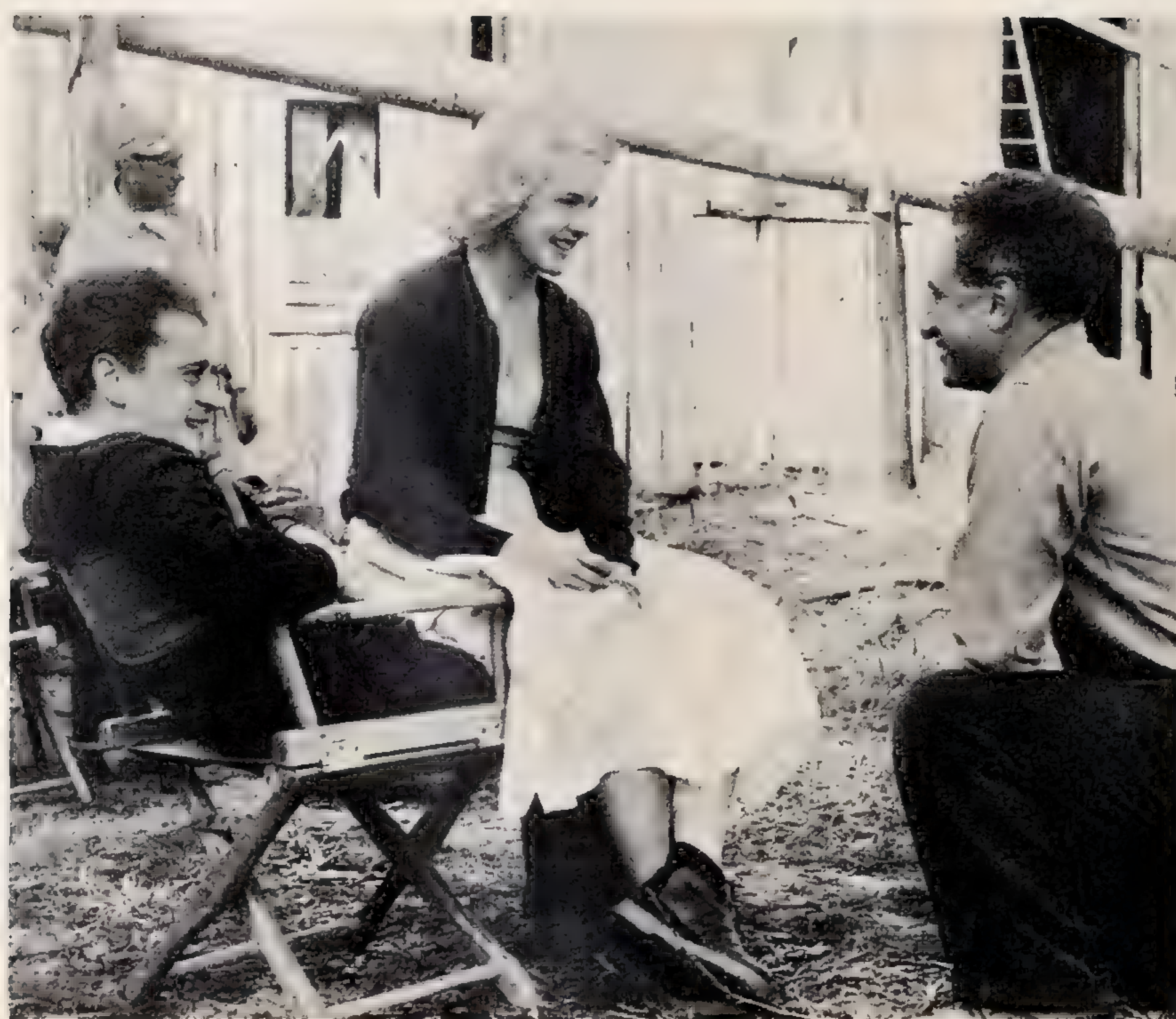


**Third marriage, to Sid Luft, has been far from serene, but children like Liza, Lorna and "Little Joe," plus Judy's new success, save it**





# THE REBEL



# AND

*Elia Kazan entrusted Carroll with the lead in the controversial "Baby Doll," but husband Jack Garfein (left) discovered her first*



● Whether they like it or not, they're going to talk about it. Whether they like Carroll Baker or not, they're going to talk about her. "Baby Doll" is that kind of picture. Carroll Baker is that kind of girl.

Doing her second movie role in a picture that is admittedly going to stir up controversy, a picture that is all hers—with Elia Kazan directing her, and Karl Malden and Eli Wallach working with her—sets Miss Baker right out in front of the female contingent of "the rebels," "the blue-jean set," "the Actors' Studio crowd." Elia, Karl and Eli are three of the most forceful of Hollywood's forceful new generation. "Baby Doll" is one of that generation's most exciting creations. It all adds up to make Carroll a sure bet for notoriety, if not fame.

The question is sure to arise, is she really a blue-jean kind of girl? Is she a feminine version of the leather-jacket, motorcycle-riding boys who have set staid Hollywood on its ear in recent years? Or is she just an actress doing a job? In brief, is she a rebel or a lady? Or is it possible that she's both?

On the face of it, Carroll is certainly a product of the

famed Actors' Studio in New York. Lee Strasberg, head of the school, gave her private lessons. She was taken straight from those and a few roles on TV and Broadway to "Giant." She was chosen by George Stevens, as shrewd a judge of talent as there is in Hollywood, to play Elizabeth Taylor's younger daughter, starting at the age of eleven and progressing through her teens to the point of having a one-sided romance with *Jett Rink*, played by Jimmy Dean. Stevens, after watching her work, said that she is one of the screen's great finds. Kazan, choosing her for the taxing, powerful role of *Baby Doll*, said the same.

In appearance, Carroll has a round-faced prettiness which she deplores. Sometimes she stands in front of a mirror and sucks in her cheeks, hoping it gives her the gaunt, Katharine Hepburn kind of attraction she'd like to have. And she showed up for our interview at one of New York's fashionable theatrical restaurants—having traveled by subway—wearing a tweed skirt and topcoat, no hat, with scarcely any make-up. As she entered, no heads turned.

(Continued on page 80)

# THE LADY







# Glamour Gab

Reflections on a year just finished, predictions for the



*A fine day for a picnic, and a fine year for Doris Day, love-wise, money-wise.*

## Comeback Girl

With all the current excitement about Jayne Mansfield, even Hollywood seems to have forgotten that she was under contract to Warner Brothers a mere two years ago. Nobody noticed her much then. She was given bit roles to do and sent on press junkets such as the "Underwater!" preview in Florida. Having been on that trip, I can testify that Jayne rated hardly a glance.

How the girl has learned in the meantime! Since starring in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" on Broadway, Jayne has mastered the art of publicity. In today's Hollywood, even if she is only going to the grocery store, you see her toggled out in a mink coat to her heels, over a dress that fits her tighter than her skin. She is never alone, either. But what a picture she presents, with her little daughter held tight by one hand and the big, dark, muscular former Mr.



*Billy Pearson and Vincent Price find Terry Moore a changed woman since she became Mrs. McGrath*



*The Lancaster-Borgnine feud soured the year for Burt L.*



# of Hollywood

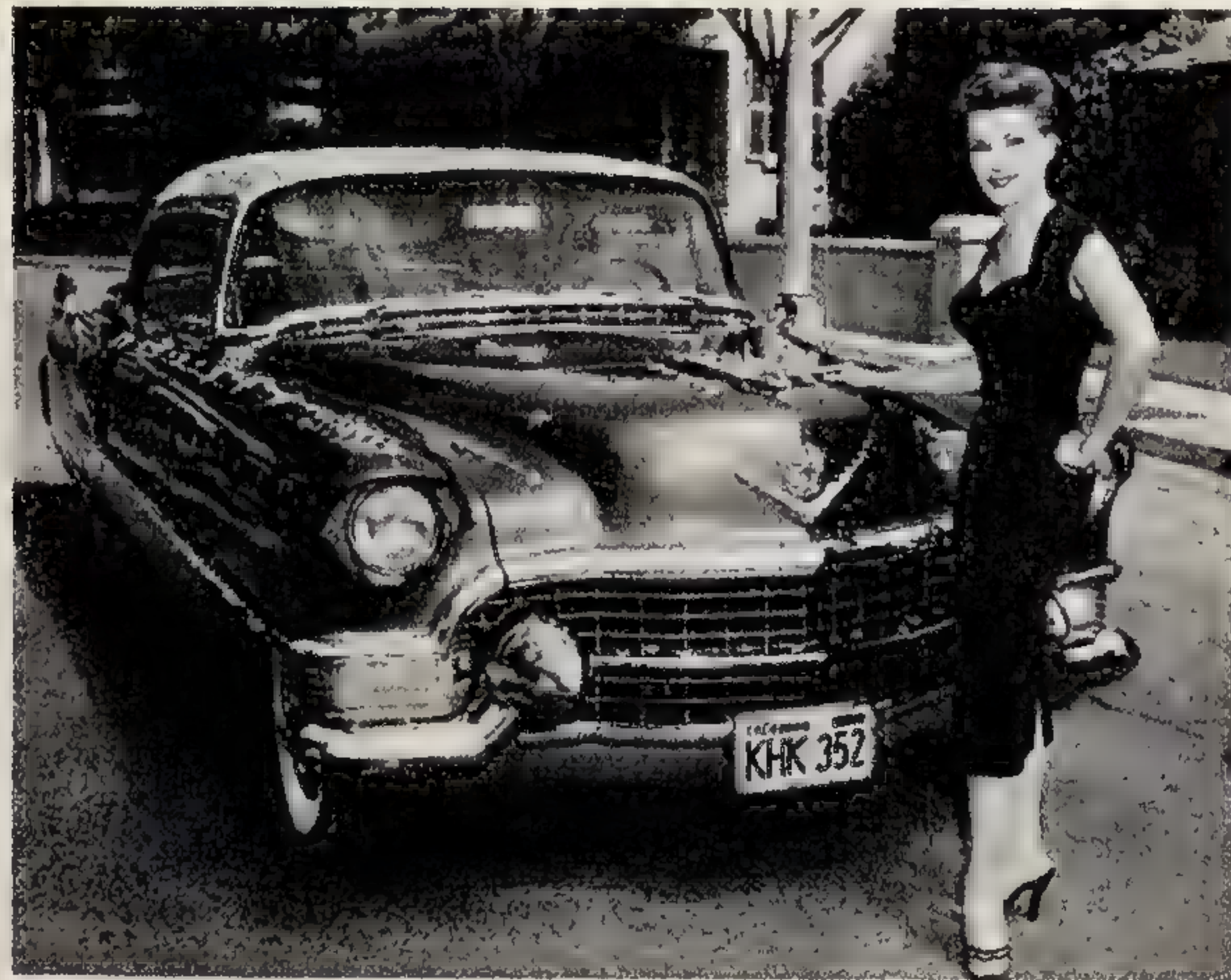
year ahead in the land of stars **BY RUTH WATERBURY**

America, Mike Hargitay, held tight with the other. They stop conversation everywhere.

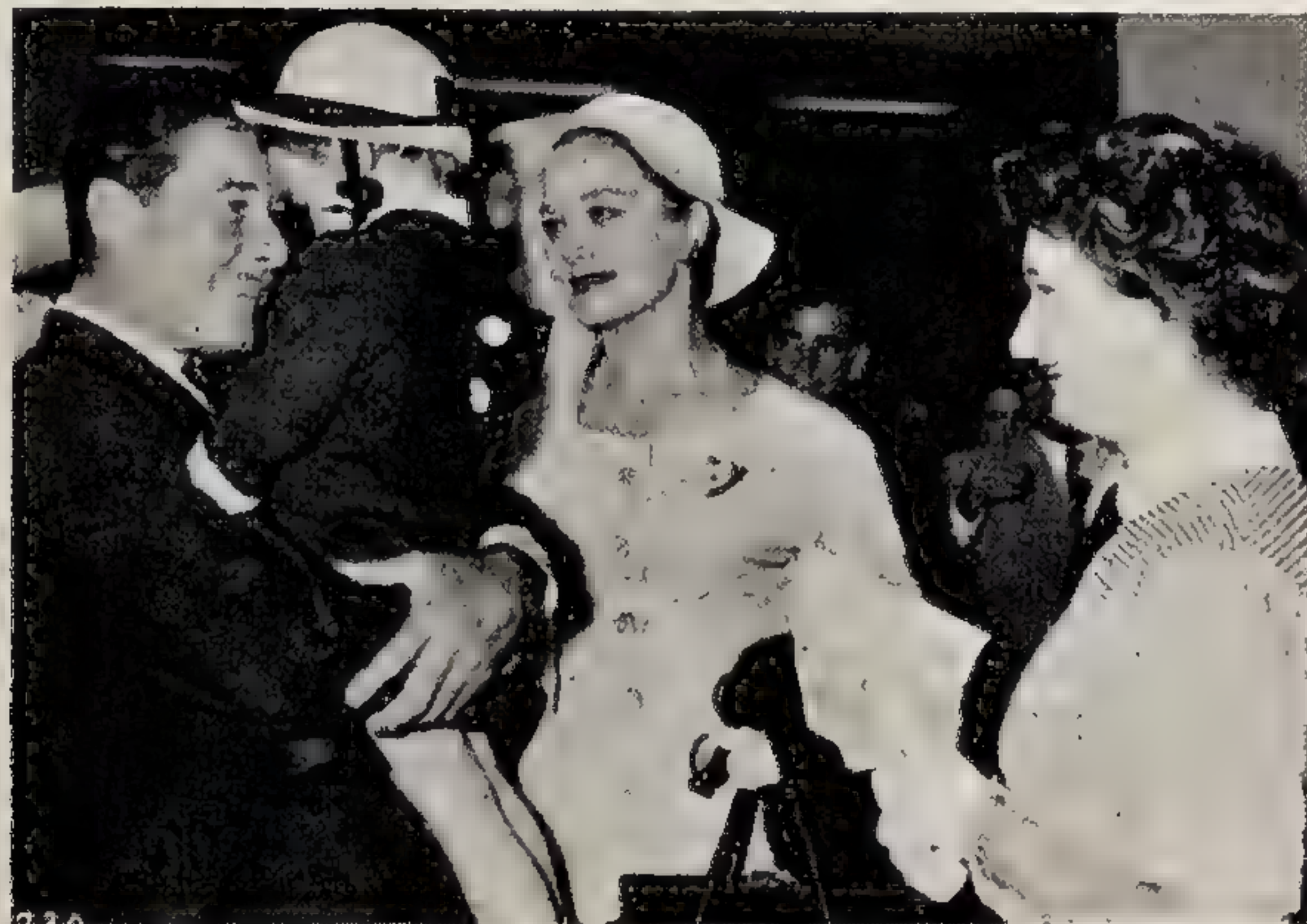
## Fishing Poles Outside

Stars in Hollywood are continually "re-doing" their houses. June Allyson is the latest to be smitten with this virus, but so far not a stick of the Allyson-Powell furniture is up for sale. June is just moving stuff around in their house—"and that includes me," says Dick Powell, her doting husband.

June has moved Dick out of his den because, of all things, she has taken a liking to Elizabethan furniture. This style is very heavy, very dark and very powerful, and why little June has an immense crush on it nobody can explain, including herself. But right now she adores it, so to make room for the Tudor chests, chairs and cupboards, Dick has had to give up his den, which was a hobby room, full of guns and fishing poles.



*Debra Paget's new jewel-encrusted car begins her year of more glamour, bigger roles*



*Back from picture-making, a new Errol Flynn hugs his daughter while wife waits her turn*



*Dick Kallman looks happier than Margaret O'Brien, who has career woes*



*All year, Kim Novak denied Frank Sinatra romance rumors. Will she change?*

## Not So Cheap Lunch

My personal nomination for the most un-spoiled girl in the celebrity world is Doris Day. She went home to Cincinnati recently for the preview of her excellent new picture, "Julie," and she didn't forget one name. She still sends out fruit cakes, which she bakes herself, as Christmas presents to her friends. She keeps right up with her sandlot baseball playing with her son, Terry, and she's the only star I know who'll call you up, apropos of nothing, and say, "Hi! This is Dodo. Let's have a cheap lunch." Then you find out her idea of a cheap lunch is Romanoff's, where if two get out for ten dollars it's because one of you was dieting.

## Beloved Music Man

If everybody in the film colony went to all the parties that are given, there would never be one inch of pictures made. But when an affair like the testimonial dinner for David Rose comes along, it's so heartwarming there is no resisting it.

Certainly you know David Rose, composer of "Holiday for Strings" and many another lovely tune. But the Dave Rose Hollywood loves is the all-around fine musician and flawless friend. Thus, the whole town came out for his party, with Howard Keel singing for Dave, Red (Continued on page 68)



*Lita's Yule present to Rory: the baby both longed for*



# LIVING WITH YOUNG IDEAS

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

*Blossoming now, fresh new fashions to brighten your January-through-June wardrobe*



Cottons are the coming thing—and brightening the season now, Lee Remick's sky blue textured cotton looking for all the world like hopsacking tweed. It shapes a neatly-carved dress with pointed pique collar. Pretty news: the squared-off vest, coincided in white and lace-edged. Also ice cream pink or lemon. Sizes 5-15. By Junior First. About \$18. Glovelets by Dawnelle

To wear from now on (and all year), Valerie Allen's two-part invention for a busy fashion life, price-tagged at a minimum. First part: a black whistle-slick sheath with scooped neck, high Empire line. Topping it, a cropped plaid jacket, back-buttoned, the collar overlaid with spanking white. Also brown, navy. Wearable rayon linen. Sizes 5-15. By Kay Juniors. Under \$15



January refresher: violets blossoming on a snowy background, translated into Valerie Allen's shirtwaist charmer with shirt-cuff sleeves, a finely-tucked bodice bib. In Everglaze jacquard cotton. Also pink, blue prints. 5-15. By Sue Brett. About \$18

First sign of spring—the silk print. Lee Remick's is brilliant red with black tweedy print, the new bloused top balanced with a gleaming choir boy collar, black velvet bow. Also green, royal with black. Sizes 5-15. By Toni Edwards. Under \$30

Delicious for the first sunny day, Norma Moore's full-blown polished cotton dress with the biggest skirt in town. It's splashed with giant blue cabbage roses, has a high square neck dipping low at the back, a lime grosgrain Empire band ending in long back streamers to tie at will. Sizes 8-16. By Nelly de Grab. About \$15

*To buy fashions, see stores and information, page 74*



# SPRING FASHION FORECAST: fair and sunny





YOUNG IDEAS:

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS *Continued*



NORMA MOORE WILL BE SEEN IN "FEAR STRIKES OUT," PARAMOUNT

SEE LEE REMICK SOON IN "A FACE IN THE CROWD," A NEWTOWN  
PRODUCTION FOR WARNER BROS.

LOOK FOR VALERIE ALLEN NEXT IN PARAMOUNT'S "FUNNY FACE"  
AND "OMAR KHAYYAM"

FASHION PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT AND STAN ROCKFIELD



# SPRING FASHION FORECAST: fair and sunny



**D** Spring's prettiest silhouette—the capelet, here Lee Remick's gentle shoulder-covering version in wool jersey, closed with enormous "pearl" buttons. It's lined with the coral and white silk print of the floating dress with tucked bodice, high cummerbund. Also blue and white. Sizes 5-15. By Toni Edwards. About \$35

**B** Early spring roses scattered on pale blue polished cotton—Norma Moore's dress with a warm-weather air, a cool-weather cover-up. The blue Orlon cardigan's banded with matching print, then rhinestone-lit. It stops short above a stand-out skirt of unpressed pleats. Also pink, maize. 10-18. By McKettrick. Under \$18



**C** Good taste at a young price—a lean and willowy sheath in woven silk and cotton. It flatters the figure with handsome graduated stripes, a trim waist, jutting winged pockets. The spark: white lineny trim. Lee Remick selects red and white. Also teal, black with white. Sizes 7-15. By Betty Barclay. Under \$15

**D** Valerie Allen chooses satin-striped plaid in sunset colors to warm an early spring evening. It boasts a wide, square neckline, wisp of sleeve, closely crystal-pleated torso above the swirling skirt. Added gleam, a black patent belt. In a batiste blend of Dacron and cotton. Sizes 5-15. By Henley Junior. About \$22.95

**E** Sure-to-dazzle costume that doesn't rush the season. In Herbert Meyer textured cotton, a sheath papering the figure with bold black and white checks, piped at the slashed neck with black. New cover-up: an inky rayon linen bolero, button-trimmed. Also brown, blue with white. Sizes 5-15. By Betty Barclay. Under \$18



YOUNG IDEAS:  
FAMILY LIFE

# Heritage





# OF LOVE



*Good friends, neighbors, a loving family, and a boy's character is moulded*

*It was not until after his father's death that Jim MacArthur realized the true worth of the words and memories left to him* • *BY EVELYN CARSON*

● Under ordinary circumstances, one would expect to find a young movie actor in Hollywood, making—or waiting for the chance to make—movies. As in most phases of life, however, there's always an exception to the rule. In this case the exception is nineteen-year-old James MacArthur, who makes his screen debut in RKO's "The Young Stranger."

Nowadays, Jim is to be found in Boston—on or near the Harvard campus, to be exact, where he is a freshman. If you're in the vicinity, you're apt to catch him hurrying across the quad to a history class . . . or tinkering with his Thunderbird (his high-school graduation present, which periodically acts up, much to Jim's annoyance) . . . or lounging in one of the two big easy chairs he and his roommate acquired second-hand . . . or munching on a snack from the icebox they acquired the same way . . . or deep in a beer-and-bull session with the boys.

In many ways, Jim is just what you expect a college freshman to be. He has natural, boy-down-the-street good looks. His steady eyes are clear blue, his skin glows with health, and his sandy hair is so crisply crew-cut that only a suspicion of a curl remains. He stands about five-feet-six and has the trim, lithe build of an athlete. He is the kind of fellow any girl would love to date and any guy would like to pal around with.

We'd be the first to agree that Harvard seems about the most incongruous place for a rising young actor to be. But Jim MacArthur would disagree pointedly, and he has his reasons, all of which makes sense. They also make you realize that Jim is an extremely level-headed, farsighted young man.

*(Continued on page 82)*





## YOUNG IDEAS: RECORDS

wonderful!



# what's spinning?

Lovely Valerie Allen selects music to charm the ear—a dress to charm the man who's sharing it with you. In polished cotton with a satin glow, striped in pink and raspberry, it has a standaway cowl neckline, pearl button closing at front and sleeve. Flattering the waistline: a deep pink leather belt. In junior sizes 5-15. By Sue Brett. About \$17.95.

Playing her sensational new albums, a sleek new console phonograph selected as much for its richness of design as for the elegance of its high-fidelity sound. It plays four speeds, has three loudspeakers and provision for stereophonic sound. In a handsome wood case on tubular brass legs. Mark VI by RCA Victor. \$139.95 in mahogany.

*Phonograph at leading dealers and department stores.  
To buy dress, see stores listed on page 74*



Whether it be a standard or a classic or a swinging jazz piece, a record is an ideal gift to let those special ones in your life know that you have not forgotten them at this holiday season.

For that very special gift, we suggest the fabulous panorama of the great music that was born and developed in New Orleans, Chicago, San Francisco, and New York, complete in one five-record album. Riverside's "History of Classic Jazz" is the actual original music of the creative titans of classic jazz and includes sixty-plus recordings, capturing for you the full, rich sweep of America's colorful, exciting musical heritage. This unique collection features such all-time greats as Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, Bessie Smith, King Oliver, Muggsy Spanier, Sidney Bechet, Kid Ory, and many others.

For the young guy or gal in your

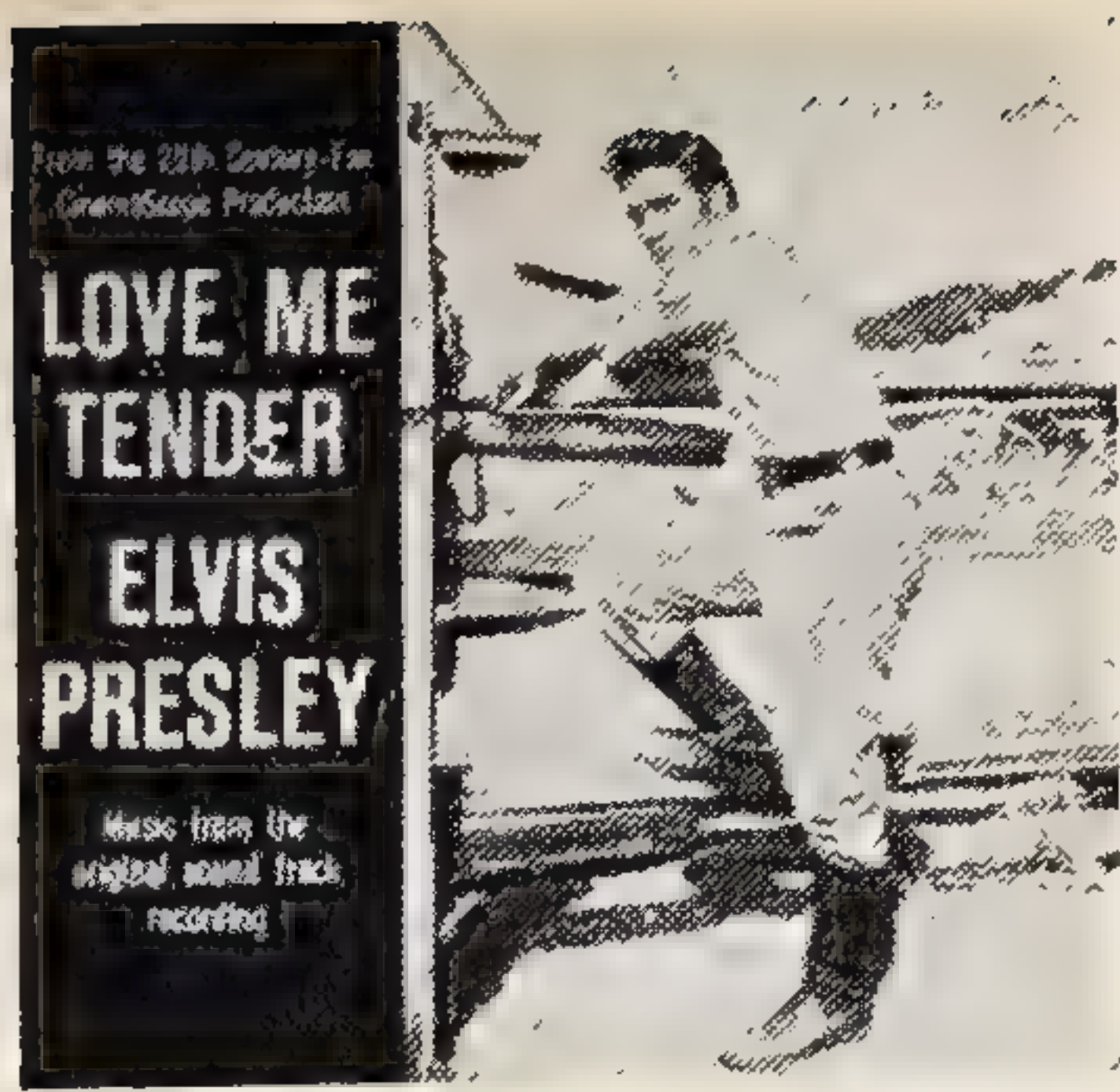
life—if he or she is just plain crazy about folk music—we suggest that you present them with a copy of "The Josh White Stories." This is truly the deserved return to records of the celebrated storyteller with the stool and the ear-held cigarette. Josh has lost some of the fierce intensity of earlier days, and has become the polished showman. But he still underlines deftly the humor and pathos and sorrow in some great folk blues. Instead of the customary type of cover notes, ABC-Paramount has utilized the space to provide the words to all the tunes Josh does. Among them is the slyly funny "Boll Weevil," plus the familiar "Frankie and Johnny," "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," and the rocking "What You Gonna Do." It's truly a fine collection.

The noted golfer, Don Cherry—who looked so long for a hit and finally ran

into "Band of Gold"—has finally been awarded an LP of his own. And he takes advantage of it, cashing in especially on "For You" and "I Didn't Know About You." Backed by Ray Coniff and his band, "Swing for Two" on the Columbia label is a long-deserved showcase for Don.

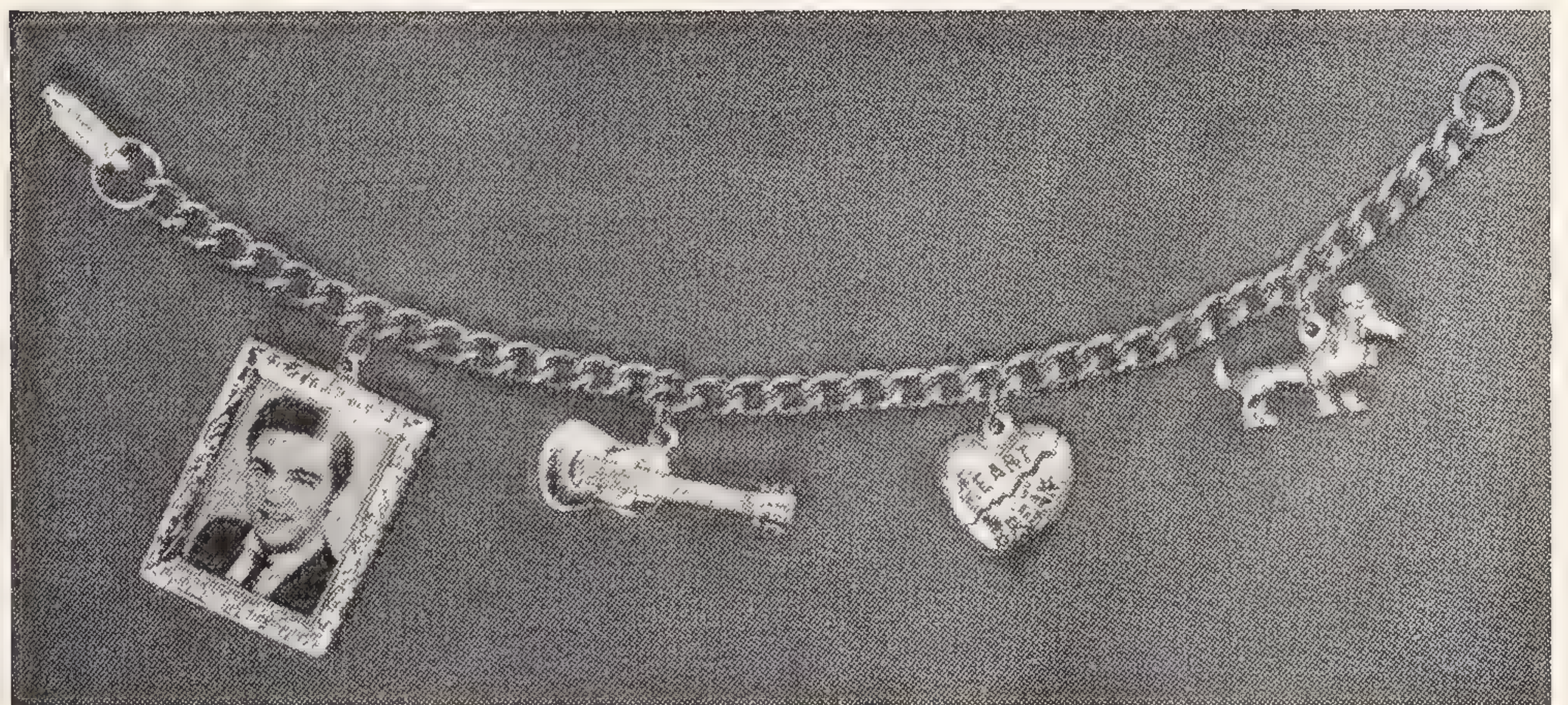
"Blue Moon," a new Decca release, is a thoroughly satisfying, touching and re-energizing recital by Carmen McRae. She sings with sweet, flexible strength twelve well-selected numbers including "Lush Life," the too seldom sung "Lilacs in the Rain," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," and such relatively unfamiliar material as "Nowhere" and "Summer Is Gone." Tadd Dameron and his band back Carmen on four of the sides, while Jimmy Mundy leads the orchestra on the others. Carmen always sings as if she feels the lyrics. She is a most welcome artist,





If your heart belongs  
to Elvis...and you don't  
care who knows it...

Here's a bracelet  
that shows it!



**W**ear your heart on your sleeve! Why not? Especially when it's on a beautiful, gold-plated charm bracelet that's so right for those sweaters and skirts you live in these days. Or give it as a gift to your favorite rock 'n' roll friend. A handsome link bracelet with four charms—a real autographed photo of Elvis in a frame, a miniature of his famous guitar, a

broken heart (remember "Heart-break Hotel"?), and a darling little hound dog. And, later, more charms can be added if you like. It arrives in an attractive clear plastic box perfect for gift-giving, and it looks like much, much more than its very modest price. This bracelet can be purchased only through this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Use the coupon below.

HALOGENE CORP.  
PHOTOPLAY Bracelet Dept.  
715 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ Elvis Presley bracelets  
at \$1.10 each, including tax and postage.

I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ check; \_\_\_\_\_ money order; \_\_\_\_\_ cash \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

P



(Continued from page 11)

In addition to the fabulous sums he's being paid for TV appearances and movie-making, his manager, Colonel Parker, runs a right profitable sideline of Presley bracelets, hats, sideburns, ties and velvet shirts. It doesn't seem so long ago that a young man named Fess Parker had the country and, for that matter, the world, on a Davy Crockett spree that promised to go on forever. Davy Crockett is no more, as far as Fess is concerned, but Fess has completed a trip to Europe and the best movie of his career, "Westward Ho the Wagons!" He is also a very, very interested observer of the Presley craze as, no doubt, he ponders that old saying, "Here today, gone tomorrow!"

**The Year of the Stork:** For all those cynics who insist that life in Hollywood is a mad whirl of parties, night clubs, careers and divorce, we offer statistical evidence to the contrary. Never has the stork been so busy. The Gregory Pecks, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, Debbie and Eddie, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, Don Murray and Hope Lange. . . . Pretty soon, we're gonna run out of bassinets out here!

**Things We Never Thought We'd See:** The break-up of the Paul Newman marriage, which seems headed that way with a "trial separation." . . . Young Kerwin Matthews, under contract to Columbia Pictures for three long years, finally getting the break he so richly deserves, and his first starring role, in "Garment Center." And getting it from Columbia, who turned out to be as loyal to him as he was to them. . . . Bob Stack's consistently good performances being rewarded by a top role in Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" re-make . . . And Tab Hunter finally announcing himself as highly pleased with his next role, which will be that of the nephew in "Auntie Mame," the best-seller turned Broadway hit. . . . And, last but not least, Susan Hayward wearing a hat.

**Evasive Action:** When Rod Steiger was asked why a man living alone would take a four-bedroom home in Malibu, in addition to a home in Laurel Canyon, Rod replied casually, "Oh, I guess I'm just impulsive. When I decided I'd like a beach house, I called the real estate agent and told him I wanted one that night. Turned out the only one he had happened to have four bedrooms and a year's lease, s-o-o—" Any comment on the rumors that linked his name with that of Diana Dors, who co-stars with him in "The Lady and the Prowler"? "Sure," said Rod, "she's a great actress." It does seem, though, like an awful lot of bedrooms for one man.

**Falling in Love Again:** Looks that way, say friends of Rita Hayworth. Seems Rita always starts throwing things when she feels an emotion coming on—and she usually throws them in the direction of any photographers trying to take her picture. So when she went into action in a Paris night club, grabbing a camera from a photographer's hands and throwing it out the nearest window, people began humming "April in Paris" and wondering what his name was. Rita has announced that she will live abroad permanently, so it probably isn't an American. Meanwhile, after finishing "Fire Down Below" with Jack Lemmon and Bob Mitchum, Rita next prepared for "Pal Joey," with Frank Sinatra and Kim Novak. It's hard to believe that Rita will play the "older woman" who is Sinatra's love, though.



4660—Add to your wardrobe with these blouses—a thrifty way to lots of smart changes! Misses' sizes 10-20. Size 16 left and center versions takes  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards, 39-inch fabric; open-collar version takes  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards



9262—Sew-easy jumper in a lovely "princess" silhouette—to team with its own companion blouse, or all your sweaters and blouses! Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16 jumper takes 4 yards, 39-inch; blouse 2 yards, 35-inch

4753—See the pretty back-view this dress boasts—soft folds from smooth hipline to hemline, topped by a graceful bow! So flattering, sew-simple! Misses' sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 39-inch fabric

Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY Patterns, P. O. Box 133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ per pattern for first-class mailing.



**Brothers United:** When Nick Adams met his brother, Dr. Andrew Adams, for the first time in seven years, his first words were "Blimey, you do look a bit like me." It was a family joke, Nick says, since they don't look a thing alike. It all started when Andrew was in London studying to become a doctor. He went to a movie house to see Nick's first picture, and when Nick's face came on the screen Andrew got so excited he shouted, "That's my brother!" A cockney sitting nearby brought down the house when he lighted a match and, in the flickering light, exclaimed, "Blimey, he does look a bit like ya, guv'ner."

**June Bride Coming Up:** At this writing, it looks like Joan Collins will be the bride of Arthur Loew, Jr., in June, when her divorce is final. While Joan was in the Caribbean on location for "Seawife," Arthur flew there to visit her, then Joan flew back to Hollywood to visit him before going to Jamaica for "Island in the Sun." Looks like those British Empire girls have the formula for catching hard-to-trap eligible bachelors. South African Dana Wynter led the elusive Greg Bautzer to the altar with the greatest of ease. Unless our eyes tell lies, Joan will do the same with Arthur Loew, Jr., who has successfully eluded the marriage noose since he and Janet Leigh almost walked down the aisle together.

**True, True Love:** You should be seeing 20th's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" just about this time, and when you do, watch out for a pretty thing named Virginia McKenna. Behind her there is such a great love story. It goes all the way back to "Mogambo." That is when Hollywood first discovered this sensitive young blonde. Sam Zimbalist, producer of "The Barretts," was also the producer of "Mogambo," and he wanted a light, delicate girl to play contrast to fiery, dark Ava Gardner and the intense, dark Gable in his African epic. He hunted all over America and couldn't find quite the girl to suit him, so he shipped out to London, saw Miss McKenna, hired her.

Which was all creamy, until he told her she had to go to Africa for months on location. Thereupon, she begged to be let out of the deal. The price was right. The script was slick. She was the girl for the part, so they pressed her for the real reason, and finally she revealed it. She was in love. She was in love with a man who wasn't free, but she was too much in love to leave him. An actress who is willing to give up her career for love is pretty unique in film experience. Mr. Zimbalist gave in, and hired the girl M-G-M had been wanting him to take all along—an unknown named Grace Kelly. You know that story.

As for Virginia, she still adores this same handsome man and he still isn't free, so she still won't leave London. But after "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," we suspect she'll be in the position of Gina Lollobrigida. Producers will go to her.

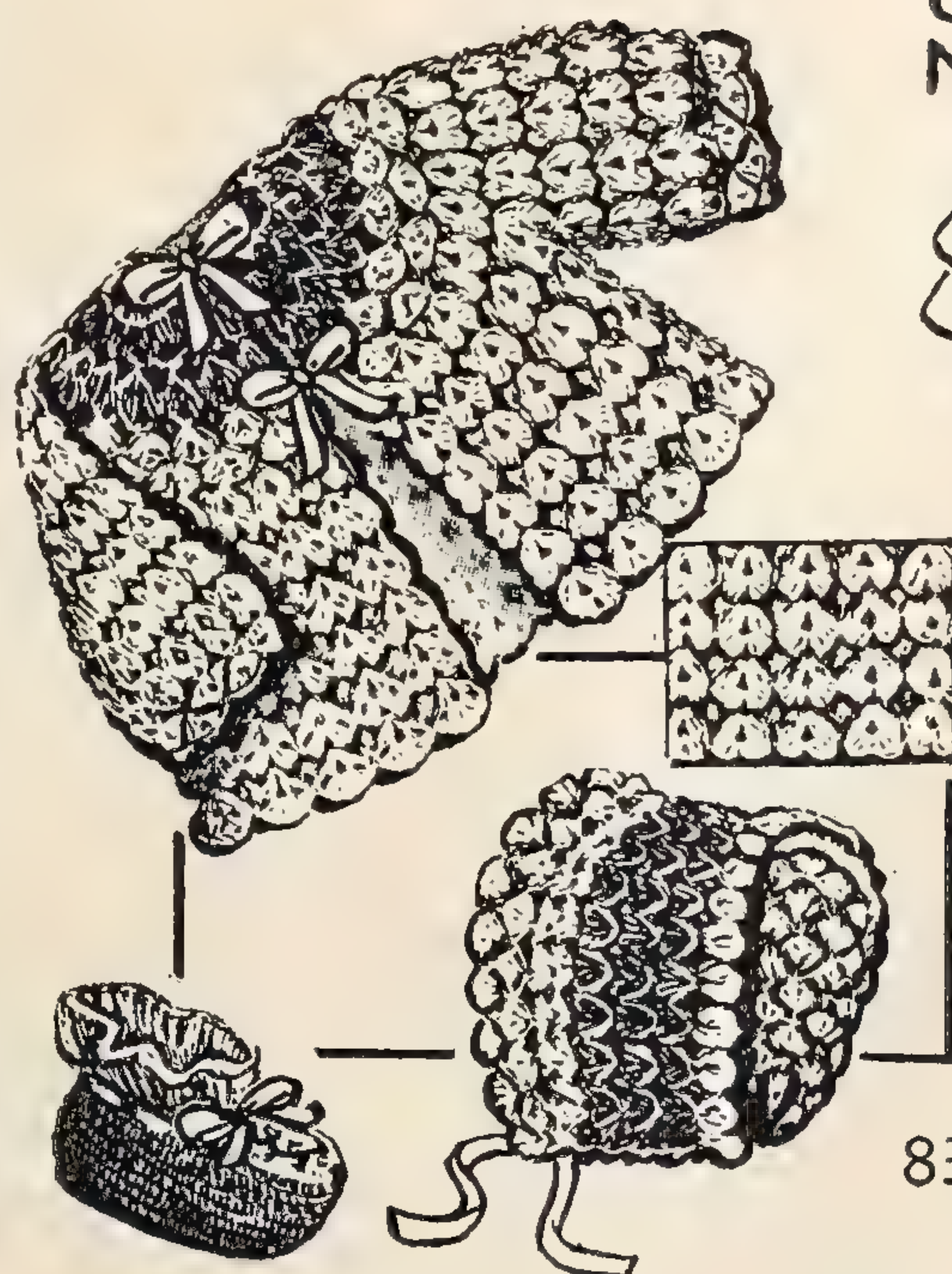
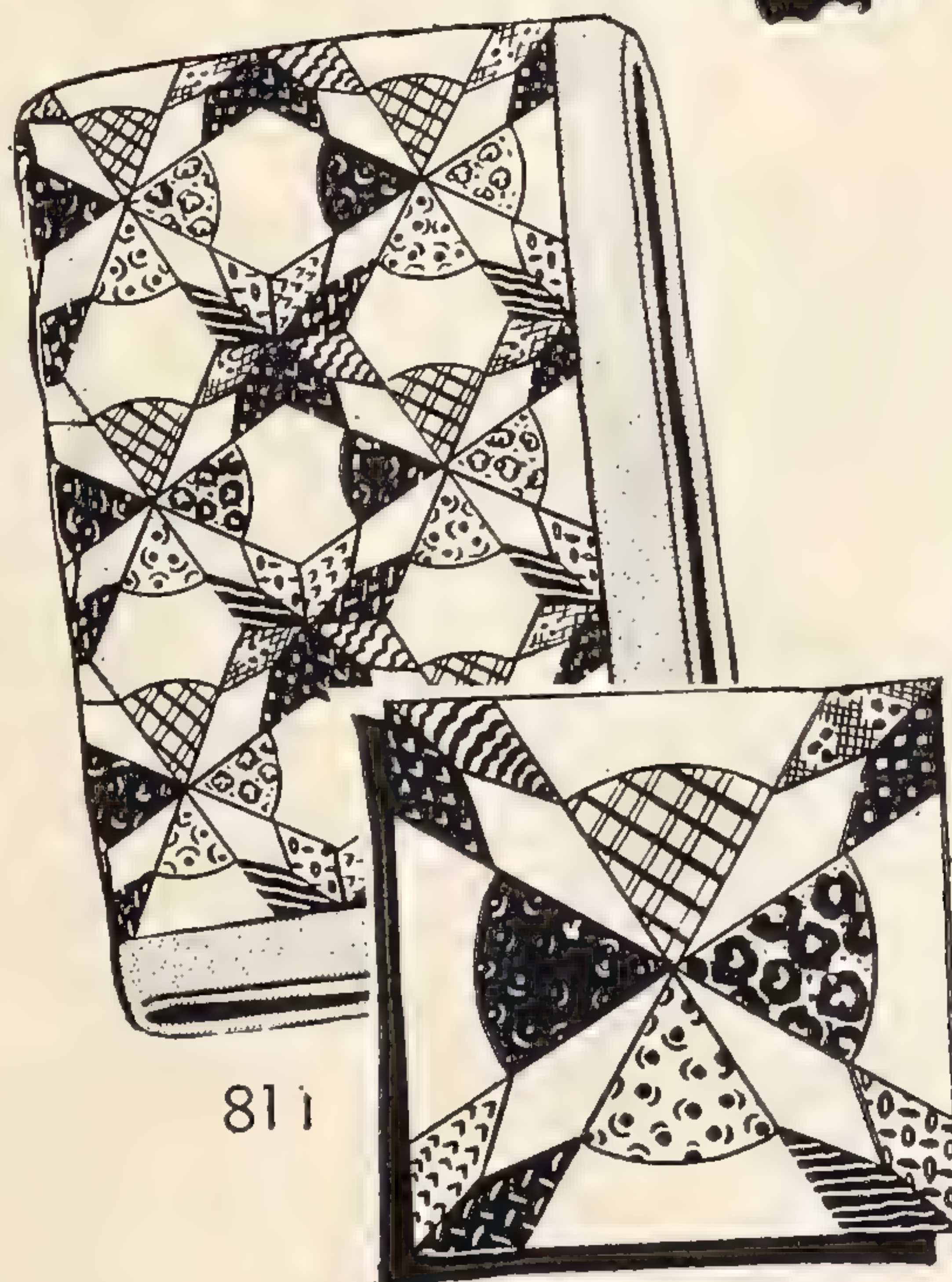
**Sal's Sagacity:** On a recent trip across the Mexican border, Sal Mineo went into a store to buy his sister some Mexican jewelry. He picked out two bracelets, a pair of earrings, and a necklace. The owner said the price was eight dollars per item. Having been warned before he left Hollywood that prices below the border are jacked up to allow for the customary bargaining, Sal quickly said, "I'll give you sixteen bucks for the whole kit and kaboodle." This started a spirited game of haggling until Sal got so confused and his throat so sore from talking, he gave up. "I still don't know who got the better of the bargain," says Sal.

THE END



7113—Stunning new apron, fashioned of remnants in the form of a big beautiful flower. Embroidery transfer, directions for making this "flower" apron, 16 inches long

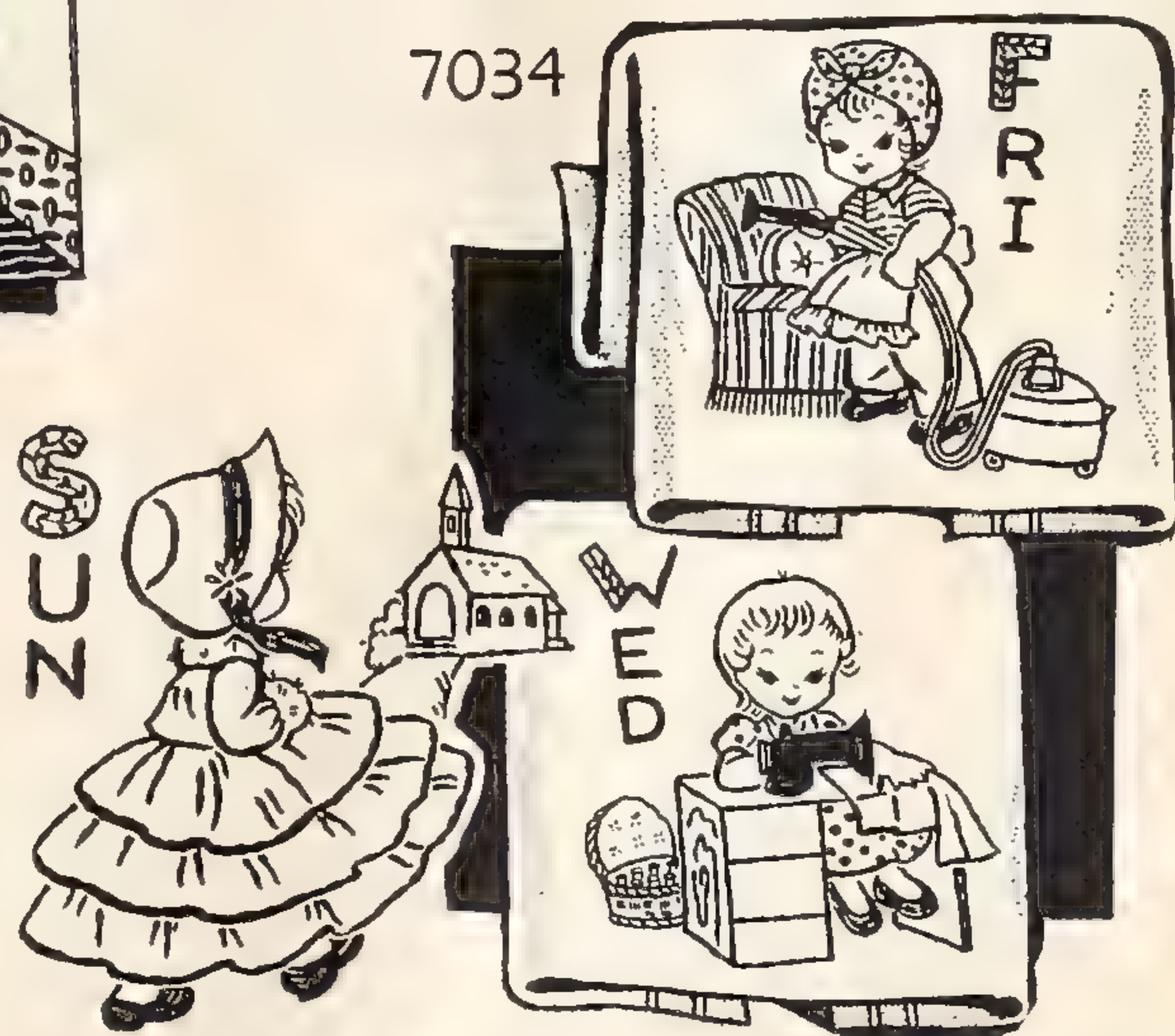
738—Beginner-simple to crochet this lovely new doily for your home. Your favorite pineapple design. Crocheted doily 19 inches in cotton; smaller one to match



811—Put scraps of any fabric to a thrifty, pretty use—turn them into a colorful patchwork quilt. Pattern, charts, easy directions for large cover, 80 x 104 inches

7034—Modern "helpers" for your household chores, pictured in easy embroidery on kitchen towels. Seven gay motifs. Directions and seven transfers are included

837—Make new baby a jacket, bonnet and booties in a jiffy. Easy crochet in pretty open and closed shell-stitches. Use white with pastel color 3-ply yarn. Directions



Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. An additional twenty-five cents will bring you the Needlecraft Catalog.



# THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



*Bob Wagner has a favorite actor, but no favorite girl, not even Debra Paget*



*No dogs allowed, but Shirley Jones is too happy with new husband Jack Cassidy to say no to anyone*



*Cyd Charisse has a strange method for making sure that Tony Martin is an early riser*

I admit that the fact that Elvis Presley was once an amateur boxer was news to me when I read of it in the account of his brawl with the gas station attendants. But it doesn't stop me from continuing to write what I know and believe about Elvis. The latest is that I believe Presley can be a prominent screen actor, if he isn't talked into taking acting lessons. To me, Elvis is a cross between Mitchum and Brando. . . . Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield are rivals to play Jean Harlow in the celluloid biography of that blonde bombshell. Yet Jean Harlow couldn't equal either of them in the bosom department. In those movie days, bosoms weren't important, imagine that! . . . Whenever I meet the beautiful Patricia Medina, I wonder why she isn't cast in important pictures. . . . Congrats to Debbie and Eddie. Only last year I regarded them as children, and now they have a child. . . . I never got the message that Diana Dors was an English actress. She's strictly the U.S.A. type of hip chick—more so than many Hollywood actresses I could list. . . . They're making movies too long, regardless of how good they are. . . . Tony Curtis told me his definition of a drive-in theatre: Where some people will pay money not to see a movie.

I don't understand the so-called con-

troversy concerning Ingrid Bergman. Several of her movies have been playing on TV, with high ratings. No one has objected to having Ingrid in their homes, so why should they object to her in a theatre? . . . Kathy Grant has a cigarette case which has Bing Crosby's five PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Awards set in platinum.

I'm pleased Glenn Ford is beginning to receive the praise long overdue him as a performer. . . . I recall Spencer Tracy once telling me that he learned more about acting while working with George M. Cohan than he did from any director or dramatic school. Well, only recently Bob Wagner told me that he learned more about acting while working with Tracy in "The Mountain" than he did from any director or drama coach. . . . I can't account for the various actors who are growing beards because they feel "more comfortable and dignified with a beard." There's Franchot Tone, Henry Fonda, Michael Wilding, to cite a few. . . . Whenever you meet her, Shirley Jones gives the impression of having just emerged from a bath. . . . Add Tab Hunter to the ever-increasing group of players, who, after having achieved stardom, enroll in acting classes. . . . Our good friend Mike Curtiz, during a

story conference, was told by a writer that he was wrong. Mike came through with: "Please don't say that. Maybe I don't know when I'm right, but I always know when I'm wrong."

Marlon Brando is now living by his lonesome in his large house in the canyon, only he's not lonesome. . . . I want to put it on the record that Tony Perkins was an excellent chauffeur. . . . Tony Martin is an early riser and explains it this way: "I have a most considerate wife (Cyd Charisse). She tiptoes out of the room, right across my face." . . . "Here's something I learned about Hollywood," Kim Novak told me. "Once anyone decides on anything, it's indefinite."

I get along fine with Frank Sinatra. It's not so much that I understand him as that he understands me. . . . Natalie Wood behaves and talks as if she were a graduate of the Actors' Studio. She goes with fellows from that place and some of it must rub off. . . . I find that on a set actors, old and young, will tell you how great Jimmy Cagney is. He represents a pro, a man who knows his craft from every angle. . . . Tom Jenk tells me Hollywood is where half of the people are putting up a front for the other half who are putting up a front for them. That's Hollywood for you.



# The Whole World Over

(Continued from page 32)

And that Pete, is what Japan—what any country or any person, for that matter—is like. To some extent we see our own thoughts, our own reflections, wherever we go. But as long as we question, as long as we think—whether or not we agree—we're learning. So now I'm about to set out to learn about Japan so that I can answer all the questions I hope you'll be asking. Remember, I'll worry the day you stop asking questions. Your pal, Dad

Tokyo, Japan

Dear Pete,

Today down on the "Ginza," which is the Broadway of Tokyo, I saw a Japanese mother in a kimono, with a beautiful, black-eyed baby strapped to her back, staring in a shop window, watching TV.

That answers your question about East meeting West. Yes, today the East and West are meeting here wherever you look.

You may be surprised to know that the Japanese are very sportsminded. For instance, Sumo wrestling is pretty spirited stuff. The rules state that one of the wrestlers wins when he throws the other bodily out of the ring! And when it comes to rooting—and rhubarbing—the Japanese are great baseball fans. The New York Yankees are even bigger heroes over here than at home.

Tokyo today has all the sounds and rhythms of both the present and the past. You see and hear and feel all around you the softness of Japan. The softness and the music of its voices, the cherry blossoms, the sampans floating silently along the canal. You hear the cry of the noodle vendor, the sound of a flute in the still of the night, the thundering rush of the subway, and the clinkety-clack of wooden sandals pulling a rickshaw.

Yes, they still have a few rickshaws here, Pete. But I have no desire to ride in one. I've refused to ride in them or be photographed in them. I don't like to see any man pulling another man. There is a respect for human dignity which we must honor wherever we are, regardless of the "style" of living in any particular land. I hope you'll remember that always. Your pal, Dad

Dear Pete,

Youngsters in Japan are really on the move! I've never seen so many young sightseers. They begin to know their country at a very early age. We've been in Kyoto a few days, filming interiors for "The Teahouse of the August Moon" at the Daiei Company Motion Picture Studios, and every day new groups pour in.

The children travel in student groups of from twenty-five to 200, with their teachers in charge. The boys are dressed in their dark blue school uniforms, with brass buttons. They wear little billed caps. All the girls wear standard blue-skirt-and-blouse outfits.

They're spilling out of trains and buses every day, each of them carrying a little bag, and each with a stamp book carefully in hand. Youth hostels—hotels for boys and girls—are a big thing over here, and every hostelry has its own stamp. The children take great pride in their collections and some of them have stamps from all over Japan. You see the youngsters marching along the cobblestone streets, singing as they march.

They go to Mount Fuji and to Tokyo. They go to Nara and its Todaiji Temple to see the famed Diabutsu, the biggest bronze Buddha in the world. They watch the women dye silks and rinse them in the river. Before a boy has reached his fourteenth birthday he's often traveled the length and breadth of Japan. He's studied and visited every important city and he's developed a great sense of pride in his country and its traditions.

I was thinking as I write this, Pete, what a wonderful thing it would be for children in our country to take sightseeing tours like these. How great it would be if every boy and girl could visit New York and Washington, D. C., Mount Vernon and the Alamo, if they could explore all our places where the greatness that is America was made—and is still being made today. Your pal, Dad

Kyoto, Japan

birthday, and I'm beginning to feel a little antique, this is just the place to be.

Nara is thirteen centuries old, the oldest city and the first capital of Japan, and a treasure-house for the country's arts, literature and history. We'll be on location here for "Teahouse" for several weeks. M-G-M has built an Okinawan village right in the middle of a rice paddy about forty minutes drive from town. We're using one hundred of the local people to portray Okinawans, and have twelve interpreters working with us. But language is no barrier here. The Japanese are so anxious to help us, so eager to please and to understand.

This I have learned in traveling, Pete: There is no actual language barrier between any people away from home. And certainly this is true in Japan. With a pleasant smile and a sincere "Thank you" you can travel anywhere in this world. "Domo Arigato," which means "Thank you very much" in Japanese, is the most important phrase to know here.

Speaking personally, the only time there's any language barrier is when I'm trying to order a hamburger! Don't be surprised if we have nothing but hamburgers to eat for the first few weeks after I come home. I'm so hungry for them! I'm afraid a pleasant smile and a sincere "Thank you" hasn't helped me to explain what a hamburger is over here. I tell them it's ground-up meat cooked in the form of a patty—and they cook me a beautiful steak, then very carefully grind it up. I go through the whole bit again and I'm pretty sure I've made myself understood—and they cook another steak and then put it through the chopper. I've been getting more hash this way!

But that sort of thing is the exception rather than the rule, and it hurts them far more than it hurts me. Our Japanese friends are very embarrassed when they can't understand you. They feel that they've failed terribly. If I order a boiled egg at the hotel and our little waitress, Suziko, brings it fried, she's mortified. She laughs, but only because of a complete sense of bewilderment, and the laughter is very near tears.

The Japanese are a very sensitive people, Pete, far more sensitive than we have often supposed. They may not, for example, be able to say "Happy birthday" the way we would say it in English, but they know well enough what it means. And what it means to have a birthday far from home.

Today many of the Japanese sent me black-edged cards of sympathy! With their wisdom and sensitivity, they interpreted this not as a happy but as a "sorrowful birthday," because I am so far from my family.

It was very touching and thoughtful of them, and no command of English could express it more fittingly. Your pal, Dad

Nara, Japan

Dear Pete,

Today is "Boys' Day" in Japan. This is an important national holiday, and in my opinion it should be an international one. We have Mother's Day and Father's Day, why not Boys' Day? I'm all for that.

The carp fish, or *koi-nobori*, as the Japanese call it, symbolizes great courage. And so carp-shaped streamers fly from the rooftops on Boys' Day here to symbolize the strength and courage of all sons, and to encourage manliness and determination in overcoming all of life's difficulties.

At this hour the sky around Nara is alive with carp streamers "swimming" from the bamboo poles. There are big



Movie assignments have taken Glenn Ford to many exciting places, but they can never match the happiness and contentment he finds at home with his wife, Eleanor





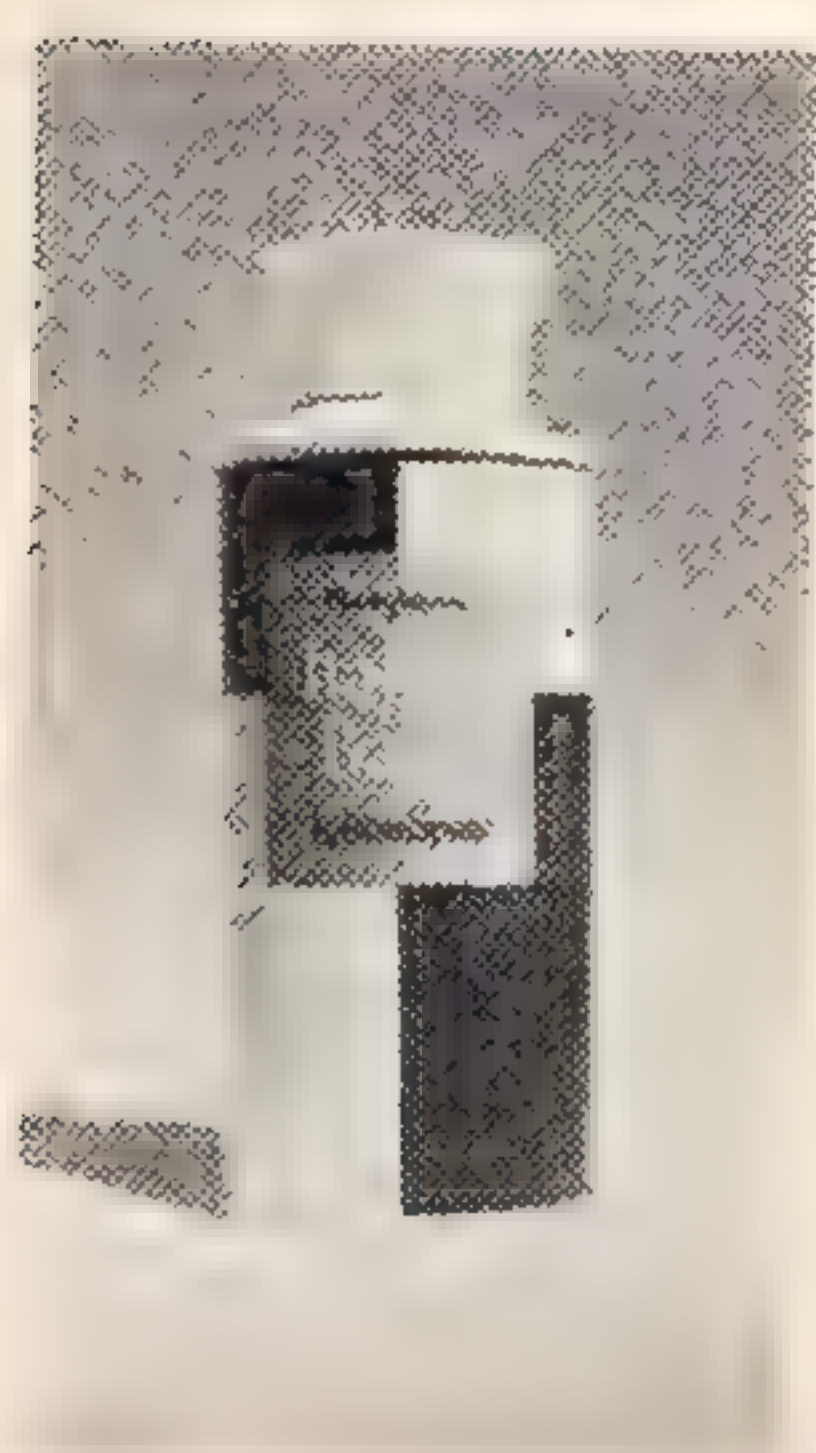
A



B



C



D



E

## becoming attractions

**A** Headline news: Richard Hudnut presents a Half-Size version of Quick Home Permanent, containing enough lotion to produce one complete permanent for hairdos requiring 20 curls or less, or two in-between touch-up waves. \$1.25.\*

**B** For the best-tressed set: Bright Touch hair spray by Tussy, a non-lacquer, non-drying spray, delicately scented with a floral bouquet perfume, to keep hair softly in place. Comes in pink, white and gold aerosol container. 4½ oz., \$1.35.\*

**C** Face facts: Because even oily skin often lacks the moisture needed for a fresh, smooth and glowing complexion, Coty introduces Vitamin Moisture Balancer in two new formulas, one for oily, and one for dry or normal skin. Each \$3.50.\*

**D** Right on hand! With the introduction of Campana's Italian Balm Lotion Spray, hand lotion joins the ranks of goodies conveniently dispensed in dripless, waste-proof, push-button aerosol spray containers. 7-oz. container, \$1.25.\*

**E** Glamorous way to come clean: New Camay beauty soap—pink; packaged in a shimmering pearl-pink foil wrapper with speedy zip-tape opening; and scented with a new and subtle fragrance. In both the bath and complexion sizes.

\*plus tax

ones in red and black, and white for the eldest sons, and there are small salmon-colored carp for the younger ones. In some yards there are several carp flying, one for each son.

We Americans are celebrating "Boys' Day," too. Since Danny Mann and Eddie Albert both have their young sons with them, we have two carp streamers flying proudly from the top of the flagpole out in front of our hotel.

I wish I could hoist one for you, but we'll have our "Boys' Day" when I come home. I'm bringing you a whole school of carp, including a fantastic black one. I have no idea how a fifteen-foot black fish will look flying from the yardarm in Beverly Hills, but we'll fly it anyway. We shall probably be taken in for piracy—"Long Glenn Silver" and "Pete the Creep"! Your pal, Dad

Nara, Japan

Dear Pete,

Tonight I had dinner with my "adopted son." To adopt a member of another family is an old Japanese custom, I find, and I'm not just clear who has adopted whom, but every morning little Harashi Jiro is out on the set of "Teahouse" bright and early, and he spends the entire day with me.

Harashi is eleven years old—just your age—and we're becoming very good friends. He's a fine boy with a shiny round face, bright black diamond-shaped eyes, short-short hair, and he's always smiling. He calls me Ford-san, which is the respectful manner of speaking over here.

Tonight Harashi invited me to have dinner with his family, and I know you would like to hear about this in detail.

When we stopped at the little bamboo and rice-paper house, the whole block where Harashi lives turned out to welcome me, each of them bringing me a gift of rice or raw tuna or something like that.

At the door of the hut Harashi's mother asked me to remove my shoes. She set them carefully outside the door and invited me to come on in and sit down—on the floor. As is customary in Japanese houses, the floor was covered with a thick straw mat, called a *tatami*, and you sit on cushions, called *zabuton*. You eat on little teakwood tables about a foot-and-a-half off the floor, and it's traditional to cook at the table. Each item is prepared on a hot brazier right in front of you, and between courses they give you a hot cloth with which to wipe your hands.

First they served green tea and brown rice-cakes wrapped in seaweed. Then came *tempura*, shrimps of a magnificent size dipped in a batter and fried. With it they served fried vegetables—string-beans, squash and sweet potatoes—all served in a little basket made of grass. The whole basket is dipped in a batter and french fried, and when you finish eating the fish you eat the basket, too! Believe it or not, fried grass is very good.

But we were still not through. They served raw red tuna and a big bowl of steamed white rice. This was followed with *sukiyaki*, which is strips of lean beef which you dip in raw eggs. The whole thing is prepared in a chafing dish with onions, bamboo shoots and other green vegetables. For dessert there were mandarin oranges, tiny little things served in sections.

After dinner they played games. While at first sight these games may seem strange to us, they become intriguing as you grow used to them. In Japan they specialize in games which test physical strength or muscular coordination, and in one they played tonight a girl balanced a plate with a pipe on it on her head. There's a hand game in which your opponent holds two of

your fingers and tries to catch your thumb. And there's a wonderful game for two people played with a forty-foot rope. You stand twenty feet apart and try to pull your opponent off-balance. You tighten the rope, then release it suddenly, and the other guy tumbles on his back—you hope. This is a great game for getting into shape for my job as assistant scoutmaster of your Boy Scout troop.

Incidentally, you are now an honorary member of Scout Troop No. 4 here in Nara, and they've given me a special scroll to present to you. At the same meeting of Scouts in this area, they made me an honorary member of the Far Eastern Council of Boy Scouts, which takes in Okinawa, Japan and the Philippines. How about that? Your pal, Dad

Nara, Japan

Dear Pete,

Nara is a national park, and there are hundreds of tame deer roaming around—so tame they come up and feed right out of your hand. The deer are regarded as "divine messengers" here; they're protected by the priests, and every evening a priest comes out and plays the trumpet to call the deer in. It's a colorful sight, with hundreds of deer answering the trumpet, hurrying to their pens.

The Japanese are very religious, Pete, although some of their devout expressions of faith may seem a little strange to us at first because we worship differently.

During the commemoration of Buddha's birthday, small images of Buddha are displayed in public, and a tea called *amacha* is poured over them with tiny ladles, to express the devotion of the Japanese. During the famous Hollyhock Festival, the leaves of the hollyhock are offered to the gods and goddesses in their shrines.

The Water-Drawing Festival is a time-honored religious rite here, too. This begins in the temple at midnight, with the ceremony of the *Otzimatsu*, or Big Torch, during which torches measuring thirty feet are lighted and young priests brandish them in firebaskets, shaking off the burning pieces. The believers rush for the fireflakes, believing them to have magic power against evil. At two A.M., to the accompaniment of ancient music, the priest draws water from the sacred well.

Every day I see children going to pay homage. They go to the temple, ring a little bell, and give offerings of lotus blossoms to the Great Buddha.

Seeing these things makes me feel more strongly than ever that to believe, to have faith, whatever form that faith may take, is the important thing. Someday that same faith that moves mountains may move men closer together again. Your pal, Dad

Nara, Japan

Dear Pete,

Today, something happened to me which brings to mind talks you and I have had.

This morning, driving out from town to the "Teahouse" set, we passed a very old Japanese man who'd fallen by the side of the road. His face was very gray and you could tell by looking at him that he was desperately ill. We stopped the car and I went over to see about him. But, ill as he was, something in the old man's eyes stopped me, told me that he wanted no help from me.

The driver said we must leave him alone and drive on. "But we can't just leave him here like this," I said. "At least we can elevate his head, make him more comfortable." But the driver insisted I must do nothing, not even touch him.

You see, to help him was the American way, but not the Japanese way, Pete. Even if he were in danger of dying he would not want my help. He would then feel



indebted to me—a debt he would never be able to repay. This would mean loss of face and to him that would be worse than anything.

Sometimes it's hard for us to understand another man's way. Or another nation's way. Just as it's sometimes hard for children to understand another child's way. You and I have talked about how cruel children can be, ridiculing or criticizing some kid who's different from their own gang, who may dress differently or speak differently. You've never done this, and I'm sure you never will.

Human nature being as it is, we are sometimes tempted to ridicule or criticize something we don't understand, something which is different from our own accepted way. This can be very serious and can lead to intolerance of those who are of a different color, a different religion, or a different economy.

The world is full of all kinds of people, and they aren't all people like Glenn or Peter Ford. If we want them to respect our way of life, then we must respect theirs. Your pal, Dad

Nara, Japan

Dear Pete,

We've been having so much "unusual weather" here that we're breaking up camp and coming home!

Now that we'll soon be saying "Sayonara"—which means goodbye in Japanese—I can think of so much I'll miss.

I'll miss all the sounds—of the shutters closing at night, the tinkling of the wind-bells, and the constant clickety-clack of wooden sandals going up and down the cobblestone streets. And I'll remember all the beauty that is Japan's.

But most of all I'll remember the people, their gentleness and their generosity. Our Japanese crew on "Teahouse" cried unashamedly today on the set when we had finished the last scene. We have become very close, working together during all this time. They just stood there looking at us and saying "Sayonara," with tears in their eyes. I can't tell you, Pete, how moving it was.

And there's little Suziko, the waitress at the hotel, who's been wonderful to us. This morning she handed me a note, very carefully written in English, saying she'd like to see me. "I see you out front," she said, and darted away.

As I was leaving the hotel, Suziko suddenly appeared from nowhere and handed me a package. "For my Tomo Dachi," she said, meaning "dear friend." I opened it, and there was a beautiful geisha doll which must have cost all of 3000 yen. That's two weeks' salary, a lot of money for a little girl who's just fourteen. But you can't refuse to take it. That would be the worst thing you could do.

Suziko's concern was what would happen with it. "Where you keep doll?" she wanted to know. I told her that I would put it in a very honored place where I would see it every day. Then she skimmed away down the path.

When I'm at the other side of the world, back home with you, Pete, I'll remember many things. And whenever I think of the gentleness of Japan, I'll think of a little girl named Suziko, who's the symbol of all the lovely children over here.

I'll remember all the scenic splendor of the Orient, the mountains, the temples, the pagodas, the cherry blossoms and the old, old beauty everywhere. But you don't find the true beauty of this country in travel folders. The beautiful thing you can't take pictures of is the beautiful heart these people have. See you soon. Your pal, Dad.

THE END

LOOK FOR: Glenn Ford in "Teahouse of the August Moon."



**Pond's deep cleansings  
make a lovely difference**

\_\_\_\_\_ **when  
you're close enough  
to kiss!**

**New ultraviolet light tests  
prove Pond's Cold Cream  
removes dirt that other  
cleansing only "skims over"**



1. First, a test patch of ordinary, end-of-the-day dirt and make-up is applied. In photo taken in ultraviolet light, the patch shows up *white*.



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Sheer, non-greasy powder base  
—Pond's Vanishing Cream

**No other cleanser  
leaves your skin  
more deep-down beautiful!**

**POND'S  
Cold Cream**



## Crack-up

(Continued from page 41)

or three of the whole group we grew up with and worked with haven't turned out as drunks, neurotics or bad-check passers."

Judy's father died the year she was signed by M-G-M. Her mother, Mrs. Gumm, was then put on the studio payroll, and began to use the studio as a disciplinary threat in place of Judy's father. This was to have a lifelong effect on Judy's emotional make-up and to color all her later relationships with M-G-M.

"You behave, Judy, or I'll tell the studio on you," Mrs. Gumm would say. Judy became afraid of "the studio," the place where she spent most of her waking time.

"There were thumb screws inside me every time I walked on the lot," Judy said recently, recalling those years.

"The atmosphere at M-G-M was one of terror. My life for a time was full of fear. Going into the studio was like going to a haunted house every day."

What was it like to have a major motion picture studio for a parent? If one incident can be cited as an example of a blow from within, here it is:

Judy made twelve pictures in her teens. She had to dance, cry and act before the cameras, in addition to singing. Like all professional children under contract to a major studio, she also had to sandwich in six hours of school every day.

The only thing Judy could do that she liked was to eat. At every meal she stuffed herself with all the food she could cram in, sneaked in double malts between scenes, nibbled on chocolate bars at school—and gained weight. Finally an M-G-M executive sent for her.

"You look like a hunchback," he told her. "We love you but you're so fat you look like a monster." Judy tried to smile through the tears, then ran. At the time she was called a monster she was violently in love with Clark Gable.

After this incident a humiliating directive was sent down from the front office. No matter what Judy ordered for lunch she was to be given only a small bowl of consommé. The studio's attitude is completely understandable. They had a movie star under contract, a movie to be made, millions of stockholders' dollars tied up in it. They were completely sympathetic with Judy's emotional problems—problems which she tried to solve with the temporary relief of overeating. On the other hand, Judy had contracted to make a picture and the picture had to be made.

From then on lunch time became a cruel game for Judy. Hungry from working hard all morning, she would go to the studio commissary, sit at a table by herself and order a full meal. The waitress would take the order, then return with a bowl of broth. Judy would smile bravely through the tears and sip her lunch. She always ate alone.

And, while sipping her lunch, Judy more than once would overhear someone in the commissary point her out as "that little girl they were stuck with when they let Deanna Durbin go."

Judy was famous and a star but she was miserable. A friend described her as a "toy money machine which could be wound up and set to work in the morning, turned off at night, and put on a shelf just like any other toy. She was never treated as a person."

Once, Judy's older sister, Suzanne, brought her small daughter out to the studio for lunch. "Isn't it wonderful?" said Suzanne. "I'd like my little girl to be a movie star, too." Judy almost screamed at her. She pounded the table and yelled,

"I'll break your neck if you ever bring the child to the studio again!"

That was one of the first indications that the pressures were forcing a crack in the pottery of Judy's personality.

Judy's friends insist that she never wanted to be a movie star at all. She merely wanted to sing. But from the beginning Judy's pictures were big spectacles, requiring long rehearsals and recording sessions, dancing and acting as well as singing. Judy threw herself completely into everything she did. Even in those days she was a perfectionist and gave it everything she had.

A director who knew her then said, "Judy should have done just one scene a day, then taken an ambulance home."

Once, while doing a dance routine, she almost collapsed. "I'm so tired and I'm so hungry," she gasped to the director. He replied, "Do this routine again and you'll forget you're hungry."

Judy got tired from overworking and undereating. To keep herself going she started to take a stimulant called Benzedrine. Then she had to take sleeping pills to counteract the Benzedrine and let her sleep, then more pills to wake her up. Judy says of this time, "I lived on bolts and jolts."

The sleepless nights and hungry days began to have a telling effect on Judy. She became nervous, irritable and ill. One day she didn't show up for work and the entire studio was in an uproar. For the first time in her life Judy began to realize that she was something of a personage. She was genuinely ill, but she found that people considered her illness "temperament"—a not unusual occurrence in Hollywood. Though annoyed, people really began to pay attention to her, and Judy began to bask in the realization that she was, at long last, important.

Coupled with the weakening of her physical structure she had discovered a test which enabled her to learn if people really cared for her. Like a child who thinks herself unloved, Judy began to kick up her heels just to assure herself that everyone loved her.

A psychiatrist would call this an infantile regression, a search for the affection she missed as a child. The diagnosis would probably be accurate. After her father's death Judy spent most of her time searching for the affection and attention that the corporate entity which had, to all intents and purposes, become her parents was unable to give her.

The crack was getting larger.

By the time Judy was sixteen she had become a singing workhorse. She threw herself into every production with her whole heart and body and as a result was burned out after every picture. Between pictures she rested by reading scripts for her next one.

"They never gave me a rest," she complains now of those years. "I went from picture to picture. They would promise me a six-month vacation, but after I had been away a week or two they would call me back again."

"I'd start a new picture, then break down. There would be rows and suspensions. We would try to straighten it out, but when I went back to work the whole thing started over again."

We must remember that Judy's studio was faced with the fact that they were dealing with an emotionally sick and exhausted person—one who refused, like the fighter she is, to lie down.

By now, Judy was beginning to realize that her life was no longer her own. Even worse, she earned \$5,000 a week, later

\$150,000 a picture, but had nothing to show for it. Her mother had been appointed guardian of her money, but most of it was spent as fast as it came in. How much was spent on legitimate living expenses for Judy and how much might have been unnecessary extravagance is something that was later to be investigated through legal procedures. Meanwhile, all Judy had to show for the large sums she had earned was a small trust fund which the courts had insisted be put aside.

Judy exhausted herself trying to keep up with Mickey Rooney, the Whiz Kid of movies. She became a big star herself with "The Wizard of Oz." In 1939, when "Oz" opened in New York, she went with Mickey to make a personal appearance at the Capitol Theatre.

They broke records doing six and seven shows a day at forty-five minutes a show, with only forty minutes between each appearance. One day, as they finished the act and went off stage, Judy collapsed in the wings. She had been working too hard and too fast without letting up.

Judy had hit emotional high gear. It was at this point that she met David Rose, the composer and orchestra leader. He was serious, preoccupied and older.

Everyone in Hollywood has a theory about why Judy married him. Most people think it was rebellion against work. Some say she thought orchestra life would be more Bohemian and fun. Judy says simply, "He was good to me."

The marriage was short; it lasted only four years. As compensation for her unhappiness Judy again turned to food. M-G-M rightly insisted she lose weight. Extreme in everything she did, Judy took to starvation diets of black coffee and cigarettes which, coupled with work, exhausted her even more. The answer: more stimulants, more sleeping pills.

By 1945 Judy was no longer employable. She was world-famous, hungry, sleepy, divorced and unhappy, and she held up productions, a cardinal sin in Hollywood. She dropped out of "The Barkleys of Broadway" and was replaced by Ginger Rogers. That night she stayed at M-G-M, crying in her dressing room, protesting that no one loved her.

But a week after her divorce from David Rose she married director Vincente Minnelli. This marriage lasted on and off for nearly six years.

Suddenly Judy began to have a strong feeling that she must be alone, that she didn't want to see any people at all. After her daughter Liza was born she was in a weakened condition, and her prodigious appetite left her for the first time. She lived on nervous energy and doctors' prescriptions.

When Hedda Hopper visited her on the set of "The Pirate," Judy took the columnist into her dressing room and went into a frenzy, saying everyone was against her, that she had no friends. After that she began to fail to show up for work—and was suspended.

She pleaded with M-G-M to let her work, so they gave her "In the Good Old Summertime." She finished it on schedule and the studio rewarded her with its biggest picture, "Annie Get Your Gun."

The director, Arthur Freed, had been with Judy in the old days, but she demanded he be replaced. The nerves and exhaustion were showing again. She recorded her songs, then started rehearsals. One day at lunch hour she went home and didn't return. The studio announced that she had been suspended and Betty Hutton was signed to replace her.



Judy was broke, off salary and jobless. She was convinced nobody cared for her.

She was twenty-seven years old when the first big crack appeared. A person can crack in many ways: in the head, in which case the power of decision is taken away from you by others; in the body; or in the nerves. It was Judy's nervous reflexes that gave way, the result of too much work and too many tears.

Now the studio once more assumed the role of parent. Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, sent her to Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston and paid the bill. Carlton Alsop, the man Judy calls "Pa," recalls her convalescence: "I used to take her out for trial runs, to baseball games, to see how she reacted. Then, I'd take her shopping. There was always a car handy, so that if she had a relapse we could rush her back."

While in Boston, Mr. Alsop took Judy to a little summer theatre. When the word got around that she was in the audience, the cast asked her to join them in a farewell party backstage. Judy accepted. After the paying customers had gone home the cast serenaded Judy from the stage, then asked her to sing to them.

She turned to Mr. Alsop and asked, "Pa, do you think I have any voice?" He told her she still had the best voice in show business. He told her to try singing. She did—and sang for forty minutes.

"Judy found she hadn't lost her voice," Mr. Alsop recalled. "It was medicine she couldn't get in the hospital."

Judy stayed in the hospital eleven weeks, at last started to sleep regularly, and gained weight.

Then the studio called her back for "Summer Stock," produced by Judy's old friend, Joe Pasternak. Again she was "too fat." In addition, she wasn't well enough to be working, but she needed the money and the studio needed her, so she raced to reduce before going back on the set.

To help in the dieting Judy once again started on pills—first to reduce, then to help her sleep and forget the pangs of hunger. One day she failed to show up for work and was threatened with suspension. She was told there were three million dollars riding on her and that she was being temperamental and selfish. Studio people were given orders to watch her every minute. A specialist was flown out from Boston to be in readiness on the set "just in case."

Somehow Judy finished "Summer Stock" and, although promised a vacation, went right into "Royal Wedding." This one she never finished. One Saturday morning she failed to show up. The studio called four times and was told she was on the way, but she never left home. The studio suspended her and announced Jane Powell as her replacement.

In the presence of four friends, including Mr. Alsop and her husband, Vincente Minnelli, Judy tried to cut her throat. It was a feeble attempt, but to Judy it represented something.

She said, "All I could see ahead was more confusion. I wanted to black out the future as well as the past. I wanted to hurt myself and everyone else."

Judy had reached the bottom of her emotional reserve. She had mortgaged herself physically and spiritually. But the response of her fans was amazing. She received hundreds of telegrams from fans wishing her well. The only one she saw was one from Freddie Finkelhoffe, the songwriter, who said, "Dear Judy. So glad you cut your throat. All the other girl singers needed the break."

Mr. Alsop, who received the wire, took it in to Judy. She laughed hysterically

at it. "They still love me, don't they," she said to Alsop.

Katharine Hepburn came by while Judy was convalescing and delivered a long speech about how important Judy was, not only to herself, but to those to whom she had brought so much pleasure.

Judy listened quietly and then made up her mind to get back on her feet. "I grabbed my daughter, Liza, and moved into a seven-room suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel," Judy recalls. "When we had been there a few weeks and I thought they might start asking about the bill, I packed a couple of cases, dashed down to the desk and told them I had just been called to New York and would they save my suite for me."

"It was a big bluff, but they never thought to question it. We flew to New York and I did the same thing there. Of course it was mad, but it was the first real fun I had had in my life. I had worked like a dog and I was broke—but I was beginning to be happy. I was free."

The crack in her personality was being mended.

In New York Judy did all the things she had never been allowed to do before. She stuffed herself with food, went window-shopping, went to bed and got up when she pleased.

COMING YOUR WAY  
IN FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY:

- ★ **Clark Gable**
- ★ **Debbie and Eddie**
- ★ **Rory Calhoun**
- ★ **Jayne Mansfield**

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JANUARY 3

The long-term contract with M-G-M was dissolved at Judy's request. This left her alone, separated from her mother, who Judy felt had let her down, and on the verge of divorce from Minnelli.

Her reputation for unpredictable—and expensive—behavior was so widely publicized that no producer wanted to take a chance on her.

Judy tried to run away from herself and Hollywood by going to Europe, where she ate herself into obscurity. When she returned to Hollywood a year later, all washed up at twenty-eight, she met Sid Luft at a party. It was Luft who suggested she regain her confidence in herself by opening at the London Palladium.

Then Judy began the weary trudge on the long road back. If there are pressures which can crack, there are also incidents which can heal. Sometimes the person is the stronger for having broken and been patched together properly.

On the night of April 10, 1951, when Judy Garland opened at the Palladium, she began to patch herself up. Here for the first time is her story of that night. She said:

"The night before the opening I didn't sleep a wink. I was terror-stricken. At daybreak I was pacing up and down my hotel room, almost out of my mind with panic and fear. I kept rushing to the bathroom to vomit. I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep. I couldn't even sit down."

"When they finally got me to the dressing room I was only half-conscious. I hadn't worked at all for almost three years, and had given a show in public barely once or twice since I was a kid."

"There were only minutes left. I had to get hold of myself. I said to myself, 'What's the matter, you dope? If you don't cut this out you won't be able to

sing. Don't worry. They won't eat you.' "Standing in the wings, waiting to go on, I became paralyzed. My knees locked together and I walked on like a stiff-legged toy soldier. And after a while, without knowing how it had happened, I found myself, not standing on the stage, but sitting on it. It was said I tripped over a wire or a loose board. That's not true. I didn't fall at all, really, I just collapsed."

"The fall happened after I had sung two or three numbers. I was trying to take a bow. I just went 'Ugh' and sat down. I sat there and thought, 'Damn this.' I looked up at Sid, who was hanging out of a box, screaming, 'You're great, baby, you're great!'

"Somehow I got back on my feet, lurched back to the wings. I remember thinking, 'That's it. Judy falls on her can and that's the end of the great comeback.'"

"I was ready to quit, but my old friend Kay Thompson was waiting at the side of the stage. She screamed, 'Get back there. They love you.' Then she gave me a hug and a shove that carried me back almost to the center stage."

"Instead of giving me the bird, those wonderful British people clasped me to their hearts. I unlocked, and everything I wanted to do came surging out. All the bad years went. It was like being reborn. It was like being given a new life to start all over again."

Later that year, Judy brought vaudeville back to the Palace Theatre in New York. She was overweight again and, naturally, she collapsed from overwork. But she rested a few days and returned to enjoy a record-breaking run of nineteen weeks. Night after night, audiences called out the old refrain, "Judy, we love you."

Sid and Judy brought the show to Los Angeles and another tearful, thrilling triumph. That spring she and Luft were married.

At long last it appeared that Judy had lived up to the words of her most famous song. Somewhere, over the rainbow, she had found happiness. The happiness was short-lived.

Judy's relations with her mother broke into court. Her mother had married a man named William Gilmore, whom Judy did not admire. It has also been stated that Judy felt her mother had mishandled her finances.

Mrs. Gilmore went to court to complain that Judy would not support her. She took a job as a sixty-dollar-a-week clerk at Douglas Aircraft. Judy's friends, who recall that Mrs. Gilmore was a first-rate piano and singing teacher—she taught Judy, among others—thinks she took the job just to embarrass her daughter.

Judy's daughter, Lorna Luft, was born December 8, 1952. Less than a month later Judy's mother fell dead in a Los Angeles parking lot.

Judy, who had thought she was better, cracked like an old plate when she heard the news. For two years she was "in sanitarium"—her term for psychiatric treatment. She did no work, saw very few people. When she finally emerged it was to make "A Star Is Born" at Warners.

Hollywood biographer Cameron Shipp notes that she "approached this as fearfully as a child in the dark."

"She was terrified," said Sid Luft. "She hadn't made a picture in nearly four years. She thought she was through, washed up, all over again. That's why she made that picture so difficult."

And difficult it was. Cary Grant, who was all but set as Judy's leading man, was replaced by James Mason; five cameramen and four costume designers walked off or were fired from the job; a musical ar-



ranger left in a huff; the set was closed to the press for most of the shooting; the budget, first estimated at \$2,000,000, was more than doubled; and the picture had the longest consistent shooting schedule of any picture in recent Hollywood history.

Judy said little other than that she is a perfectionist, George Cukor, the director, is a perfectionist, and so is Sid. "We *had* to have it right. We *had* to take time. Of course, there were rows and friction. There is in every picture that's worth anything. We all did our share, but I was the bull's-eye in the target and everybody aimed straight at me."

When the time for the 1955 Oscars came around, everyone was certain Judy would get the Best Actress award for her performance in "A Star Is Born." She did not. Grace Kelly won it for her work in "The Country Girl."

A few hours before the award was announced, Judy was in the hospital giving birth to Joseph Luft, her second child by Sid. Everyone said her failure to win the Oscar would crack her wide open—for once and always.

Surprisingly, it didn't. Somehow Judy had repurchased the spiritual and physical mortgage she had given in exchange for stardom as a child. At last she had inner resources to draw on. One such resource was humor.

With mime and words she tells of the hospital scene the night she found out she hadn't won the Oscar.

"Just picture it," says Judy. "There I was, weak and exhausted after the battle to bring Joe into the world. He wasn't in such good shape, either; at that moment doctors didn't give him better than a fifty-fifty chance.

"I was lying in bed, trying to get my breath back, when the door burst open and in came a flock of television technicians. I already had a TV set, but they dragged in two more huge ones. I asked what they were for and they said that after I got the award I would have to talk back and forth to Bob Hope, who was emceeing.

"They strung wires all around the room. They put a microphone under my nightgown. They frightened the poor nurse to death when they told her, 'If you open that window while the show is on we'll kill you.'

"Then they built a four-story-high tower outside the hospital, for cameras which were to focus through the window. What with all the excitement and everything, they got me all worked up, too. I was flat on my back in bed, trying to look cute.

"I was all ready to give a performance. Then Bob Hope came on the screens and said Grace Kelly had won.

"I'll never forget it to my dying day. The technicians in my room said, 'Kelly! Aah,' then started lugging all the stuff out again. You should have seen the looks on their faces as they tramped out, with all that gear. I really thought I would have hysterics."

Sid had brought three bottles of champagne and a dish of caviar with which to celebrate with Judy after she had won the Oscar. When the TV men had gone he said, "How do you feel?" Judy said, "Disappointed."

That night they sat alone, sipping the champagne and eating the caviar. But Judy remembers the night with a smile and that has a twinkle—not hurt—shining through.

Judy seems at long last to have learned to live with herself. That doesn't mean she has become people-broken and docile. She still is a perfectionist, who insists on absolute perfection in everything she does. And, she still needs to know that everyone loves her.

In September, 1955, for example, while she was rehearsing for her first television appearance, the director, Paul Harrison, called all of the technicians into a huddle. He told them about Judy. "She's a child," he said. "If you mention that her nose is shiny she's likely to walk off the set and not go on at all. Be careful of everything you do and say around her, but remember that she's one of the greatest talents any of you will ever work with. For the next four days keep that in mind and love her. If you do nothing else, make her know you love her."

Despite the pep talk, rehearsals for the show were not all smooth. Judy came late, keeping three color-camera crews idle at \$1,200 an hour. It took six hours to film two 20-second promotion teasers for the show, which normally should have been done in fifteen minutes. Even on the day of dress rehearsal, Judy was forty-five minutes late.

But the ninety-minute *Ford Star Jubilee* for CBS-TV had the largest viewing audience ever to watch a spectacular. For CBS-TV, the end justified the means. And that, to a large extent, is the story of Judy's professional life.

Ever since she was a child, people have put up with Judy's erratic behavior because they believe talent is a law unto itself. And as long as she continues as one of the world's great attractions she'll be judged by a unique set of rules.

Last summer, Judy completed a five-week run at the New Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas, where she made her nightclub debut. She was paid \$35,000 a week, while the hotel paid an additional \$20,000 a week for the orchestra and other acts. The previous high for an entire show had been \$50,000 for Liberace. Judy insisted on being the highest-paid entertainer. Her thinking was, "if they want me they'll have to pay me," and the fact that they were willing to go so high proved to her that they truly did want her.

As always, she missed performances and made irritating demands of the hotel proprietors, but she brought in large enough crowds to give the hotel a profit.

Judy wanted to play in Las Vegas for the most elemental reason. She said, "I have to get money to pay off back taxes."

Despite the fact that she is one of the world's greatest entertainers she is almost broke. Although the Lufts live in a big home, it is virtually unfurnished; for a big star Judy has a remarkably small wardrobe; and she and Sid have no money in the bank. Today, all Judy has to show for sixteen years at M-G-M is a scarred psyche, a paid-up \$100,000 insurance policy and a pitifully small income from the one investment left over from her childhood.

Even without material things the Lufts seem happy. Their entire home is planned to permit their children—Lorna, 4, Joseph, 21 months, and Liza, 10—to have freedom to play. The extensive outside grounds are covered with playground equipment and children's toys. There is no swimming pool because it would be a menace to the children.

"We haven't bothered to furnish the house completely," Judy says. "We believe the house should grow with us. We aren't through growing yet and neither is the house. If I have my way (despite doctor's orders) we'll have a few more kids around. It's children, not furniture, that make the home."

In her home Judy is as unlike a star as anyone could imagine. On a recent visit to her home this writer found the children very well adjusted to each other. They seemed at ease with both parents and are all treated equally.

On one occasion, when Liza interrupted

a conversation to ask her mother a question, Judy very quietly told her we were talking and would she mind waiting a minute.

A moment later, we finished our conversation. Judy turned to Liza, saying, "Now, darling, what was it you wanted to say to me?"

Then baby Joseph toddled into the room in his pajamas. He clambered up on Judy's knee while we talked. When it was time for his supper Judy smothered him with kisses and said, "You're the nicest baby in the world and I love you."

Obviously, Judy has no intention of neglecting her children as she was neglected as a child.

During the week Judy was rehearsing twelve hours a day for her night-club act, recording an album for Capitol records and staying up all night with Joseph, who had a temperature of 104.5° for two days. In the evening she prepared dinner for the family while the nurse rested.

But you can't explain all this to an audience which pays to see a performance, and Judy knows it. Bleary-eyed and tired, she went on in Las Vegas; and the few shows she missed were probably the result of genuine fatigue.

But on opening night she was surrounded by her entire family, brought in by train for the event. And she seemed happy.

"In the old days I was overworked and exhausted and had no idea of what I was punishing myself for," she said. "I had no place to go and nothing that mattered and no goal.

"Now, when I get through work I'm still exhausted, but I go home at night to my family and forget about everything else. I have a full personal life besides a full professional life. One balances the other."

In addition, Judy seems to have a good marriage with Sid Luft, despite occasional quarrels which apparently serve to clear the air between them. However, the cracks in Judy's personality are still there, only temporarily mended. As long as she stays in show business she can expect to be on the receiving end of the strong blows which forced her out in the past.

Recently, Judy returned to the Palace Theater in New York where, again, she emerged as Queen. The superlatives lavished on her were necessary to keep her going. In one of her rare moments of self-analysis she told a friend what it meant to her to be a success, why it was necessary.

"When people go on telling you for years that you are washed up, finished, you begin to think maybe they're right," Judy told her friend. "Then you sit down and think that if you once had talent, maybe you still have it.

"So you work, work, work to polish it up again and you try and go on trying. Finally you are as ready as you can be to go before the public again.

"On opening night you are sure you are crazy. You suffer and you writhe. You know you are not going to be able to sing a note. You know nobody is going to like you. All those tales about you being no good keep going through your head and you wonder why you ever got into this again.

"The curtain goes up and you totter on-stage, half-stupefied with nerves. You barely know what you are doing. It isn't until that first applause comes crashing up that you get any relief. They go on clapping and you are so happy you want to cry and hug everyone down there. You're not finished. You're still Judy Garland—and they still like you. And you think, like a prayer, God bless all of you, for understanding."

THE END



# My Daughter Joan

(Continued from page 27)

The incident seems to me one of the more perfect examples of something I've been contending for years—that life with Joan could never, under any circumstances, be dull and plodding. Even when the circumstances include a shopping expedition.

Joan's father and I raised our daughter to be the sweet and lovely young lady that she is. It's just that somewhere along the way she developed an absolute genius for the unexpected. For instance, how many parents receive letters like this one? *Dear Mummy and Daddy, Sorry for not writing sooner, and this is just to say that all's well. Will get off a long letter within a couple of days, but right now I'm exhausted. Spent the dreariest day in the bathtub, wearing long underwear! Love, Joan.*

Unusual? We rather thought so. But then, so was the story she related later. It seems she'd started the famed bathtub sequence for "The Opposite Sex" in a bathing suit, but the scene was a long one and took time to shoot. After three days in the tub, the suit was cutting her to ribbons and her skin was a combination of shades of black, blue and scarlet. The studio called in a doctor, who took one look at her and announced, "No more water."

Consequently, on the fourth day Joan donned men's underwear, plus a pair of plastic trousers. They placed a wooden board in the tub, a plastic sheet around Joan's waist, then poured in water and soapflakes to give a bubblebath effect at the top. In this way she was able to finish the scene, but she waited to write us the

full details until she was able to laugh about them!

If you're thinking that something like this might occur only in the life of a movie star, perhaps you're right. But although most of the things that happen to Joan could happen to anyone, they rarely do. I can vividly recall her account of a swim in Jamaica while on location for "Seawife." While paddling around, she glimpsed two large green things shimmering in the water and swam closer to investigate. Fascinated, she called to some friends swimming near by, "Look! Come see what I've found!"

They came, saw, and left abruptly, taking my bewildered daughter with them. Once safely away, they explained that she'd been rubbing noses with an octopus. The green things were the eyes.

Her friends have found that when they're with Joan, it's best to be prepared for anything. As her mother, I first became aware of the fact in a department store one day when she was three. A floor full of fellow shoppers began to scream with laughter and I glanced around to find the source of amusement. Her name was Miss Collins and she was as busy as could be taking hats off the stands, trying them on, and mimicking the models perfectly.

As you may be gathering, life with Joan is full of surprises. But even when she's predictable the atmosphere is a lively one. In addition to her way with words, our daughter somehow acquired a supply of energy that could put the vitamin-pill industry out of business. With all of the titles she was awarded during her modeling and starlet days, her father and I have

often wondered how she missed out on "Miss Perpetual Motion."

When she is sitting down, her fingers tap the arm of the chair, her toes tap the floor. She is constantly reaching for a cigarette. I'd worry about her smoking too much, but her average is approximately two puffs per cigarette and then she puts it out.

When she's home, the record player goes from morning to night, with Joan joining the original Broadway casts in songs from her two favorite albums, "Pajama Game" and "Damn Yankees." I've come to know the scores by heart, although I've never seen the shows.

A full house at the Collinses' is a thing to behold, providing you have the strength. There's our ten-year-old son, Bill, who likes to retire to his room with the television set going full blast. There's Jackie, eighteen, who prefers the radio in her room—usually turned up so that she can hear it if she suddenly decides to step into the kitchen. Add Joan, the record player and the telephone and you have something that closely resembles bedlam.

I mention the telephone because it happens to be Joan's lifeline. It rings constantly when she's home. We used to have two of them. However, the extension was taken out when we discovered that Jackie, at an early age, was developing remarkably as a mindreader. Joan would be dressing to go out and I'd ask the name of her escort. Jackie, then too young to date and resenting it mightily, took the greatest pleasure in supplying full details including name, time, occasion, and conversation.

Of course, we occasionally doubt the

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wisdom of having settled for the kind of telephone that can be plugged into any room. Now when it rings, there's an eight-room search, with everyone shouting, "Who talked last—and where?"

Although Joan is on the telephone or on the run from the moment she gets up in the morning until she climbs into bed at night, I'm delighted that she has learned to channel her energy as far as her work is concerned. When she's in a picture, that's it. And we can count on it.

When her father visited Hollywood last year, his plane was scheduled to arrive in California at two A.M. He landed to find the greeting committee conspicuously absent. He was less than surprised at the note from Joan which awaited him. "I'm so sorry I can't meet you, Daddy," it read. "But I have to be at the studio at six-thirty this morning. Will call you from the set."

Joan's dates are aware of her shooting schedules. During her father's stay, he would pick her up at the studio at six or seven in the evening and drive her home, where she'd bathe and dress. Then Arthur Loew, Jr., would stop by and the three of them would go on to dinner. However, by ten o'clock, eleven at the latest, Joan was home again.

The majority of Joan's dates in Hollywood have been with Arthur, and she and her father tell me that he's an awfully nice young man. Whether he and Joan will marry—well, her career has separated them a great deal during recent months and the future is hard to predict. But I'm certain of one thing: This time Joan will be ready for marriage. Our daughter has matured considerably in her attitude toward matrimony. "I want to get married again, Mummy," she told me the last time she was home. "But this time I'm going to be really sure that he's the right person."

She sighed a little. "People who marry after knowing each other for just four months only think they're in love. They don't really know each other at all."

I wish that we could have spared Joan the heartbreak of learning the hard way, from her mistake. Joan was never a flirt. Maxwell Reed was her first love. For a while, he was her secret love. She'd casually ask if I would take her to see his films. By the time we'd seen one of them three times, I suspected that there was a crush involved. Then his picture appeared in her locker at school, and another beside her bed.

She met Max the night she went to a party with Laurence Harvey. They had dated only a few months when she told us that they wanted to marry. Her father and I objected vigorously. They'd met such a short time before, and Joan was only eighteen, entirely too young to take on the responsibilities of marriage.

The discussion went on for days and I was the first to give in. I knew that if we didn't give our permission, they would most certainly elope, and I felt, as all mothers feel, that a girl's family must be with her on her wedding day, that the wedding should be a happy, memorable occasion. Other girls become brides in their teens and make their marriages successful, I reasoned. Perhaps Joan and Max would stand a chance, after all.

But Joan's father was adamant. "If you marry that man I shall never speak to you again," he stormed one night, after reasoning had failed. Then he stalked out.

When he returned, several hours later, Joan was still in tears. He sat down beside her and put his arm around her. "All right," he said. "All right."

The wedding took place on Joan's nineteenth birthday. At first everything went well. They set up housekeeping in a penthouse apartment and Joan tried her hand

at cooking. They bought a boat and spent their weekends sailing. They had their careers in common and starred in several plays together. But they couldn't overcome their differences, and two years later the marriage was over. "You were right," Joan told her father. "I should have listened to you."

"Why does this have to be the one time in my life that I've been able to say, 'I told you so'?" her father replied unhappily.

"My next marriage will take a lot of thought on my part," Joan says today. However, whomever she marries will have to contend with the fact that she will probably never be domestic. When her father returned from California, I inquired, "How's she coming with the housekeeping?"

"The maid is doing a beautiful job," he smiled.

It's true that there has always been someone to do things for Joan. It's also true that some people are domestically inclined, others aren't. And Joan did *not* inherit my love for housework and cooking!

I can so plainly recall the times we were without help during the war. I'd ask her to do this or that in the kitchen and in her dramatic way she'd counter, "You know, Mummy, you chose to be a housewife. I didn't. You chose your career. I have chosen mine."

I couldn't very well argue and actually

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never had to. After she'd made her point she was quite cheerful about taking over the duties that I assigned her.

The principal thought in Joan's mind, however, was to become an actress. We should have been prepared for it, as she comes from a long line of show people. Her grandparents were theatrical folk and her father began his career in 1917. His father ran a company in South Africa and as a boy it was Will's job to go around and nail handbills on the trees.

Oddly enough, it was because of Will's life in show business that he objected to the idea of Joan getting into it. As a theatrical agent in London, he's always been too well aware of the hardships and heartbreaks involved.

Joan persisted and finally asked if she could take the examination for the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. I was pretty well floored to hear him agree immediately. When we were alone, I politely asked him if he'd lost his mind. "Of course not," said my husband. "I think it's a fine idea."

"Will Collins . . . after all the years you've been objecting!"

"Don't you see," he explained with the air of a man of logic. "This will be the finish. Let her take the exam. She'll never pass it. It will be the end of it."

There was reason for his optimism. Of the five hundred who apply to the Academy each year, only a small percentage can be accepted.

To bolster Joan's morale and help to soften the blow that I was certain would come, I took our daughter shopping for a special dress. It was white, with blue polka dots, and Joan went to the audition feeling as if she had stepped out of *Vogue*. She chose to do a scene from "Our Town" and a speech from Shaw's "Cleopatra." Then she came home for the long wait.

Several weeks later, she received a let-

ter of acceptance. She'd passed the test with flying colors, and I might add that when the news arrived there was no prouder man in the whole of the British Isles than one Will Collins. As a matter of fact, his attitude has yet to change. Today he's official keeper of the scrapbooks and he'll bring out ten of them at the drop of a hint.

Of course, our daughter *has* changed in some ways since she's been in California, in little ways that I suppose only a mother would notice. There's her habit of leaving half her meal, no matter what I serve her. It's a brand-new habit and it worries me a bit. There's the sweater she wears, which swallows her. "I bought it for Arthur, but he didn't care for it," said my daughter, whose clothes usually cling to her figure. "I couldn't let such a nice sweater go to waste, could I?" There's her jewelry. "It's real now," she glows. "I stored the costume stuff."

In other ways, Joan has changed very little. Star that she is, she can still join her brother in his Davy Crockett games, keep a protective eye on her younger sister, Jackie, who's now in Hollywood. Friends from her Academy days are still close friends. And when she's home, no matter which room I'm in, I can still hear her little-girl-like call, "M-u-m-m-y. . ."

She's as outspoken as ever, and she shudders to think that the trait might have cost her the role of the nun in "Seawife," if she'd persisted. She was in New York when the studio called to tell her that she'd been chosen for the part, only then they were calling it "Seawif and Biscuit." Joan began to object. "It sounds," she told them, "like the story of a boat and a dog."

Actually, it's a tale of five survivors of a shipwreck and it's a magnificent opportunity for her. But as parents, her father and I were especially delighted that some of the film could be shot in London because it meant that she could be at home with us for a while.

I believe I was reminded most of the old days the night she appeared, ready for a premiere, in an extremely tight-fitting formal gown. "I wonder what would happen if I start breathing," she grinned.

We soon found out. The zipper went. I was taking some hasty stitches when her escort arrived. "Hurry, Mummy. It'll be all right," were her famous last words.

Joan returned home unusually early that evening, wearing her coat and clutching it with both hands. "What happened?" I asked her.

"It was a very funny film," was my daughter's reply. "I laughed and my dress began falling off." Then she let go of the coat and her gown fell to the floor.

It was hectic, but all too brief a visit. Just now Joan is on the "Island in the Sun" location in Jamaica. Consequently, it's a quiet evening as I write this. Bill's in bed and the television set has been turned off. The records are back in their albums and there's no dark-haired girl to laugh into the telephone while her father roars, "It's bedlam. Absolute bedlam!"

However, earlier this evening the same Mr. Collins looked up from his paper and remarked, "Peaceful, isn't it? Nearly drives you crazy, doesn't it, all this peace and quiet?"

It does. But tomorrow there should be a letter and that will help. In the meantime, I think I'll join the original Broadway cast in a chorus from "Pajama Game."

THE END

YOU'LL LOVE: Joan Collins in "Seawife."



# Hollywood's Biggest Headache

(Continued from page 37)

and I know. I've seen it more than once." "You've worked with him and you still say he's good?"

"I certainly do still say it. Furthermore, I mean it."

It goes like that all the time—the admirers vs. the detractors of Tab Hunter.

Right from the start, his fan mail jumped to 4000 a week. On the other hand, that's not as much of a barometer as you'd imagine. Spencer Tracy is lucky if he gets a postcard, and who's going to throw away Spence Tracy? Still and all, it's something. They figured Hunter had been hyped, gimmicked, blown up to be that big, and that he'd explode like a pricked balloon. But he didn't. He stuck in there. He's solid now. So what do they do now?

And in the middle of all this is Tab Hunter, who really is Arthur Gelien, who perhaps stands off and observes Tab Hunter—as do many others—with a sense of disbelief, a sense of gratitude and of shock. Or disillusionment. Fame has come, and money, but not fulfillment. It is next to impossible to shed tears over the plight of a movie star who doesn't get the roles he wants. Yet it is true that frustration is not confined to the lower deck. It chews on all equally, and if in the end it is not resolved, being a movie star comes to nothing. A discontented man beside his own swimming pool is still a discontented man, and no amount of expensively piped water is going to wash it away.

And surely there is reason to believe that Tab Hunter is a not too happy fellow. The testimony is his own; you are about to read it. One day in early autumn, Tab Hunter followed his much-touted forelock into the commissary of the Warner studio, stopped at a wall table to talk with Natalie Wood, with whom he had lately made "The Girl He Left Behind," and then went to the corner where friends waited.

"I've been crying all morning," he said. Not for any personal reason, though. He'd been working on a film for Warner's TV show for which tears were required. He hoped he'd done the scene well. His voice sounded dubious.

"With me," he said, "it can be an ordeal. Studio people are hanging around, and their feeling comes across loud and clear. They're so sure, so many of them, that I can't act. I know it. Why kid myself? It's part of being Tab Hunter. And, naturally, that shoots my confidence. As a result, I blow. What I want to know is, why are they so sure?" He ordered a light lunch and blew out his breath.

"It's not enough," he said in answer to a question. "It's just not enough. For some actors, I know, it's enough to have the money and the big deal—celebrity, or whatever you call it. But I'm going to throw a hub-cap one of these days. I can act, I swear I can. If they'd just give me a chance. No, it's not off the record. There's no secret about it. I've been to the brass and done everything but turn purple and roll on the floor, asking for parts. Parts that are parts. All they do is pat me on the head. Maybe they've been reading their own publicity about me. Just a chance—it's not so much to ask for."

There was an interlude. Miss Wood came over and said she'd been dating Elvis Presley. Night before, as a matter of fact. "He's intelligent rather than intellectual," she said. "I like the intelligent ones better. And you know something? He has no idea how famous he is. No idea at all." Tab listened glumly. She went away.

"The fame kick again," he said. "You

know what I am? Or maybe now I can say *was*. I'm the phoniest sort of a star. I'm typical of the gimmick where the publicity's a zillion miles ahead of the career."

"Tab," said a studio representative. It was a whole sentence in itself.

"No, I'm not kidding," he said, stubbornly, "and I'm not knocking the pictures I've made. I'm talking about Tab Hunter, whoever he is. All the magazines, all the newspapers, all the fathead things they've had me say and do. It's not fun. Sometimes I might even say it's not worth it. But I won't ever really say it because I want to act and I love to act. It's all I care about, and sooner or later I'm going to get the chance."

"Incidentally, don't think for a moment I'm putting the rap on publicity or the studio or the industry, God love 'em all. But if Tab Hunter wants to bat his head against a wall, who's got a better right?"

A high Hollywood muck-a-muck had observed only the day before regarding this boy: "Tab Hunter's the ultimate test of whether we're an art or an industry. That's if the faction who says he can't act is right. If he can't act, what's he doing in an art medium? And why does the medium tolerate him? On the other hand, if it's purely a question of box office, then how can you let him go? The boy next door is money in the bank."

Of the boy next door, Tab now said: "There's a jerk I could get along without from now on. That's the whole point of what I'm getting at. I've nothing against the boy next door as such. But who is he? How do you know he's not Count Dracula? And why is he necessarily Tab Hunter? You have your features thrown together in a certain way, and someone on the top floor or a reviewer, or the blessed audience, says you're the boy next door. And that's it. It's like being branded. I work hard at this business. I'd like to see come my way a psychotic murderer, maybe, or a role that ages and mellows, or something of that sort. A *part*, a challenge! Without an occasional tough one, a player can die of spiritual malnutrition. The boy next door once or twice, yes. But please, God, not forever."

It was suggested to Tab that the law of supply and demand had to be a factor in the way he was cast.

He paused thoughtfully, then said, "Wait. I'm going to contradict myself here if I'm not careful. You're talking about the young audience, my age and younger." Hunter is twenty-five, and the general feeling is that his audience is mainly from the junior element.

"All right," he said, after several moments' thought. "If the kids insist, if they *insist*, then it has to be that way. I mean, God bless them, if it weren't for them, I'd be in Nowhereville. But if it has to be the boy next door, can't it at least be the boy next door done in depth and with feeling and—well, sensitivity? Look, I don't want to be an actor, I want to *act*. That's on the level. The star bit's great but it's not enough. You have to do what you *can* do. You *have* to."

He did then, after all, embrace stardom with some degree of warmth?

"I told you I'd contradict myself," he said. "I'd be a fool to say no to that. It's rough, but I guess it's wonderful in its own special way. For instance, I get star billing. Well, I wouldn't settle for feature billing. It sounds hammy but it's important. It's not just your vanity, but good business, too. You shouldn't step down till they put their foot in your face. And *that* could happen."

Suddenly his voice was intense and bit-

ter. "I'm going to tell you something," he said. "You come into this business as a kid and you believe in everyone and everything. Then you change. Something happens to you. And they ask, 'What ever happened to that unspoiled, fresh-faced, innocent youngster who came on this lot a few years ago? Why has he changed in the way he has?' Well, don't they know? It's not *you* that changes, not *me*! Not from the inside, I mean. It's some of the people you meet and the things they do to you along the way! They make the changes and you're the end product!"

For a moment, Tab looked about him, helplessly, as if looking for a friend. Then, his search given up, he came back.

"Oh, I'm going to qualify that," he said. "I'm not saying I've changed especially for the worse. And I'm not saying there aren't a lot of wonderful people in the business along with the others. There are. But I'm not the shiny-faced, trusting kid I was and I'd better not be, for my own good. But my point is, *you* don't change. Certain people and circumstances change you. It's an outside job."

For a little while, there, Tab Hunter had sounded like more than a baffled, unhappy young man. He had sounded like an embittered one.

Yet authorities on Tab Hunter claim that this is really not the case. They cite him as a fellow full of hope, next to indomitable, with no feeling that he cannot, in the end, confound his detractors and bring his professional stature to the level of his strange publicity—a kind of filling-out process.

"I'm going to win," he has been quoted as telling a friend. "I'm going to lick it all. I don't know when—this year or the next or the next. But I'm going to keep pitching and fighting for the audience that isn't mine today. It'll take two things, as I see it: fat parts and ordinary guts. I'll work my head off studying. I'll make any reasonable concession. So it's got to happen."

"Someday Tab Hunter will command adult and professional regard, and nobody else will make my name part of a play title—if they did mean me—kidding the publicity end of the picture business. Maybe I did get off on the wrong foot, from a certain point of view. I cooperated with every publicity gag in the shop; sure I did. And I'm still not convinced I was wrong. You have to start somewhere and in some way. Of course, it would have been better if the actor had come first, then the public figure. That's the natural order. But I didn't have a choice. People forget that. And anything's better than nothing."

"But I'm not going to let them write me off. Wait and see."

Tab, to his credit, wants only the fighting chance that a good role represents. Much cooler to publicity these days than heretofore, he is not yelling for promotion.

But these are no more than outside factors. Our eyes are on the man in the arena—Tab Hunter. The man in the arena is the man who counts. It also matters that the man in the arena has his helpers as well as his hecklers—and when the chips are down Tab Hunter will find out that most of the audience is on his side. Our guess is that Tab Hunter will be in Hollywood for a long while, and that in time this same Hollywood will be proud and happy to acknowledge him as one of the foremost of its people.

THE END P

WATCH FOR: Tab Hunter in "The Girl He Left Behind."



(Continued from page 21)

as the lead in 'Bus Stop' opposite Marilyn is quite a break. Was she at all responsible for getting you that break?"

When his latest interviewer asked him that, Don reached for the hand of his lovely young bride, Hope Lange. They smiled at each other, exchanging some silent communication in that universal language of lovers. Don's smile lingered as he turned back and said, "Heck, no. I didn't even know Marilyn when I got to Hollywood."

Then he said, "And now you're going to ask me what it was like to work with her. That's always the second question, so I'll save you the bother of asking it. Working with Marilyn Monroe was great. I think she's a better actress than most people realize. In fact, she's a *very* good actress." He finished pleasantly, "Now, you just ask anything else you'd like to know and I'll be glad to tell you."

He will, too. His life is literally an open book, with no hidden pages marked "not for publication." He doesn't drink or smoke, he married the first girl he ever loved and their first child is due to be born next spring. He also frowns on profanity as being mostly a form of mental laziness. But profanity, like swaggering and bullying, is usually just an outer show of toughness to cover an inner weakness. Don can afford to admit his lack of vices because no one would be apt to make the mistake of thinking there is anything weak about him. He's a rugged, solid, serious six-foot-two of man, and all man. He doesn't have to prove it, for you know it the minute you meet him.

He's impulsive, impetuous and impatient. The only exception to this has been his courtship of Hope. He waited five years, talking himself hoarse every time they were together. But Hope, who plays the same role in the film version of "Bus Stop" that she played on the stage, is a practical young woman. She knew the hardships that lay ahead. Like Don, she never doubted that he'd make the grade, but she felt he would have a better chance if he traveled alone at first.

They were married last April, during the filming of "Bus Stop." The studio gave them a few hours off, and they had a quick civil ceremony that was followed, three months later, by a religious ceremony in New York. Then, before the ink was dry on the marriage certificate, Don was on his way back to California to make "Bachelor Party." Hope joined him there just in time to turn around and head back East for the New York location shots. That was when they found out that more happiness was in store for them. Their twosome was soon to become a threesome.

All this in the space of one year—stardom, two movies, marriage, parenthood. But Don didn't seem surprised by any of it. He just goes along, taking it for granted that good things will happen to him. And, somehow, good things always do.

Unlike most of Hollywood's successful citizens, Don is a stranger to the psychoanalyst's couch, and he probably always will be. It's simply not in his straightforward, outgoing nature to spend time thinking about himself or worrying about what's going to happen next. He's much too busy making it happen.

"I always knew I'd be an actor," he says of his swift rise to success. "The thing that surprised me was finding out that I wasn't a comedian, but a serious actor."

This happened when Don had the part of the tragic Scotsman in "The Hasty Heart." He was studying at the American

Academy of Dramatic Arts at the time and one of the Academy directors spotted his dramatic ability. The director helped Don get a job in summer stock and the young actor's early ideas of being a comedian became a thing of the past.

Don Murray grew up in the theatre. His father, Dennis Murray, was and still is, a well-known director. His mother, Ethel Cook, was one of the original Ziegfeld Follies girls. Don was actually born in Hollywood and, in a sense, his connection with the Fox studio might be said to have begun then, too, because his father was working as a dance director on the Fox lot when young Don was born.

Despite the fact that he looks like a Westerner, that there is an aura of the outdoors about him, Don was raised mostly in the East. When he was nine months old, his family began the move toward the Atlantic Ocean, pausing wherever Mr. Murray could get work, since the year was 1929-'30 and the Depression was abroad in the land. After brief pauses in Fort Worth and Cleveland, the Murrays—including Don, an older brother, Bill, and a young sister—settled in East Rockaway, on Long Island, where Don distinguished himself in high school sports but not in studies. He was an average student who excelled as a long-distance track runner, won his letter in football and played a fast game of basketball. In his freshman year, he spent whatever spare time he could find writing and directing scripts. When he didn't like the quality of his classmates' acting, Don decided to act the parts himself.

He tested for his first screen role at eighteen, but was considered too young for the part in "Bright Victory" which the studio had hoped to sign him for. He seemed so talented, however, that the front office offered to sign him to a ten-year contract, promising to "shape you into something colossal."

Don thanked them but said he preferred growing to being shaped, and headed back to New York. It was while playing the

role of the sailor in the Broadway production of "The Rose Tattoo" that Don met Hope. He and another young actor had arranged a double date.

From there on in, Don was determined to marry no one but Hope. But she was still in junior college, so he settled down to waiting for her to grow up. While waiting, he received his "Greetings" from Uncle Sam. Because of his religious convictions, he was listed as a conscientious objector and was assigned to two years of service in European refugee camps.

"I could never be a party to killing in any form," Don explains this quite simply. As an alternate to military service, he chose to go overseas as a worker for the Church of the Brethren, which, like the Quakers, is a "peace" church. "I worked as a laborer and a mason, and did social work at night. I was paid \$7.50 a month plus my board and lodging."

He stayed a year in Kassel, Germany, and another year and a half in Naples, Italy. Here he worked at a camp among some 5,000 refugees, who were living in a state of abject misery behind barbed wire. This gripped his heart and mind. "Some of the suffering I saw there is indescribable. I'll never forget it. And I vowed that someday, somehow, I would return and do what I could to help those wretchedly unhappy people."

Now, having finished his second picture, "Bachelor Party," Don is in a position to give important aid in a financial way. He and Hope plan to travel to Geneva, Switzerland, to work out a relief plan at the headquarters of the Church of the Brethren. He will also finance other volunteer workers, who will be sent to Naples, and will set up a regular program to which he will contribute in the future.

"Actually," he says, "it will be a tithe. I'll give a regular percentage of my future earnings for this work, for I think that a man's religion is shown by what he does, not just by what he says. Besides," he adds, "I've got a mighty lot to be thankful for. Helping people who haven't been as lucky is sort of my way of saying 'Thanks.'"

Yes, all in all, Don Murray will probably be known as the screen's "good boy." He even has a clause in his contract which states that he will never endorse a tobacco or alcohol advertisement. His example on the screen may help to change the style in leading men from gloomy young rebels in blue jeans to the image of a healthy-minded young man who believes that you'll get farther by fighting for what you want than by rebelling against what you've got.

Maybe that's what makes you think of cowboys and mountains and fresh air and bigness when you see Don Murray off-screen. Maybe it's because he carries with him a sense of bigness that makes him genuinely impatient with petty people, petty jealousies. He's a big man—170 pounds of very solid flesh and muscle—with big ideas and big ideals. He's bound to make women in the audience sigh and recall a time when men were really rugged men and women were glad of it.

Don will inevitably be referred to as "a young Clark Gable," but he's not. He's a young Don Murray, with an acting style and an appeal all his own. And, as one reviewer said of his "Bus Stop" performance, "When Don Murray tossed a lariat and caught Marilyn Monroe, he also caught his audience, and held them, fast."

And Hollywood is holding fast to Don Murray, knowing that he's going in just one direction—up.

THE END

SEE: Don Murray in "Bachelor Party."

## TO REACH THE STARS

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try writing to *each star individually*, c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

**Allied Artists**, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27

**Columbia Pictures**, 1438 North Gower Street, Hollywood 28

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**Paramount Pictures**, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

**RKO Radio Pictures**, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

**Republic Studios**, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

**20th Century-Fox**, 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35

**United Artists**, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

**Universal - International**, Universal City

**Warner Brothers Pictures**, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank



## CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**ANASTASIA**—20th. Directed by Anatole Litvak: "A," Ingrid Bergman; *Bonnie*, Yul Brynner; *Empress*, Helen Hayes; *Baroness Von Livenbaum*, Martita Hunt; *Chernov*, Akim Tamiroff; *Petrov*, Sacha Pitoeff; *Marusia*, Ina De La Haye; *Stepan*, Gregory Gromoff; *Prince Paul*, Ivan Desny.

**AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**—Todd-AO. Directed by Michael Anderson: *Phileas Fogg*, David Niven; *Passepartout*, Cantinflas; *Mr. Fix*, Robert Newton; *Aouda*, Shirley MacLaine; plus 42 guest stars.

**CURUCU, BEAST OF THE AMAZON**—U-I. Directed by Curt Siodmak: *Rock Dean*, John Bromfield; *Dr. Andrea Romar*, Beverly Garland; *Tupanico*, Tom Payne; *Father Flaviano*, Harvey Chalk; *Captain Caceres*, Sergio de Oliveira; *Tico*, Wilson Viana.

**EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH**—U-I. Directed by Jerry Hopper: *Joan Madison*, Maureen O'Hara; *Ernie Miller*, John Forsythe; *Willie Taylor*, Tim Hovey; *Mac*, Frank Faylen; *Lawrence Everett*, Les Tremayne; *Mayor Parker*, Philip Bourneuf; *Senator Winter*, Paul Birch; *Arthur Taylor*, Barry Atwater; *Roger Connolly*, Addison Richards; *Miss Adelaide Dabney*, Jeanette Nolan.

**GIANT**—Warners. Directed by George Stevens: *Leslie Benedict*, Elizabeth Taylor; *Bick Benedict*, Rock Hudson; *Jett Rink*, James Dean; *Vashti Snythe*, Jane Withers; *Uncle Bawley*, Chill Wills; *Luz Benedict*, Mercedes McCambridge; *Luz Benedict II*, Carroll Baker; *Jordan Benedict III*, Dennis Hopper; *Angel Obregon III*, Sal Mineo; *Juana*, Elsa Cadenas; *Mrs. Horace Lynnton*, Judith Evelyn; *Dr. Horace Lynnton*, Paul Fix; *Sir David Karfrey*, Rodney Taylor; *Bob Dace*, Earl Holliman; *Pinky Snythe*, Robert Nichols; *Old Polo*, Alexander Scourby.

**GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND, THE**—Warners. Directed by David Butler: *Andy Sheaffer*, Tab Hunter; *Susan Daniels*, Natalie Wood; *Madeline Sheaffer*, Jessie Royce Landis; *Sgt. Hanna*, Jim Backus; *Hanson*, Henry Jones; *Sgt. Clyde*, Murray Hamilton; *Maguire*, Alan King; *Preston*, James Garner; *Capt. Genaro*, David Janssen; *Arthur Sheaffer*, Vinton Hayworth; *Congressman Hardison*, Wilfrid Knapp.

**IF ALL THE GUYS IN THE WORLD**—Buena Vista. Directed by Christian-Jaque: *Captain*, Andre Valmy; *Jos*, Jean Gaven; *Mohammed*, Doudou Babet; *Alberto*, Mimo Billi; *Totoche*, Claude Sylvain; *The Commissioner*, Bernard Dheran; *Dr. Jegou*, Yves Brainville; *Jean-Louis*, J. L. Trintignant; *Christine*, Helene Perdriere; *Karl*, Mathias Wieman; *Johnny*, Peter Walker; *Herta*, Gardy Granass; *Polish Air Hostess*, Margaret Rung.

**MAN IN THE VAULT**—RKO. Directed by Andrew V. McLaglen: *Tommy Dancer*, William Campbell; *Betty Turner*, Karen Sharpe; *Flo Randall*, Anita Ekberg; *Willis Trent*, Berry Kroeger; *Herbie*, Paul Fix; *Paul DeCamp*, James Deay; *Louie*, Mike Mazurki; *Earl Farraday*, Robert Keys; *Pedro*, Gonzales Gonzales; *Trent's Girlfriend*, Nancy Duke.

**PUBLIC PIGEON NO. 1**—RKO. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod: *Rusty Morgan*, Red Skelton; *Rita DeLacey*, Vivian Blaine; *Edith Enders*, Janet Blair; *Lt. Ross Qualen*, Jay C. Flippen; *Harvey Baker*, Allyn Joslyn; *Frankie Frannis*, Benny Baker.

**REPRISAL**—Columbia. Directed by George Sherman: *Frank Madden*, Guy Madison; *Catherine Cantrell*, Felicia Farr; *Taini*, Kathryn Grant; *Bert Shipley*, Michael Pate; *Neil Shipley*, Edward Platt; *Sheriff Jim Dixon*, Otto Hulet; *Tom Shipley*, Wayne Mallory; *Jeb Cantrell*, Robert Burton.

**SILKEN AFFAIR, THE**—RKO. Directed by Roy Kellino: *Roger Tweakham*, David Niven; *Genevieve Gerard*, Genevieve Page; *Marberry*, Ronald Squire; *Theora*, Beatrice Straight; *Sir Horace Hogg*, Wilfrid Hyde White; *Mrs. Tweakham*, Dorothy Alison.

**TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON, THE**—M-G-M. Directed by Daniel Mann: *Sakini*, Marlon Brando; *Capt. Fisby*, Glenn Ford; *Lotus Blossom*, Machiko Kyo; *Capt. McLean*, Eddie Albert; *Col. Purdy*, Paul Ford; *Little Japanese Girl*, Mitsuko Sawamura.

**TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE**—Paramount. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille: *Moses*, Charlton Heston; *Nefretiri*, Anne Baxter; *Rameses*, Yul Brynner; *Dathan*, Edward G. Robinson; *Lilia*, Debra Paget; *Sephora*, Yvonne De Carlo; *Joshua*, John Derek; *Bithiah*, Nina Foch; *Memnet*, Judith Anderson; *Aaron*, John Carradine; *Jannes*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Pentaur*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Mered*, Donald Curtis; *Aminadab*, H. B. Warner; *The Infant Moses*, Fraser Heston; *Sethi*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Yochabel*, Martha Scott; *Baka*, Vincent Price; *Miriam*, Olive Deering; *Abiram*, Frank DeKova; *Jethro*, Eduard Franz; *Hur Ben Caleb*, Lawrence Dobkin; *Elisheba*, Julia Faye.

**WESTWARD HO THE WAGONS!**—Disney. Directed by William Beaudine: *John "Doc" Grayson*, Fess Parker; *Laura Thompson*, Kathleen Crowley; *Hank Breckenridge*, Jeff York; *Dan Thompson*, David Stollery; *Bissonette*, Sebastian Cabot; *James Stephen*, George Reeves; *Bobo Stephen*, Doreen Tracey; *Mrs. Stephen*, Barbara Woodell; *Wolf's Brother*, John War Eagle.

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| 6. Tyrone Power      | 109. Dean Martin              | 194. Audrey Hepburn  | 229. Pat Boone     |
| 7. Gregory Peck      | 110. Jerry Lewis              | 198. Gale Storm      | 230. Paul Newman   |
| 9. Esther Williams   | 112. Susan Hayward            | 202. George Nader    | 231. Don Murray    |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 117. Terry Moore              | 205. Ann Southern    | 232. Don Cherry    |
| 14. Cornel Wilde     | 121. Tony Curtis              | 207. Eddie Fisher    | 233. Pat Wayne     |
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| 18. Rory Calhoun     | 127. Piper Laurie             | 211. Bob Francis     | 235. Anita Ekberg  |
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| 33. Gene Autry       | 141. Marilyn Monroe           | 219. Natalie Wood    | 242. Alice Lon     |
| 34. Roy Rogers       | 142. Leslie Caron             | 220. Dewey Martin    | 243. Larry Dean    |
| 35. Sunset Carson    | 143. Pier Angeli              | 221. Joan Collins    | 244. Buddy Merrill |
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| 52. Montgomery Clift | 146. Aldo Ray                 | 224. Shirley Jones   | 247. Sanford Clark |
| 53. Richard Widmark  | 147. Tab Hunter               |                      |                    |
| 56. Perry Como       | 148. Robert Wagner            |                      |                    |
| 57. Bill Holden      | 149. Russ Tamblyn             |                      |                    |
| 66. Gordon MacRae    | 150. Jeff Hunter              |                      |                    |
| 67. Ann Blyth        | 152. Marge and Gower Champion |                      |                    |
| 68. Jeanne Crain     | 153. Fernando Lamas           |                      |                    |
| 69. Jane Russell     | 161. Lori Nelson              |                      |                    |
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## Glamour Gab of Hollywood



*Congratulations are in order: Rock Hudson, with his wife Phyllis, receives warm praises for his acting from Natalie Wood, at the premiere of "Giant" in New York*

(Continued from page 45)

Skelton clowning, and Don DeFore putting on a skit which killed the people. But the best moment came when David himself sat down at the piano and began playing, whereupon Dan Dailey jumped up on the speaker's table, pushed the dishes aside and did a dance routine to the music.

### Overseas Mailbag

You need a private plane to keep up with your Hollywood pals these days. All in one mail, this month, I got a letter from Alan Ladd in Greece, from Mel Ferrer in Paris, from Phyllis Kirk in London and from Helmut Dantine in Rome. Said Alan, among other things, "Susie and I flew over to Paris this weekend for the party they gave Gary Cooper and 'Love in the Afternoon'." Said Phyllis, "I have always loved London and love it even more this trip. In spite of that and the fact that I think half of California must be here (Joan Crawford, Arlene Dahl, Fernando Lamas and others), I find myself missing Beverly Hills. Anita Ekberg and I are both staying at the same hotel here and we blink rapidly forty times a day, trying to adjust ourselves to being with one another in London and not in the middle of a jungle set on the RKO lot making 'Back from Eternity,' as we were a short while ago."

### Tale of Three Loves

Touching is the news coming to Hollywood from the East that Edna Best, the heroine of one of the most unusual and greatest of love stories, has been desperately ill.

It's possible you do not even remember her name, yet at the time when she was starring on Broadway and on film with Herbert Marshall, she was distinctly the June Allyson of her day. She was married to Marshall, and she loved him so completely that when pictures sought her out before they sought him she ran away from the film she was making, too homesick for her husband to stay in Hollywood without him.

Then they parted. This was after she and Bart had come back to Hollywood together, and he had scored such a very big hit. There were so many beautiful ladies in Hollywood, and Bart was so gallant.

At that time Bart's best friend, and also his agent, was Nat Wolfe. Nat, in fact, represented practically the whole English colony in films, glamour folk like Ronald Colman and such. Nat wasn't in the class of handsomeness with his clients—what agent is?—but he had a great heart.

So he fell in love with Edna Best, while he kept on being her ex-husband's agent. They married and Bart married, and it was all very, very "civilized," as the current saying is.

Except that Edna Best is now so ill, and so is Bart Marshall, and neither of their careers has amounted to a hill of beans since their parting. "Boots" Marshall, who used to be married to Bill Cagney, looks after Bart with the most complete devotion. Nothing could match it—except Nat Wolfe's loving care of Edna Best.

### Hollywood Story of the Month

Love in Hollywood is really up against the most fantastic pressures. I give you herewith a classic example:

The case is that of Anne Baxter and Russell Birdwell, press agent-director. Anne Baxter is an extraordinary girl, a genuine highbrow, a lady of real culture and one of the finest actresses on screen, as you can see for yourself in "The Ten Commandments." Offhand, wouldn't you think a girl like that would manage her romantic life superbly? In Anne's case, you'd be dead wrong.

The late John Hodiak was a generous, uncomplicated, fine-minded human being. When he fell in love with Anne, it was the sort of emotion that makes birds sing and flowers bloom. Nevertheless, he never was the right kind of a husband for a girl as subtle and complex as Anne. They came from entirely different worlds, she from the artistic, elegant world of a man like her grandfather, Frank Lloyd Wright.

John's folks were peasant farmers in Europe, hardworking miners in this country. Anne loved books, highbrow music. John doted on nights on the town, with a bunch of male pals, pub-crawling.

So, finally, after a gallant try on both sides, they divorced and Anne got the custody of their little girl. John, whose career in Hollywood never really bloomed, went to New York. Then last year he died. Meanwhile, Anne met Russ Birdwell.

Here was an ex-newspaperman who could talk books, art, music, movies. Anne became so infatuated with him that she threw over all her old friends. She dismissed her father, who had been her business manager. She dismissed her agent, who was also a very old friend. She insisted upon Birdwell as her director in films. She wouldn't read a script unless he had read it first, and okayed it.

Maybe if the picture which they made together had been a smash, their love would have stayed intact. Or grown, even—though how Anne's love could have been any greater than it was is hard to imagine. But the picture, "The Come-On," was a flop, and now they have parted. Anne's getting back to her old friends, and using her brains again.

### Merry Terry

Marriage to Eugene MacGrath has certainly made a changed woman of Terry Moore, and just might make her into the actress she showed promise of being in "Come Back, Little Sheba." Gone are the gay shenanigans of ermine bathing suits and disappearing gowns that got her more headlines than acting roles. Thinner than ever since her recent illness, sparkling with fun and happiness, Terry is a wonderful combination of gay gamin and a lovely woman, and the coming year should again prove the truth of the old adage that "them as has, gets." Now that her career is only secondary, it will probably be more successful than ever!

### Burt's Sour Note

In the midst of incredible good fortune, Burt Lancaster's year was shadowed by his feud with Ernest Borgnine, who sued Hecht-Lancaster for additional sums he said were due him from the picture "Marty," the one that earned an Academy



*Robert Ryan has June Allyson's rapt attention as he tells her about the new Zane Grey TV series, in which he stars*



Award for Borgnine. Burt takes these things pretty - philosophically, which is understandable. His brand-new home, his five children and his richly happy life with Norma enable him to regard the ups and downs of life in the film colony in their proper perspective, and with a grin.

### Attention-Getter

Shades of the old glamour days! An eye-dazzler is Debra Paget's new car, completely jewel-encrusted and upholstered in pale pink. It was Debbie's present to herself after completing "The Ten Commandments" which, she hopes, will pave the way for more good parts. At least, she's bound to get attention.

### He's a Good Boy

Remember when Errol Flynn was Hollywood's headline-making bad boy? Well, you'd hardly recognize him these days, living quietly with his wife, Patrice Wymore, and his daughter, paying off his back alimony and other debts, and really paying attention to his career. He just made "The Big Boodle" for United Artists and has two more pictures scheduled, with all his wild oats finally sown. At least, for the time being.

### The Happy Calhouns

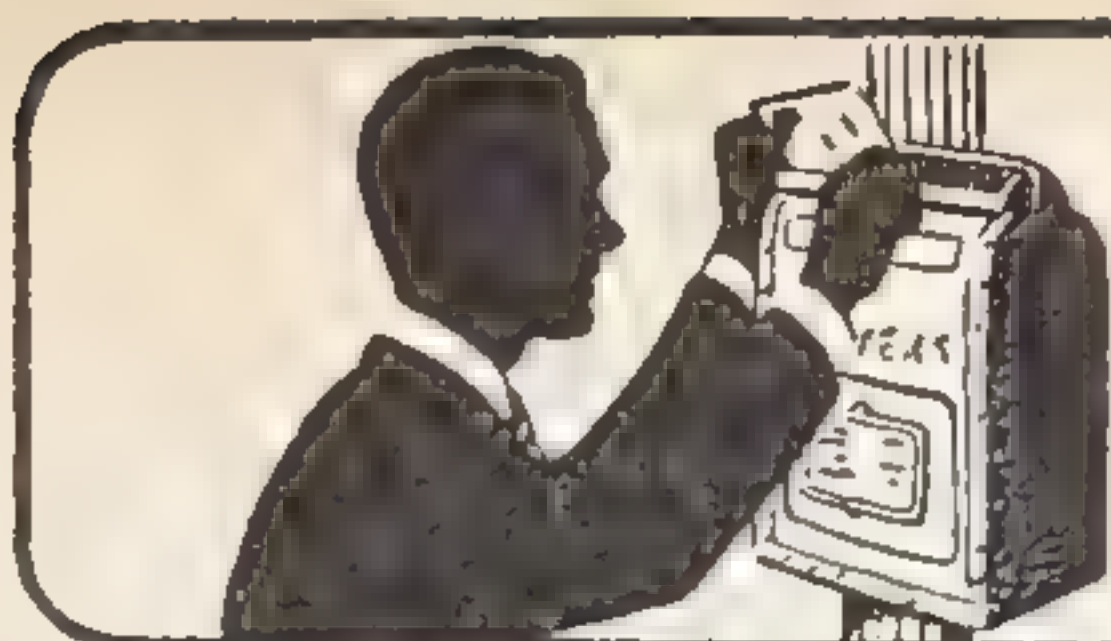
This should be the most wonderful Christmas ever for Lita Baron and Rory Calhoun, whose first child is expected just about that time. This marriage has seen plenty of stormy weather emotionally and plenty of rough going when Rory thought his movie career was at an end. Those are the days that try men's souls and the strength of a marriage. But this one came through with flying colors, despite the pessimists who kept saying it wouldn't last. With the birth of their child, I'd say we can mark the Rory-Lita marriage down as one of those "till death do us part" items. After all, just how happy can you be? Surely no happier than these two!

### Little Girl Growing Up

The saddest little girl in the world, Margaret O'Brien, has grown up to be a trouble-haunted young woman. All her troubles are career troubles, it's true, but this is serious enough for someone whose life has been as much a part of Hollywood as has Margaret's. Last fall, she went to New York to study at the Actors' Studio. But what she really needs is a part that will bring out her poignancy, instead of trying to make her over into a glamour girl. Let's hope this year will bring Margaret her heart's dearest wish—a part to put her back on the road to stardom.

### Kim's Secret Heart

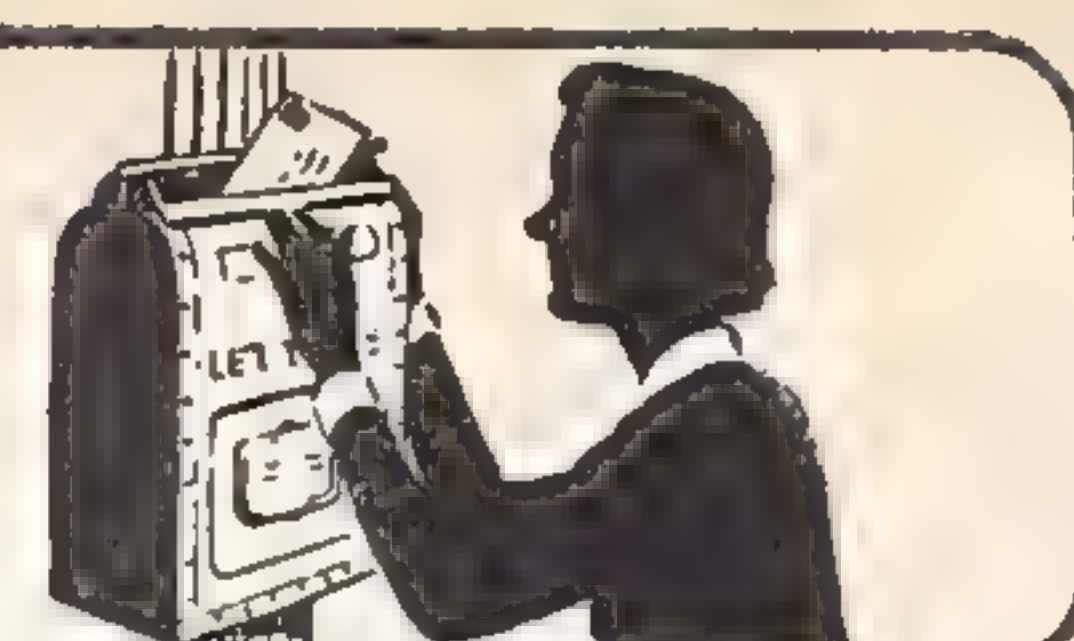
Kim Novak can't think of much to ask for that she hasn't already got, but whatever she does ask for will undoubtedly be dropped into her lap, gladly, by either her studio or any one of her ardent admirers. And although Kim denies that Frank Sinatra comes under this heading, she was looking very, very misty-eyed as she sat in the audience at Las Vegas and listened to him croon his love songs. But Kim is smart enough to know that Frankie has sung those some love songs so many times that it's probably difficult for him to know himself whether he means them any more. And while Ava Gardner keeps promising to come to Reno to pick up her divorce, the betting is still heavy that she won't divorce Frankie until she's ready to marry again—and there's no sign of that on the immediate horizon. So Kim will probably keep right on dating good, reliable Mac Krim, since this particular doll is very sensible and levelheaded beneath that lavender hair. THE END



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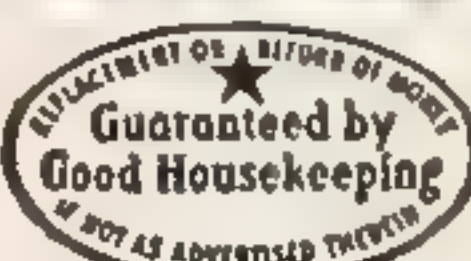
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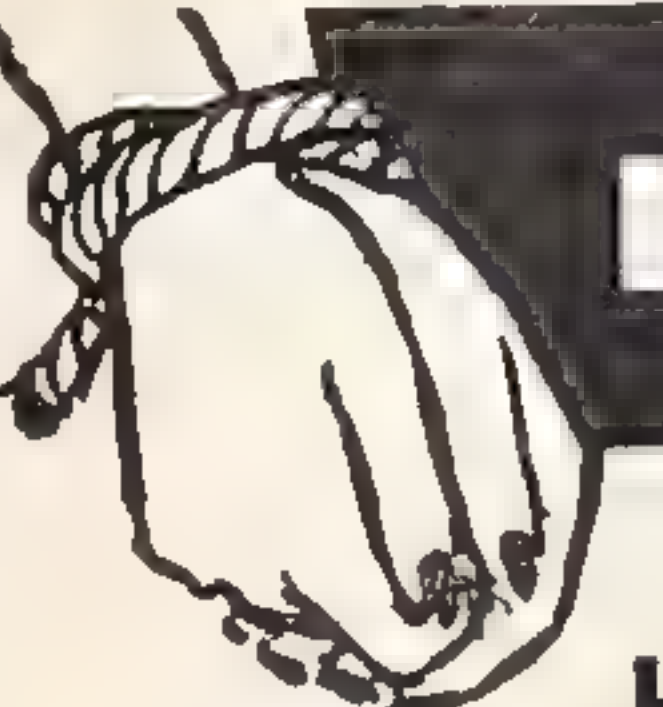
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# Lover Boy—Elvis Presley

(Continued from page 25)

little girl said. The sandwiches became souvenirs.

There's a fad in California for hanging knitted dice to swing behind an auto windshield, as many people hang baby shoes.

"We've seen some pictures of your Cadillacs, and they look awfully bare," one fan club wrote to Elvis. "We want to present you with some knitted dice for each one of your Cadillacs. We have a blue set for the blue Cadillac, a white set for the white Cadillac, and a pink-and-white for the pink-and-white Cadillac."

Some of the fans are too worshipful. Elvis thinks a girl in Kansas City made away with more Elvis Presley mementoes than anybody else ever has or ever will.

"I think I know who it is," he said.

"I think she got my red sport coat and red shirt off the stage and also my gittar," he added. "That gittar cost \$250, which is a lot of money for a gittar. The one I got now cost about \$375."

The Elvis Presley fans also write angry and sometimes threatening letters to newspapermen who criticize him. A Minneapolis radio station decided not to play any of his records. It got some letters promising vengeance. A rock was thrown through the station's front window. An inscription on the rock said, "I'm a teenager. You play Elvis Presley records or we tear up the town."

Elvis, of course, doesn't encourage or approve of this conduct. But the fans get out of hand.

"This success of mine means too much to me to do anything to foul it up," he said. "For example, I've never touched any sort of alcohol. It doesn't pay off in this business. Anyway, I wouldn't have time to drink. Five or six hours a night is all the sleep I get, which isn't enough."

When I saw Elvis in Hollywood, he had none of his Cadillacs with him, nor his Messerschmidt, either.

"My daddy's keeping them up for me down in Memphis," he said. "He helps me with the mail, too." Elvis pronounced help "hep" in the enchanting way that most Southerners do.

One day, when Elvis was staying at Hollywood's Hotel Knickerbocker, his manager, Colonel Tom Parker, came in to

find 230 phone messages waiting for him.

The Colonel—he got his colonelcy from the Governors of Tennessee and Mississippi—had the tedious job of sorting out the messages to find which were calls from people who weren't teen-age fans.

Despite all this attention and worship, Elvis continues to call almost everybody older than himself either "Mister" or "Sir" or "Ma'am." Sometimes the "Sir" becomes a soft, pleasing "Suh."

"What are you going to do with all your money?" I asked him.

"Suh," he answered, "I haven't got my mind settled on that. The Colonel is going to hep me decide that. I don't know too much about that sort of stuff."

But Elvis had already bought a home for his parents in Tennessee and was also giving them a trip to Hollywood. Not that he expected he'd be able to spend much time at the home in Memphis.

"I've been mostly on the road for two years," he said. "You name it and I've been there."

Elvis wasn't easy to pin down on the subject of girls. There was a pretty little blonde named Jan Storey in the chorus at Ciro's who suddenly became a celebrity because Elvis dropped around to see her.

"Did you date her?" I asked him.

"Yeah, I've been datin' a lot of girls," replied Elvis, evasively.

He surely makes no secret of his interest in the opposite sex. Curiously enough, he met a girl in Texas whose first name is also Elvis. But he didn't get to know her well enough to remember her last name.

"Where did you get the name Elvis?" I asked him.

"It was my daddy's middle name. Where he got it, I don't know," he said. He's an only child. "There's just Daddy and Mother and me," he says.

Presley's fans are as much impressed with his looks as his voice. He has a sort of dark, sooty look under the eyelids that gives him a dramatic appearance. This is not make-up. It's just there.

"How did you get sideburns?" I asked.

"I always figured as a little boy that when I grew up I wanted to have sideburns," he answered. "Soon as I could, I got 'em."

At one point, however, when he didn't have complete confidence in himself as yet, he abandoned them. Then he came back to them. I asked a 20th Century-Fox spokesman whether they were contemplating any changes in Elvis' looks.

"Say," replied this spokesman, "we wouldn't dare to change his looks or to touch those sideburns. We'd cause riots."

"Why are you such a successful singer?" I asked him at the time he was getting his fourth gold record, presented to mark sales of over a million of one of his discs.

"Maybe it's just because I enjoy it so much myself," he said. "I put my whole heart into it. Maybe people can see that." He takes the same attitude toward his acting, including the love scenes.

"I always wanted to sing," he said very seriously, "but I didn't think I could make it. I used to go to all-night singin's in Memphis. We'd sing very beautiful spirituals and hymns all night long. Some of the songs had beats like a regular rock 'n' roll song. That music doesn't hurt anybody, and it makes you feel good. I used to get chills up and down my spine listenin' to some of those songs."

"But I don't know a note of music. Some people have warned me not to learn any. They say if I ever learn how to sing good, I'll be out of business."

"I got my first gittar when I was about eleven," he remembered. His family was still living in Tupelo, Mississippi, Elvis' birthplace, then. "My daddy was a common laborer," he said. "He didn't have any trade, just like I didn't have."

Elvis was about thirteen when the Presleys moved to Memphis. He sang a lot at the First Assembly of God Church. In high school he never tried to get into any student plays. When he got out of high school, he found a job driving a truck.

"I was happy," he told me. "I didn't have any money or anything. But I was datin' once in a while."

At the time other youngsters his age were having cheap recordings made of their voices, just for the fun of it, and Elvis did, too—but not for fun. When Sam Phillips, a local record-maker, didn't immediately announce that he was a genius, Elvis became discouraged.

"I didn't even pick up my gittar for a year and a half," he said. "I just drove my truck."

"Well, one day Sam Phillips called. He said, 'I have a song I'd like you to work on. Can you be here by three o'clock?' I was there by the time he hung up the phone."

Sam Phillips had actually been greatly impressed by Elvis the first time he'd heard him. He proceeded to make Elvis' first record, "That's All Right." Very soon after it had started to sell, Elvis appeared before 4,000 people in Memphis' outdoor Overton Park, as part of a big package show. He was paid \$200.

"I was real scared, because I'd never sung in front of a crowd before anywhere except church," Elvis said. "I hid when they played my record."

Elvis went on the radio. He had a habit of jiggling his leg with the rhythm. That attracted some attention.

"I was still scared," he told me. "I thought people'd laugh at me. Some did and some are still laughing. Then there are people who say what I do is wrong, but I've never done anything anyone could really call wrong. My mommy wouldn't let me."

This conversation took place between Elvis and me in his dressing room at Fox during the making of "Love Me Tender." I'd heard a great deal about him before

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(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN, Secretary-Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1956.

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I went out to The Ranch, where the shooting was going on, for my first meeting with him. I had a lot of preconceived ideas. As it turned out, I was all wrong.

Nobody is laughing at Presley in Hollywood, although plenty are scared, in a way. Because he has a naturalness which Dick Egan, for one, regards as amazing.

"He must have been born with it," Dick told me that day, "and it's the kind of naturalness it takes fifteen years to get if you're just an actor. I stand there amazed."

Another Hollywood admirer of Presley is Debra Paget. "She's crazy about him," Dick Egan said. "But he's still a kid. He's boyish. He likes to sing harmony with the group. He likes to play. Look at him right now, for instance."

I looked. Presley was practicing lassoing, coiling up a rope and tossing it at the steering wheel of a small truck about ten feet in front of him. He missed the target repeatedly but kept practicing.

"I got to learn how to be a cowboy with this thing," he explained after we'd been introduced. "My trouble is, I can't rope."

He kept on tossing the rope with an underhand pitch while I took time to study him. I was surprised by his gentle manner and good looks. I guess I'd expected to meet a young hoodlum. Instead, a kind of careless glossiness clung to him—to his ducktail haircut, which shone even on this dank morning; to his reddish-white shirt, his tightish trousers and his neat-looking black cloth shoes. He looked citified—and yet the long sideburns didn't seem out of place. I was impressed and surprised.

As soon as I could, I told him what Dick Egan had said.

Elvis hauled the lasso back, coiled it up again and made another pitch. "That's real nice of him sayin' that, but this is a complete new racket to me," he said.

"These are some of the nicest folks I ever met. Including Debra Paget. In my opinion she is the most beautiful girl in the world." Elvis' eyes went searching for her around the ranch yard and finally found her, sitting on a porch.

"She'd sure make a pretty picture in a cotton field pickin' cotton," Elvis said, and with that he dropped his lasso, dashed like a wild rabbit over to the porch where Debbie was and plopped into her lap.

She squealed and shouted a little. But it seemed to be more in delight than in protest. The rocking chair squeaked and groaned under the extra cargo, so Elvis bounced out of Debbie's lap. He loped back to his lasso and to me.

That was Elvis at play. Well, I had to admire his taste in playmates! And if that was Elvis being natural, I had to admire what comes natural to him.

Elvis has a lot of spirit and independence in his make-up. While he was generally meek and humble to the director and his fellow actors during the making of his first movie, he expressed himself clearly if he thought something was wrong. For instance, he objected to the title of the picture being changed to "Love Me Tender," even though it would seem that this was a good way to plug his big song in the film. Besides, each time the song was heard, it would be plugging the picture. That was the "front office viewpoint"—the commercial way of looking at it. When this was pointed out to him by his manager, Colonel Parker, Elvis saw the wisdom of it. He relaxed and relented.

And, to sum up, I can see the wisdom of Hollywood in putting its money on this boy. Maybe Elvis won't be another Valentino, or at least not the same kind of Great Lover as the passionate Rudolph—though I'm inclined to think he will. But he *will* go on for a long, long time. **THE END**

DON'T DARE MISS: Elvis Presley in "Love Me Tender."

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# Who Will Be Elizabeth Taylor's Next Husband?

(Continued from page 18)

Joan Blondell, or Elizabeth Taylor. Evelyn Keyes is sleek, chic, sophisticated. She is smart, both in speech and in appearance, whereas Joan Blondell, Bertha Todd and Elizabeth Taylor all represent the voluptuous, feminine type of woman.

Mike Todd, on his part, is a strange combination of Elizabeth's first husband, Nicky Hilton, and her second husband, Michael Wilding. He is a protective, older man, as Mike was. He is also worldly, self-assured, knowledgeable, also like Mike. But—and this is an important difference—he has the wealth which Nicky Hilton has and which Elizabeth has been taught, all her life, to regard as the ultimate security.

Elizabeth and Mike Todd each, therefore, would seem to be satisfying a fundamental need in the other. And yet the idea of a young woman marrying a man five years older than the husband many people thought too old for her has its elements of the incongruous. It seems equally incongruous from Todd's point of view. His home base is New York, his friends a combination of New York cafe society and the so-called intelligentsia of writers, artists and millionaire dilettantes.

Elizabeth Taylor's work, friends and interests are all as firmly established in Hollywood as Mike's are in New York.

This is why the announcement that she would sell her home made friends believe, for the first time, that she and Todd actually did plan to marry. If she marries Mike Todd, she will have to live in New York. Will she also give up picture-making? Elizabeth has said, not once but many times, when asked why she made movies if she didn't enjoy it, "For money."

But Todd is a showman. He is a man not exactly averse to publicity. He is marrying Elizabeth Taylor, one of the most beautiful women in the world and one of the most important stars in Hollywood. If he is marrying a movie star, while she is marrying in the hope of being able to abandon, even partially, the career that is part of her attraction for him, can the marriage possibly last? Or will it, for that matter, happen at all?

Some of the answers, at least, can be found in the story of their whirlwind courtship.

Like Montgomery Clift, Michael Todd was what is referred to as "a friend of the family." The fast-talking producer and the gay, fun-loving Liz had known each other for years in a breezy, casual,

businesslike way. He was a frequent visitor at the Wildings' home whenever business brought him to California. He was in their party, along with another friend of Liz's, Kevin McClory, when the Wildings attended a premiere of "Moby Dick" last July. The fact that Michael Wilding spent the evening table-hopping at the party that followed at the Mocambo, while Liz spent it dividing her attention between Mike Todd on one side of her and Kevin McClory on the other, elicited no particular comment. After all, it had been an open secret for almost a year that the Wilding marriage was having rough sledding.

But until that night everyone, perhaps even Liz, thought that her children would quiet the tempestuous restlessness that had made her short-tempered, almost waspish, with everyone she knew, including her immediate family. No one will ever know what words passed between Elizabeth Taylor and her husband on the drive home that night. But everyone knows that the next day, Liz, through her studio, M-G-M, announced that she and Michael Wilding were separating.

"There is," each avowed, "no other man and no other woman. No divorce action is planned at this time. We want time to think things over."

Shortly after that announcement, Elizabeth left for Danville, Kentucky, and the filming of "Raintree County." The fact that long-time friend Monty Clift was her leading man did not go unnoticed by the press. Columnists recalled the fact that Clift had been seriously injured when his car rammed a telephone pole as he was driving away from a party at the Wilding home. At that party was another young man with whom Elizabeth's name had been linked, Rock Hudson. The fact that Rock is now happily married to Phyllis Gates didn't mitigate the gossip.

"There," people mused, "was Michael Wilding, charming, debonair, but almost twice the age of his wife and of the two men with whom, rightly or wrongly, her name had been coupled. And those men were not only young, they were also handsome and successful. Knowing in his heart that he and Liz were close to the parting point, I wonder how he felt?"

That, too, is locked away in Mike Wilding's heart and memory. When Montgomery Clift's car smashed into that telephone pole, Liz came racing down the winding path and climbed into the car to hold his head in her lap, cradling it there,

murmuring to him as she choked back the sobs until an ambulance came.

So when she left for that "Raintree County" location so soon after her public break with Wilding, the old rumors sprang to new life. "Liz Taylor and Monty Clift—will he be her next husband?"

But, even then, Elizabeth and Mike Todd had already traveled a long way along the trail that was to lead to Reno.

In September, less than a month after Elizabeth had arrived in Danville, Mike Todd came to keep a luncheon date with her. He arrived, not by train or in an automobile, but in a chartered airplane. The two-motored silver craft glided to the ground at the Lexington airport. Elizabeth Taylor and two companions climbed aboard. Less than two hours later, Liz and Mike Todd were gazing deeply into one another's eyes across a table at an exclusive Chicago restaurant.

The people who saw only the incongruity of this second alliance with a man old enough to be her father forgot or ignored the fact that Mike Todd, by doing such madcap things as chartering a private plane for a luncheon that cost, in all, \$820.75, was appealing to the little girl in Liz. The little girl who still hasn't grown up at all, despite two husbands, two children, and twenty-four years. The same little girl who said, when she saw Nicky Hilton at the race tracks a year ago, "No wonder I was so in love with you. You were always so crazy and such fun."

The same little girl who said, when questioned about her then-forthcoming marriage to Mike Wilding, "Age doesn't mean anything, really. He's just a boy at heart."

The little girl who chased Mike Wilding about their palatial home in a giddy game of bullfight in which he was the bull and she the toreador. The little girl who was a breadwinner at an age when other children are not concerned with anything more financially momentous than their twenty-five-cent weekly allowance.

Elizabeth, apparently, has found Mike Todd irresistible. They have gifted each other with expensive watches. Invited to dinner parties in New York, Mike would call and ask, mysteriously, whether he could bring "a friend." The friend turned out to be Elizabeth Taylor.

While friends of both waited for the romance to cool off it accelerated. The stocky, nervous, rather heavy-set man with a chin thrust out like a bulldog's and the glamorous movie star became a familiar sight, a familiar gossip-column item. Todd's past was called up as further evidence of the incongruity of this alliance. Mike Todd, born Arrow Hersh Goldbogen of Minneapolis, was self-made. The fact that he had peddled papers in his youth, jerked sodas, taught bricklaying, was not important except as a tribute to his determination to succeed—until people mentioned the fact that one of Mike Wilding's attractions for Elizabeth had been his background, his family silver, his ancient family traditions.

"It's funny," they said. "Elizabeth always seemed—not impressed, perhaps, but aware; certainly—of things like background and tradition. Of course, Mike Todd is supposedly a millionaire, but even so—"

Even so, the story went rolling on toward an end that seemed more and more inevitable—marriage.

Elizabeth gave up an appearance at the Hollywood premiere of her biggest and best picture, "Giant," in order to be on Todd's arm for the New York opening of

## WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send your votes for the stars you want to see in PHOTOPLAY

In color I want to see:

ACTOR:

ACTRESS:

(1) \_\_\_\_\_  
(2) \_\_\_\_\_

(1) \_\_\_\_\_  
(2) \_\_\_\_\_

I want to read stories about:

(1) \_\_\_\_\_  
(2) \_\_\_\_\_

(3) \_\_\_\_\_  
(4) \_\_\_\_\_

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

(1) \_\_\_\_\_  
(2) \_\_\_\_\_  
(3) \_\_\_\_\_

(4) \_\_\_\_\_  
(5) \_\_\_\_\_  
(6) \_\_\_\_\_

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Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



his mighty epic, "Around the World in 80 Days."

The pair appeared at a post-premiere party for "Lust for Life" at the home of Ed Pauley, the oil king. Liz, once described as a girl who comes alive only when she's in love, appeared radiant. No matter what the circumstances, the guests had to agree they made a handsome and happy pair. Todd was attentive and affectionate to the screen beauty.

(Wilding, upon being informed of this new duo, remarked, "It isn't this romance that upsets me, it's the one before," but characteristically refused to explain this odd sentence. An M-G-M publicist murmured, "Oh, but Liz asked Wilding first if it was all right if she went out with Todd.")

While the activities of this unusual combination were steaming the columns from New York to Hollywood and back again, the burning question of the day was the usual one—But Will It Last?

Hollywoodites, when they had no weightier subjects to discuss, buzzed with arguments pro and con.

The beautiful Miss Taylor was sure it would last. After her dates with Todd began to be noticed, she joked to M-G-M friends that she and Todd were just pals. But in private she told a close friend that "I'm really in love with him. When I'm free I hope to marry him."

Many of her friends supported this idea. They felt her friendship with Todd was a step toward her maturity. Furthermore, they pointed out, the couple was not such an odd combination after all.

I talked to one close friend of the star's who likened the Todd-Taylor duo to David Selznick and Jennifer Jones.

"Liz's other husbands have been all wrong for her," the friend insisted. "Todd will guide her career."

"Nicky Hilton was much too young and mixed-up. Mike Wilding was too subtle and sophisticated and not responsible. He was a pixie who liked to drink and have fun. He wasn't exactly rich, either. But Todd is the opposite. He is wealthy and, unlike an actor, always will be. He is funny, but in an open, gay way as Elizabeth is. She is not a sophisticate, but a down-to-earth, fun-loving creature. She likes to pull on a pair of pedal pushers and a sweater and be casual. She is a natural, California-type girl."

"Todd," says another, "is dependable. Liz can lean on him. With Wilding she had to do everything—run the house, bring up the children, take care of him. At work on the set she was always worried about what was happening at home. But Todd knows how to get things done. She could feel secure with him. He is a competent, brilliant guy."

Thus, the champions of a Todd-Taylor merger insist that young men bore her. But as late as last October, opponents to the merger said stubbornly that the age factor was the single reason why Liz would never become Mrs. Mike Todd. "If she does," they added, "it won't last."

"She gets those schoolgirl crushes, violent, intense things," says one of her close friends. "And they're usually on older men. Just show her any man over 45 and she flips."

Elizabeth, these worried pals say, has a common ailment: a father complex. She was a troubled girl who never had a natural home life. To a daughter the father is the most important member of the family; her relationship with him sets the pattern for her relationships with men the rest of her life. Elizabeth scarcely knew her father until recent years. Her friends believe she is attracted to older men because of a desperate search for



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### STAR FASHIONS

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YOUNGSTOWN, O.—Strouss Hirshberg

#### Sue Brett flowered shirtwaist

BOSTON, MASS.—Jordan Marsh  
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Russeks  
ST. LOUIS, MO.—Stix, Baer & Fuller

#### Toni Edwards silk print sheath

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Harold, Inc.  
NEWARK, N. J.—Hahne & Co.

#### Toni Edwards capelet dress

NEWARK, N. J.—Hahne & Co.  
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MEMPHIS, TENN.—Lowenstein's  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Maison Blanche  
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Stern's  
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

#### Henley Junior sunset plaid dress

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NEWARK, N. J.—Hahne & Co.  
TAMPA, FLA.—Maas Brothers

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Gimbels  
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PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Color portrait of Don Murray by Powolny; Tony Perkins by Fraker; Joan Collins by Powolny; Dorothy Malone by Marshutz; Diana Dors by RKO.

that father love, never fulfilling a normal man-woman relationship.

Her closest companion when she was little was her mother. Mrs. Taylor, the former Sara Sothern, had been an actress but gave up her career to marry art dealer Francis Taylor. The mother apparently turned her drive for a theatrical career to her beautiful child.

At eight Elizabeth began to act. At ten she was an M-G-M star, playing an English girl in "Lassie Come Home." She did not grow up with other children her own age. She attended school on the M-G-M lot and worked for the salary of an adult.

"Elizabeth was always very much under her mother's thumb and her mother always idolized her," one M-G-M worker told a reporter recently.

"At home there were six to twelve pictures of Liz in every room. Posing alone, or with her mother. You'd never have known there was a Taylor father or that Liz had a brother."

Four years of Elizabeth's career formed a wedge between her parents. They separated for a time.

Liz told a friend, "It was no special loss. I had felt fatherless for years, anyway. I looked upon my agent and Benny Thau of M-G-M as my two fathers. I went to them for help and advice."

About this time Elizabeth, fourteen, had an unsettling experience that usually happens to girls at a later age. She grew up physically. The beautiful brunette with the violet eyes and heavy eyebrows never passed through an awkward age. She developed the curves of a woman. While other girls were thinking about dates and buying a brassiere, Elizabeth was being eyed—even chased—by older men.

She was wise enough to realize her physical maturity didn't match her emotional outlook.

"I had the emotions of a child but the body of a woman," she has often and proudly confessed in interviews.

Elizabeth cared little for schooling. She gave up her education after high school and plunged into a series of romantic upsets. As a teen-age femme fatale she was engaged to football hero Glenn Davis at sixteen and to wealthy William Pawley at seventeen. Between boyfriends she met Wilding, then thirty-six, and flirted with him. Even then she was fascinated by older men.

Middle-aged producer Howard Hughes, who rarely missed a promising beauty, courted Liz furiously when she was seventeen. But suddenly she fell in love with someone closer to her age, Nicky Hilton.

Elizabeth denied recently to magazine writer Eleanor Harris that she married Hilton to dodge her over-protective mother. At any rate, the marriage, begun with a spectacular ceremony arranged by her studio, ended in divorce.

Elizabeth suffered through her divorce hearing in tears. I remember when she sat in the judge's chambers after the session, her little girl face frightened and swollen from crying. During the Hilton marriage she suffered a nervous breakdown. But she always has refused to visit a psychiatrist to get help.

Married at eighteen, she was divorced at eighteen. She refused to return to her parents. Most girls her age were living in college dormitories when Elizabeth took an apartment with a girlfriend.

She apparently is a girl of impulsive relationships, who can love one man intensely one day but adore another the next. She was declaring her devotion to director Stanley Donen when she left Hollywood for London to work in a movie. In London she was entranced to

again meet Michael Wilding. Forgetting Donen, she proposed to Wilding. He wanted to wait, thinking this young, emotional girl would change her mind. But she insisted on a wedding.

Their marriage was outwardly calm. Liz had two children and even felt like giving up her career and staying a housewife. But her emotional problems continued. She suffered constant illnesses, many possibly psychosomatic. She complained of back trouble, and a sore knee.

Wilding once said she acts like a little girl in many ways. She never notices the time and is constantly late for appointments. She never learned to cook and runs her house with great informality, even carelessness. She is wildly enthusiastic about presents and squeals with joy when someone brings her a gift.

On hindsight, Liz's friends think she and Wilding split up last July for a number of reasons. Apparently the dissatisfaction was on both sides. Their pals say Wilding was restless to be back with his older, sophisticated crowd in London, where he would not be Mr. Elizabeth Taylor and where his career would be more successful. And Liz, they say, was just as anxious to try to find her emotional freedom and maturity on her own.

"I've developed a complex about Elizabeth," Wilding said shortly before their split-up. "I thought I'd influence this trembling little creature and guide her along life's stony path. Not at all. Lately I'm simply told to shut up."

Perhaps her break with Wilding and her romance with Todd is a sign she is seeking a more adult, satisfactory relationship. But most of the evidence points to the fact the troubled star still is a child struggling to grow up and find peace of mind, torn still between the demands of the woman and the child. This, essentially, has always been her problem—and her dilemma. Whether or not marriage to Mike Todd will solve it, no one can say. Nor, for that matter, can anyone say with any certainty that Todd will be Elizabeth's third husband.

There are several reasons for doubt in this romantic sweepstakes. For one thing, Liz had not even filed for divorce at the time she fell for Todd—her freedom was a thing of the future. Some of her observers believed that by the time she was a divorced woman, she and Todd would have moved on to other attachments.

There even are some cynical observers of the Hollywood scene who suggest Todd's whirlwind courtship of Elizabeth was partly motivated by the opening of his picture, "Around the World in 80 Days." Being successful in business, Todd was excited enough to try a giddy romance, they say. But Mike Todd issued the flat statement, "I'm in love with Liz—in love for the first time in my life."

As for Elizabeth, her one published statement regarding her feelings for Mike Todd was, "I love him madly—passionately—why not?" At the time, practically everyone thought she was kidding.

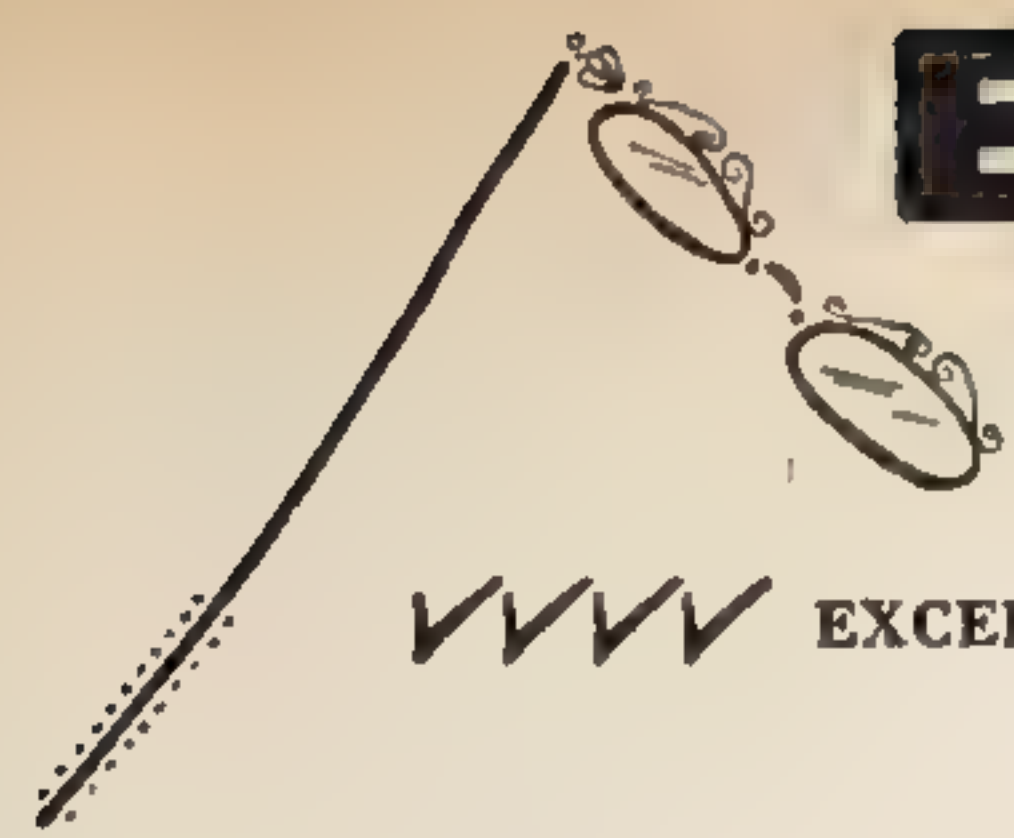
But it is safe to say that Elizabeth Taylor is not yet sufficiently adult to be able to make a choice between the need for a father and the equally strong need for a husband-companion. When she marries again, she will once more find, in her third husband, as she found in her second husband, someone who will seem able to fill both needs. If he can and does, Elizabeth Taylor will be a very happy woman. If he cannot or does not, we and Reno have not seen the last of Elizabeth.

Knowing better now what she wants, the chances are pretty good that she might get it.

THE END

YOU'LL SEE: Elizabeth Taylor in "Giant."





# BRIEF REVIEWS

★★★★ EXCELLENT    ★★★ VERY GOOD

★★ GOOD    ★ FAIR

A—ADULTS    F—FAMILY

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 6.

★★★★ AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER, THE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Delicious romantic comedy, shot in Paris. GI John Forsythe falls in love with Olivia de Havilland. She's daughter of the U. S. ambassador; he thinks she's a French model. (F)    October

★★★ ATTACK!—U.A.: Slashing, often horrifying drama of war in Europe. Strong all-male cast is led by Jack Palance, as a fighting man, and Eddie Albert, as an officer whose cowardice endangers the GIs. (A)    November

★★ BAD SEED, THE—Warners: Deliberate shocker casts Patty McCormack as a child who has inherited homicidal tendencies. Nancy Kelly as the murderer's distraught mother. (A)    December

★★★★ BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Musical success saga of the 1920's. Gordon MacRae, Ernest Borgnine, Dan Dailey are a composing team; Sheree North is Gordon's girl. (F)    November

★★★ BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Bob Wagner draws a juicy role as a spoiled Southerner who's an Army misfit in the Pacific. Terry Moore's seen briefly as his wife; Buddy Ebsen's an Army pal who changes Bob's outlook. (F)    November

★★★★ BUS STOP—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: In a touching comedy of love, Marilyn Monroe does her finest work as a honky-tonk gal boisterously pursued by innocent cowboy Don Murray, a welcome new face. (A)    November

★★ CHA-CHA-CHA-BOOM!—Columbia: Care-free musical, loaded with Latin rhythms, sends promoter Steve Dunne to Cuba to discover Perez Prado and his men. (F)    December

★★ DEATH OF A SCOUNDREL—RKO: George Sanders neatly plays the suave rogue, tycoon just asking to be murdered. Among his women: Yvonne De Carlo, Zsa Zsa Gabor. (A)    December

★★★★ FRIENDLY PERSUASION—A.A., De Luxe Color: Warmth, gentle humor illuminate the story of a Quaker farm family in Civil War days. Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire are parents of teenagers Tony Perkins and Phyllis Love and little Dick Eyer. (F)    December

★★★ JULIE—M-G-M: Taut, hard-driving suspense movie. Fleeing death threats from her insanely jealous husband (Louis Jourdan), Doris Day returns to airline-hostess work. Barry Sullivan's her loyal friend. (F)    December

★★★★ LAST WAGON, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: In a cracking good frontier drama, killer Richard Widmark shepherds a group of orphaned teenagers (including Felicia Farr, Nick Adams, Stephanie Griffin) through an Apache-haunted wilderness. (F)    October

★★★★ LUST FOR LIFE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Beautiful film about the painter Van Gogh's turbulent life. Kirk Douglas gives an impassioned performance in the lead; Tony Quinn's excellent as Gauguin. (A)    October

★★★★ MOUNTAIN, THE—Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Splendidly forthright duel of character between brothers Spencer Tracy and Bob Wagner, as they climb to reach a wrecked plane in the French Alps. (F)    November

★★ OPPOSITE SEX, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Glittering, witty tune-film. Wife June Allyson loses Leslie Nielsen to sly Joan

Collins. Ann Sheridan is June's pal; Jeff Richards, a lady-killer. (F)    December

★★★ PORT AFRIQUE—Columbia, Technicolor: Colorful whodunit, shot in French Morocco. Aided by refugee Pier Angeli, Phil Carey investigates his wife's murder. (A)    November

★★★ POWER AND THE PRIZE, THE—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Thoughtful drama of big business. Bob Taylor's a hard-headed American executive, who learns humanity from DP Elisabeth Mueller, striking newcomer. (A)    December

★★★★ RACK, THE—M-G-M: Deeply understanding close-up of an officer on trial for collaboration in a Korean prison camp. Fine acting by Paul Newman, as the defendant, Walter Pidgeon, his father, Anne Francis, his sister-in-law, Edmond O'Brien, defense attorney. (A)    June

★★ SECRETS OF LIFE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Interesting but patchy documentary of birth and the fight for survival among plants, insects, water creatures. (F)    December

★★★ SHARKFIGHTERS, THE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Brisk action picture shows Victor Mature leading risky World War II experiments off Cuba, to find a shark-repellent. With Karen Steele, James Olson. (F)    December

★★★★ SILENT WORLD, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Beautiful, exciting, true adventures of aqua-lung inventor Cousteau and his men, exploring ocean depths. (F)    December

★★★★ SOLID GOLD CADILLAC, THE—Columbia: Laugh-loaded spoof of big business. Small stockholder Judy Holliday snoops into the directors' dealings, (they're crooked), pursues Paul Douglas, the firm's ex-boss. (F)    October

★★★★ TEA AND SYMPATHY—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Sensitively and subtly done, this drama casts John Kerr as a college boy accused of being a sissy. For understanding, he turns to the older Deborah Kerr, wife of instructor Leif Erickson. (A)    November

★★ TEENAGE REBEL—20th, CinemaScope: Fresh, heart-catching study of a parent-teenager relationship. Wed to Michael Rennie, Ginger Rogers tries to win over Betty Lou Keim, resentful child of her first marriage. (F)    November

★★ TENSION AT TABLE ROCK—RKO, Technicolor: In a lively Western, Dick Egan's accused of murder, helps sheriff Cameron Mitchell fight rowdies. (F)    December

★★ TOWARD THE UNKNOWN—Warners, WarnerColor: Bill Holden and Lloyd Nolan are first-rate as airmen testing new jets, facing personal problems, vying for Virginia Leith. But the planes steal the show. (F)    December

★★ UNGUARDED MOMENT, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Serious, though a bit sensationalized. When schoolteacher Esther Williams accuses student John Saxon of attempted attack, only detective George Nader helps her. (A)    December

★★★★ WEE GEORDIE—GO, Technicolor: Delightful British comedy, with lovely Scottish backgrounds. Shy athlete Bill Travers winds up competing in the '56 Olympics. (F)    December

★★★★ YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM IT—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Sparkling musical teams runaway rich girl June Allyson with debonair reporter Jack Lemmon. Nice combo of laughs, sentiment, song. (F)    December

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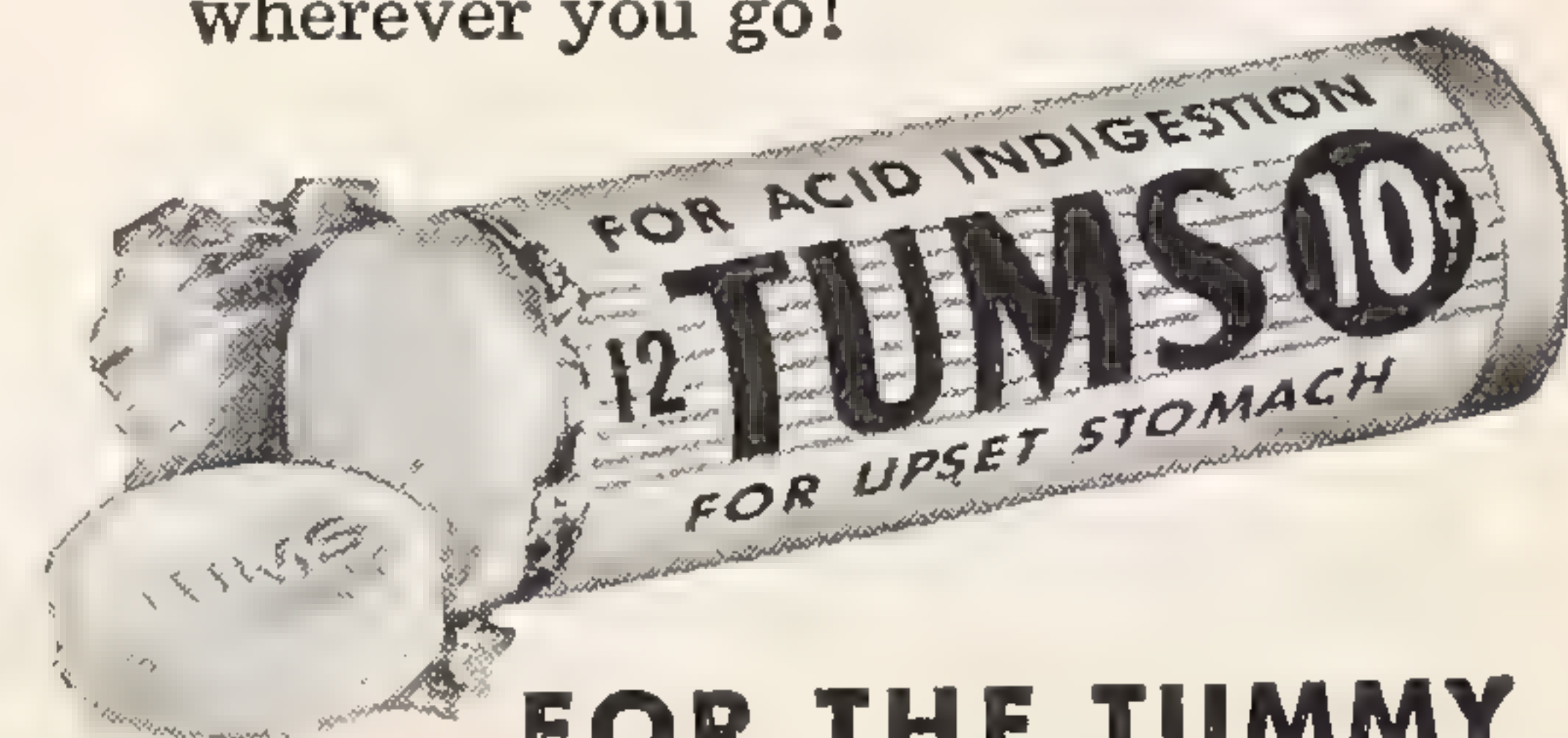
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## Little Boy—Tony Perkins

(Continued from page 23)

It's part of his charm, this mercurial, quixotic, puzzled and puzzling approach of Tony's to all questions, great and small. And through it all, he's squirming like the small boy he seems to be beneath the serious, dedicated actor that he is. He twists from side to side during an interview. His fingers travel lightly over the table in front of him, toying with a fork, drumming soundlessly against the cloth, pushing a plate away and then drawing it back again. He ducks his head and peers up at you shyly when he's asked a question that, for any reason, makes him feel slightly ill at ease or embarrassed.

Later, you do a double-take and realize that he wasn't ill at ease or embarrassed at all, that Tony Perkins has enough poise and humor and intelligence to feel at ease anywhere, with anyone. You realize that it's a game he plays, and once you're on to the game his face breaks up into a sheepish and very boyish grin. Now he'll tell the truth and play it straight. He promises. And you believe him. But you shouldn't.

These are the things that make Tony Perkins a fascinating person to be with. You never know where you're at, but you don't really care. The important thing, if you're female, is that you're with Perkins. As elusive as a beam of sunlight though he is, that ingenuous, boyish charm makes him seem not elusive at all. As complicated as the inner workings of an IBM calculating machine though he is, his simple, shy, straightforward way of answering questions makes you sure you know all about him.

It is extremely doubtful that even Tony Perkins knows all about Tony Perkins. The first time I met Tony, he had no trace of a Southern accent. Why should he have? He was born, raised and educated in and around New York and Boston.

The second time I met him, after he had just completed "Fear Strikes Out," his Southern accent was so pronounced I had to comment on it. I said, "I didn't know you had a Southern accent, Tony." Tony's boyish smile broke across his thin, serious, brown-eyed face. "Ah don't," he said.

You see what I mean? So you put down in your book that he doesn't have a Southern accent and for the next two hours you find yourself fascinated by the Southern accent he doesn't have. Yet you feel, uncomfortably, that to question him further about it is going to make you sound stupid. You should *know* why he said he didn't have when he does have; there is a joke, a special meaning, tucked away in that brief dialogue. You want him to think you got the point of his joke. Later, you think that maybe it wasn't a joke, after all. You resolve that the next time you see him things will be different.

They won't be.

So you begin to find out about the things you can understand—the solid, real things about Tony Perkins which can be discussed without watching them dissolve like bits of gossamer.

With the appearance of his first important picture, "Friendly Persuasion," Tony made the cover of *Life* magazine. This is a rare honor for any star and almost unheard-of in the case of a brand-new male star who had not, after all, been cast in a Technicolor, wide-screen, super-colossal epic. "Persuasion" is a modest film, made by Allied Artists and starring Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire. But, except for a smallish role in "The Actress" a couple of years back, it served to bring Tony Perkins to the screen—and to overnight stardom. He was instantly likened to the late James

Dean, although he is as unlike Jimmy as it is possible for anyone to be. The "likeness" was based mainly on the fact that Tony, like Jimmy, brings out the mother in every woman, young and old. They yearn to brush back his tumbled hair, to straighten his tie. He has a quality of loneliness, too, such as Jimmy had, but Tony's isn't the loneliness of frustration and rejection. It is the loneliness of a man who is searching within himself for all the answers.

That explains those rapidly shifting moods. Whereas Jimmy Dean's moods settled on him like a black cloud, and stayed there, Tony's are brief, sometimes unconscious moments of absenting himself from the present scene, the present company. Jimmy was often deliberately rude. Tony is often rude, but doesn't know he's being rude, and is instantly contrite when made aware of it.

Or so he says, and you believe him; absolutely. How could you not believe him when he looks up at you with those serious, dark eyes, when he speaks to you in that shy, halting, little-boy's voice that says, "I don't know where such stories get started—or," he adds after a minute's reflection, "yes, I do, too. I know where one of them got started, because I made it my business to track it down. And," with a rueful shake of the dark head and an expressive gesture made with thin, long-fingered, strong but graceful hands, "I'm surprised, I really am. I mean, how someone I'd thought of as a friend. . . ." His voice trails off, the dark eyes are lowered, and his entire posture becomes one of dejection. He has been hurt, deeply hurt, by this betrayal. He has said so. His voice, his eyes, his bodily motions and expressions have all said so. And you feel as outraged as he. It doesn't occur to you until later to wonder whether there wasn't a glimmer of humor in those serious eyes, a hint of a smile hovering about the wide, sensitive mouth.

Was he just acting again, watching his audience's reaction to his different portrayals of Tony Perkins? Because this boy is a superb actor, make no mistake about that. He can be anything to anyone, at a moment's notice. This is not insincerity. Rather it is the test of a truly great actor, this ability to drop one coat and put on another before the audience is even aware that a change has been called for.

That's why Tony only smiles when you ask him what he thinks of being called "a young Gary Cooper." This is sheer nonsense, since Tony's acting range is enormous, whereas Cooper, fine actor though he is, has always been limited in the characters he could portray.

"I think Gary Cooper is a great actor," Tony will tell you. "A *very* great actor. I studied him every minute of the time we were working together on 'Friendly Persuasion.' Not just because I wanted to mimic him and to increase the feeling that I was really his son, but because he's good. He's a much better actor than most people have any idea of. So if people want to say I'm like him, why, that's fine."

He knows, of course, that when audiences see him in "The Lonely Man," which co-stars Jack Palance, and "Fear Strikes Out," which is Tony's picture and his alone, all references to "a young Gary Cooper" will be forgotten.

In addition to the amazing job of mimicking Gary Tony does in "Friendly Persuasion," the "young Gary Cooper" tag was hung on him because Tony is tall like Gary (six feet, one and a half inches), and thin. When I last met him he was in New York, trying to get back some of the

weight he'd lost; when Tony loses weight, he goes down to skin and bones. And even before he worked with Cooper, Tony had the same slow, almost hesitant way of talking. But, whereas Cooper's slow speech comes from not being sure what he wants to say, Tony's is a result of ten things tumbling into his head at once, so that he speaks in starts and stops and jerky phrases because he's excited and sincere about something.

A physical characteristic which added to the "new Jimmy Dean" legend is the fact that Tony, like Jimmy, wears horn-rimmed glasses when he's away from the camera and the public. He also wears blue jeans and a white T-shirt, and stirred a mild ripple of talk when it was reported that he likes to walk barefoot down Sunset Boulevard.

"People," he was told, "are saying that you did it for a publicity stunt."

"They are?" said Tony curiously. "Why, that's funny. Why on earth would anyone want to walk barefoot for a publicity stunt?"

"Then why do you pad along Sunset Boulevard in your bare feet?"

"Because I like to walk barefoot, that's all. Why, I walk barefoot around my apartment all the time, but that's so little—just about this big—" and here he paused to draw a room of tiny dimensions with the tines of a fork on the white table cloth of Sardi's restaurant, "that I feel like walking a little farther. So when I have to go a few blocks to do my marketing and pick up laundry or something, I walk barefoot. Now what's wrong with that?"

Put that way, it seemed, indeed, like a simple, understandable and altogether unpremeditated act. Again, you find yourself feeling indignant toward the people who accuse Tony of rudeness, of seeking publicity, of being off-beat. He went on to explain in a small, hurt voice that he could not see why he had inspired so much criticism. After all, he pointed out, he has no vices. He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke or go to many parties. He is easygoing, affable. He operates strictly on the principle of live and let live. What's wrong with any of that?

Well, then, what about those stories that he was beginning to get pretty touchy about his publicity and that, for instance, he was cool, to say the least, on the subject of having anyone do a "home layout" of his apartment?

"Look," he said, and again he went to work with the tines of Mr. Sardi's fork. "My apartment is this big. It's been photographed from this angle—" indicating one corner, "from this angle—" digging in to indicate a farther corner, "and from here. Now," wearily dropping his fork and leaning back in his chair, "if you'd like to send someone in to photograph it hanging from the ceiling, to get a new angle, you're sure welcome to do it."

Since Tony was about to move into a somewhat larger apartment, that drastic expedient wasn't necessary. The move to the bigger apartment was a decision that he made when he realized that he was going to be in Hollywood for a long time to come. He has a Western coming up, "Lone Star," which he is to do with Henry Fonda. He will make "Desire Under the Elms." He will go to Italy to make a picture that, so far, is to co-star Silvano Mangano. He has more picture offers than he can even consider, and he is honestly and unashamedly very happy about it.

"After all," he said, referring to those actors who make a point of sneering at everything relating to Hollywood—until



they get a chance to go there—"making movies is a lot better than selling ties in the basement of a department store over the Christmas holidays while you're waiting for the 'right' part in a play."

Not that there's anything wrong with working in the basement of a department store, or that Tony wouldn't do that or anything else he had to do as part of the wonderful, heartbreaking, lonely, stimulating life of being an actor. But he does get a little fed up with the, "Oh, you're in Hollywood making movies now, aren't you?" bit.

"You're supposed to dig your toe into the ground, hang your head and admit to it as though you'd been caught stealing or something. But I just say, 'That's right,' and when they ask whether I wouldn't like to do a Broadway play, I tell them I certainly would and I hope I will. I'm darned if I see why anybody should apologize for success. We all work hard for it, and why not be glad about it when you get it?"

Tony is carefully making plans, however, that will keep him from settling down permanently in Hollywood. He has bought land on Cape Cod, where his mother, widow of the late actor, Osgood Perkins, spends every summer. Since Tony has a limited amount of money to spend on real estate (the salaries of young actors aren't nearly so phenomenal as people seem to think), having spent what he had on Eastern real estate automatically prevents him from buying Western real estate. Like most creative people, he finds the atmosphere in New York much more stimulating than that in Los Angeles. The theatre, the pace, the constantly shifting scenes on any busy New York street, even the change of seasons, in contrast to Hollywood's endless sunshine, are all evocative of moods—which actors feed on.

Some of Tony's pet dislikes in Hollywood are the ritualistic barbecues, where a whole day is wasted cooking enormous amounts of food that no one really wants and where the talk is nearly always limited to food and cooking. Tony is a man who hates to cook and who is usually too busy or preoccupied to remember to eat. He is on guard, too, against that day which comes to so many actors. Once determined to keep one foot in New York, many ex-Broadwayites suddenly find themselves looking about and murmuring, "After all, what's wrong with just settling down out here in Hollywood? After all, where else could you get all this?"—gesturing to the swimming pool, to the flowers that bloom all year long, to the cloudless blue sky and the lush greenery. "We have everything out here," they tell themselves comfortingly, "and the most wonderful part of all is that we get paid so much money for enjoying it."

There's very little chance that Tony Perkins will fall prey to that kind of thinking. He demands too much of himself, for one thing, and besides, everything in his background is opposed to it. Tony was born in New York City twenty-four years ago. His father, Osgood Perkins, was a matinee idol of the Twenties. Tony's mother was a Wellesley College graduate and a socialite. After the death of his father, Tony's mother moved to Brookline, Massachusetts. He attended Browne and Nichols, a fashionable preparatory school for boys, and was slated to enter Harvard College. These plans were interrupted when it was discovered that Tony could not qualify for the entrance examinations. Meanwhile he had already indicated a strong preference for the theatre over work of any other sort, or over study, for that matter. He went back to New York, where he enrolled in Columbia University as a

history major. During the summers he worked in summer stock. One of his plays was "The Actress."

Tony was a junior at Columbia when M-G-M bought the play. Tony applied for the role he had played on the stage and, to his surprise, got it. You may recall that the movie starred Jean Simmons and Spencer Tracy. Tony hopes you do not recall very much more about it. He would prefer that it had never happened.

When Elia Kazan was casting for "East of Eden," Tony went after that role with all his heart, but that other young actor named Jimmy Dean was chosen for the part. Tony ended up back on Broadway, playing the part of the young boy in "Tea and Sympathy" which his good friend, John Kerr, had played before him and subsequently played in the filmed version.

"I haven't been out of work more than a week in years," Tony recalls of his acting career. "When I wasn't on the stage I was getting some good TV roles. Then, with 'Friendly Persuasion,' my movie career really got rolling. I guess you might say I've been uncommonly lucky."

This was not said with false modesty, because Tony pretends no modesty about his career. He's shy, but he also knows that he's a good actor even while he drives himself relentlessly to be a much better one. His personal life is singularly free of romantic involvements and possessions. His dates are confined to the young actresses with whom he has made films, namely Elaine Aiken and Norma Moore. He seldom appears at a Hollywood party. When he does, he stays just long enough to make his manners to his host and hostess, then he's gone. His room in the Chateau Marmont, where he lived until he had completed his third important movie, was bare of all but the absolute necessities of furnishings—a bed, a radio that played constantly, an easy chair, a table. And while he is not a sloppy dresser, he finds that he can get by nicely with one suit, one sport jacket, one pair of slacks, one pair of shoes, a couple of pairs of blue jeans and a few shirts.

The day I lunched with him at Sardi's he was wearing a brown sport jacket and gray slacks. Few heads turned to stare at him, since "Persuasion," his first starring movie, still hadn't been released. But when we got outside half a dozen teenagers came swarming up to ask for his autograph. Tony cheerfully obliged.

"The next time you come to New York," I predicted, "you'll be famous. You won't be able to walk half a dozen steps without autograph hounds on your trail. How will you feel about that?"

He shoved his hands deeply into his trousers pockets, ducked his head and looked up at me in that quizzical, humorous way that, before the year is out, he will have made as famous as Dean made his slouching walk and Brando made his mumbled speech. "Why," said Tony Perkins, gently, "I don't know, but the chances are I'll like it just fine." We shook hands and I stood there a minute, watching him go. A young man who looks even taller than he is because he's so thin, who seems to unwind when he stands up, as though he came in sections, and who combines a rare gentleness with an equally rare inner strength. Brown-haired and brown-eyed, with a boyishness that's clung to him all his life and had everyone, including his schoolteachers, wanting to mother him, Tony Perkins is going to be this year's romantic blockbuster.

Watch him closely. You haven't seen his like on the screen in a long time. But you'll be seeing him, we promise, for a long time to come.

THE END

DON'T FAIL TO SEE: Tony Perkins in "Friendly Persuasion" and "The Lonely Man."

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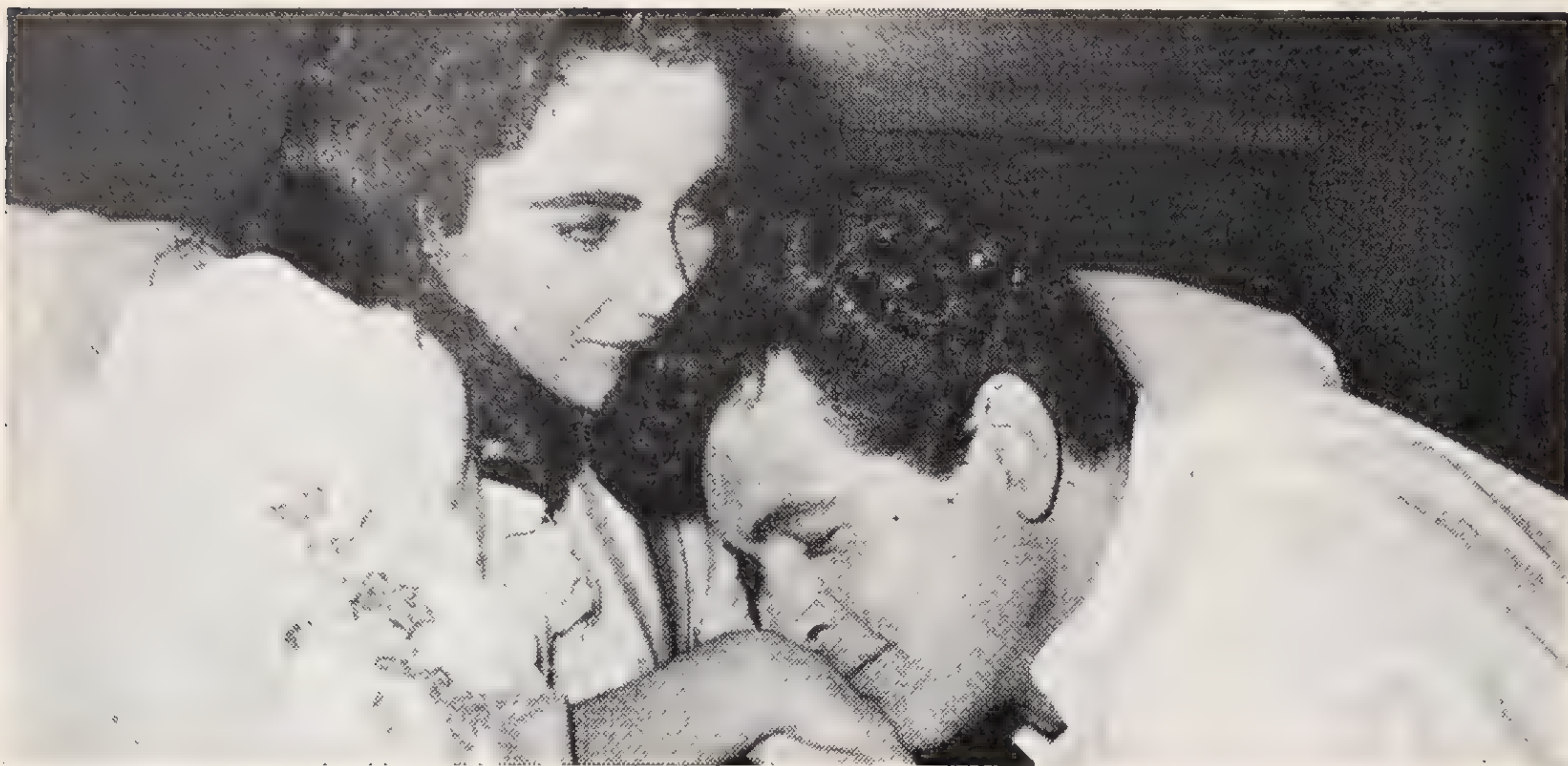
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Differences in outlook part Rock and Liz, but love keeps them together

**Giant**

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Broad in scope, serious in purpose, the movie based on Edna Ferber's novel provides satisfying entertainment. Guided by producer-director George Stevens, Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor do their finest work, while the late James Dean has a fascinating role. Liz arrives in Texas as Rock's bride and is taken aback by her new home's crudeness, the submissiveness expected of women, the prejudice against Mexicans. Parallel to the story of her marriage goes Dean's rise from cowhand to oil millionaire. The grown children of Rock and Liz bring up problems, as Carroll Baker is infatuated with Dean, Dennis Hopper marries a Mexican. **FAMILY**



Machiko, Marlon, Glenn and Eddie harmonize "Deep in the Heart of Texas"

BEST ACTING: HELEN HAYES, INGRID BERGMAN

**The Teahouse of the August Moon**

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Quaint charm animates this comedy of American occupation forces and Okinawan natives. Likable in his officer role, Glenn Ford takes command in a small town. He's greeted by interpreter Marlon Brando (in convincing Oriental make-up). As Glenn prepares to use American know-how, the villagers hand him a variety of presents—including a geisha, exquisite Machiko Kyo. He can't diplomatically refuse the gift, and his efficient plans go awry. He starts building a tea-house for the geisha, with help from the Army. Then headquarters sends psychiatrist Eddie Albert to find out what's happened to Glenn. **FAMILY**



Finally agreeing to meet Ingrid, Helen Hayes becomes a harsh inquisitor

**Anastasia**

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ When Helen Hayes joins Ingrid Bergman, the screen goes electric with acting power. Though the picture belongs to its feminine stars, Yul Brynner makes an attractive rogue. A member of Paris' Russian colony, exiled from the Sovietized homeland, Yul helps circulate the rumor that Grand Duchess Anastasia survived the slaughter of the royal family. If he can find a plausible Anastasia, perhaps he can get his hands on the fortune left to her. Ingrid, a haggard derelict with a clouded mind, is groomed for the role and comes to believe in it. But the verdict must be given by Miss Hayes, as the sad, tough-minded old Dowager Empress. **FAMILY**



**The Girl He Left Behind**

WARNERS

✓✓✓ Tab Hunter gets into uniform again, with a role to match his "Battle Cry" hit. And Natalie Wood, his co-star in "The Burning Hills," now appears more her sprightly modern self, as a sensible girl who won't marry Tab until he's really grown up. Self-assured, thoroughly spoiled by mama Jessie Royce Landis, he flunks out of college into the arms of his draft board. The reluctant GI proves no asset to the peacetime Army. Recognizing that the boy is no coward, his superiors try doggedly to make a soldier out of him. Murray Hamilton draws the best laughs, as a sarcastic sergeant. **FAMILY**

A fun date? Yes. Husband material? No. That's Nat's verdict on Tab



## If All the Guys in the World...

BUENA VISTA

✓✓✓ If all the guys in the world behaved like the guys and dolls of this enthralling movie, the world would be a wonderful place to live in. The spoken words are in French, German, Norwegian (with English titles) and American, but the story has deep humanity appealing to everyone. Off the coast of Norway, a small French fishing boat is in trouble, its crew falling desperately ill, one by one. When the regular radio conks out, the captain uses his "ham" set to appeal to any other amateur operators who may hear him. His distress signal is picked up in French Equatorial Africa, where a doctor diagnoses the sickness and prescribes a serum that must be delivered by the next morning—or the men will die. Through other "hams," an eager teenager in Paris and a blinded war veteran in Berlin, the rescue mission goes on, with a Polish airlines hostess and American and Norse airmen also getting into the act.

FAMILY

## Westward Ho the Wagons!

BUENA VISTA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The material is familiar, but good details and the imposing presence of Fess Parker give conviction to this pioneering yarn. Fess serves as both doctor and scout for the Oregon-bound group, with stalwart Jeff York as his fellow guide. Dealings with hostile Indians take an unusual twist when a chief wants to adopt the blonde kid sister of Kathleen Crowley, who is Fess's beloved. Her teen-aged brother and a little Sioux boy are also involved in the tense climax, giving the story extra interest for small fry.

FAMILY

## Everything but the Truth

U-I, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Cute kid, able actor, little Tim Hovey gets himself into a pretty fix in an amusing but meaningful comedy of politics. Running for temporary boy mayor of his town, orphan Tim hits civic corruption by repeating an indiscreet remark of his guardian, who's given a \$10,000 kickback to the town's real mayor on a real-estate deal. All concerned beg Tim to say he lied, but schoolteacher Maureen O'Hara has taught the boy too well. He insists on sticking to the truth, though he's suspended from school. Enlisting columnist John Forsythe's aid, Maureen turns Tim's cause into a national crusade.

FAMILY

## The Silken Affair

RKO

✓✓✓ David Niven makes every meek commuter's dream come true in this gentle worm-that-turns story. Accountant Niven and his equally stuffy wife (Dorothy Alison) have been boring each other quietly for years. But after he shares a rainy-day cab with a saucy French model (Genevieve Page), his outlook suddenly changes. Assigned to check the books of two hosiery companies, he decides to juggle their accounts slyly. The failing firm of lovable old Ronald Squire is made to look like a great success; the booming modern outfit of smug Howard Crawford apparently verges on bankruptcy. Obviously, Niven's little adventure is headed for disaster. But it's fun while it lasts.

ADULT

## Man in the Vault

RKO

✓✓ As hero of an action yarn, William Campbell has the usual chores: bashing and getting bashed; playing around with a couple of good-looking dames. A skilled young locksmith, Bill has an offer of a shady job from petty racketeer Berry Kroeger, who wants to get at the cash-loaded safety-deposit box of his boss. At first, Bill virtuously refuses the assignment, but he has to give in when sweetheart Karen Sharpe is threatened. Anita Ekberg slinks in and out of the proceedings, as girl friend of a big shot, and Mike Mazurki's a strong-arm man.

ADULT

## Reprisal!

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Good intentions are the best angle of this Guy Madison vehicle, a Western with solemn solicitude for the Indians' cause. Arriving in a frontier town to file the deed for nearby ranch land he has just bought, Guy finds himself in the middle of a dangerous situation. His neighbors, three murderous brothers, have just been cleared by a prejudiced jury, though everyone knows they lynched two young Indians. Guy refuses to take sides in the following controversy, and soon his reason is revealed: His mother was an Indian, deserted by her white lover. He conceals his ancestry, because it would prevent him from owning land. In his final choice, he's influenced by two girls: Felicia Farr, whose allegiances waver; Kathryn Grant, a courageous Indian maiden.

FAMILY

## Public Pigeon No. 1

RKO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Red Skelton needs all of his demonstrated showmanship and gift for clowning to cope with a creaking plot. A bright-eyed innocent, he blows his savings (mostly deposited by fiancée Janet Blair) on phony stock peddled by Allyn Joslyn, Benny Baker and Vivian Blaine. When Red realizes he's been gypped, he goes after the crooks, but they persuade him that they're working undercover for the FBI—and draft him as a "G-man." They even maneuver him into jail, and this development gives rise to a genuinely funny sequence of good old-fashioned slapstick, as Red does a jailbreak with the wholehearted connivance of the law.

FAMILY

## Curucu, Beast of the Amazon

U-I, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ Take it as a travelogue, and it's a feast for the eyes. Filmed in Brazil, it ranges from Sugar Loaf Mountain and the modern magnificence of Rio de Janeiro to the jungles along the Amazon and remote, seldom-seen waterfalls. As a melodrama, it's something else again. Plantation foreman John Bromfield loses his workers when they flee in superstitious terror from a mysterious killer, a clawed and feathered creature that might have come out of an Aztec legend. Determined to track the Thing to its upriver lair, John sets off with an Indian guide (Tom Payne) and an unwillingly accepted lady partner. This is Beverly Garland, American doctor who is attacked by every menace of the jungle, from headhunters to a boa constrictor.

FAMILY



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## The Rebel and the Lady

(Continued from page 43)

Carroll has other facets that link her to the volatile, tension-ridden "rebels" who have invaded Hollywood. In one of the first interviews she ever gave she admitted that, like some of the others of the group, she was no stranger to psychiatry. However, she also said that she does not think of herself as a rebel.

"If we are a bunch of rebels," Carroll told me during our lunch, "what we rebel against is not so much the established pattern of living or acting, but, rather, the temptation to let ourselves be made into something we aren't."

Then what are they, these so-called "rebels"? Certainly not glorified juvenile delinquents, although Carroll, you would say, might have been: child of a broken marriage, brought up in a small factory town in Pennsylvania by a mother who had to scrimp and toil to keep her family together. And Carroll began dancing professionally in Florida night clubs in her early teens. But none of that explains the special quality of her personality—and of her acting—which makes her one with the "rebels."

On the contrary, out of that rugged childhood has come a typical quiet, pretty girl with good manners, a happy young wife and mother, one who lets her talent make its own rules, rather than being driven by a rabid thirst for publicity, glamour or money. She has the beauty for such a pursuit, as could be seen even with the tweed skirt and the wind-ruffled hair. Her dark blue eyes, beautifully set, are surrounded by skin of the clearest alabaster. "I've never had much trouble with it, thank goodness," she said. Her light tan hair was dyed more blonde for "Baby Doll." She's short, a mere five-foot five, weighing 113 pounds, but even that would not keep her from throwing her weight around as a glamour puss, if that was the way she was inclined.

But she is not so inclined. She's too much a lady to make such use of her looks, too much of a rebel to dissipate her heaven-sent talent in any unworthy way. Lady and rebel, she is just a lucky girl who was gifted with inborn talent, an honest girl who followed the dictates of that talent on a swift ride to fulfillment.

The swiftness of Carroll Baker's rise, the briefness of her apprenticeship for the demanding *Baby Doll* role, is also a part of the "rebel" legend. After the Florida night clubs she went to New York in 1952, did a certain amount of television work, took lessons with Strasberg and made her Broadway debut in "Escapade." Then she won the role of *Ruth* in Robert Anderson's "All Summer Long," and was hailed by the critics as "outstanding"—an accolade not to be underestimated. Then "Giant."

In private life, Miss Baker is the wife of twenty-six-year-old stage and screen director Jack Garfein. They were married on April 3, 1955. When we had our luncheon conversation in New York, she was carrying their first child.

Dedication to her work is another part of the legend. Two weeks before the rest of the "Baby Doll" cast, Carroll arrived on location in Benoit, Mississippi. She was there for the single purpose of getting to know the place, drinking in its character and color, talking to the townsfolk and acquiring an accent like that of her temporary neighbors. It is an approach to a role which Elia Kazan invariably recommends; but it was Carroll's talent for observation and mimicry that caused the rest of the crew to find, on their arrival, the authentic *Baby Doll* waiting.

"I'm a compulsive mimic," she says. "I act and look and even feel different every day, according to a play or movie I've seen, or some person who impressed me. Meet someone with a strange speech pattern—and I immediately take it up. Copycat a character for a stage or screen role—and I'm stuck with her mannerisms for weeks. After 'Baby Doll,' for instance, I had my thumb in my mouth so much, biting my nails, fingering my lips—things I'd never done before—that my husband Jack said, 'Look, when are you going to come out of the woodshed?'"

And is being "different" a part of the legend? The word has often been used to set "the blue-jean crowd" apart from often equally talented, equally dedicated, equally personable contemporaries. If they are indeed different, what in their lives, or within themselves, makes them so?

"I can't speak for the others," Carroll Baker said when I put the question to her. "But, speaking for myself, if I am different from hundreds and hundreds of kids who come from small towns and modest homes, have a dream, and work hard to make it come true, with, along the way, the usual quota of adventures and misadventures, I can't think how."

She was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, the daughter of a traveling salesman named William Baker who later became a farmer. This took the family to a tiny community outside the steel town of Greensburg, where Carroll and her sister went to high school. The sister, Virginia, is now eighteen and married to a boy in the Air Force. They live in Florida.

While the girls were still quite small, their parents were divorced. All the same, Carroll remembers her childhood as having many happy moments. Most of them rose from her passion for pretending, acting out things, singing and dancing. While her lonely yet cheerful mother bent over a washboard—a picture Carroll carries with her indelibly—the two played a game of pretend, with Carroll as the tiny leading lady, her mother and sometimes her sister in supporting roles. They had a regular repertoire of scenes, which Carroll wanted to play over and over. "Then my mother would say, 'Leave me alone. I have to get back to work,'" says Carroll, with a sigh of regret even now. "And I'd have to go back to being just me."

When she was eleven Carroll began taking dancing lessons. "What I really wanted to be," she says, "and still wish, more than anything, that I could have been, is a ballerina. But I didn't start soon enough." Her other ambition, which grew on her more gradually, was to be a serious actress. Like Garbo in "Camille," a picture that she hastens to see every time she hears of it playing somewhere. She tried out for the school plays, but was never given an acting part. Instead, she danced in all the school operettas. After she graduated from high school she went to Florida with her mother. There she enrolled in St. Petersburg Junior College, but, already a professional dancer, she had to leave after her first semester. "So many dancing jobs came along that I couldn't study," she says. "And heaven knows we couldn't afford to turn them down."

The pattern changed when she decided to go to New York and try her luck in the Big Scramble. Her first jobs were on TV, and not dancing ones. She did such things as commercials, small parts in plays, and for a time even a nightly weather report over a local channel. "One dreadful night," she recalls with an expressive shudder, "I lost my cue card for a report.

I was panicky, and said the first thing that came into my head. It turned out to be: 'There's a lot of hot air blowing in from Texas.' That ended the brief career of Carroll Baker, Girl Weather Analyst!"

It was after appearing in several TV dramas that Carroll's interest in becoming a "serious" actress came to full bloom. She discovered that the Mecca of all the "serious" acting ambitions in New York was the Actors' Studio.

"On what turned out to be the most important day of my whole life," she relates, "I arrived at the Studio. I had no idea, of course, that the audition I hoped to get would come from my future husband, who was on the Board. But when I opened the door there he was, behind the desk, subbing for the secretary who was out to lunch. I thought him a very odd boy. Red, sort of bushy hair, workman's shirt, gray, collar open, no tie."

But when Jack Garfein told her his name she knew who he was. She'd heard about him as a very promising young director who had been instrumental in giving a lot of young players their start. Taking heart, Carroll asked him how she should go about getting an audition at the Studio. There are two auditions, Jack explained, the first before a board made up of the students; the second ("assuming you pass the first") before the Board of Directors. At the moment, he added, the roster of the school was filled up. But, he went on quickly, she ought to prepare a scene for auditioning and keep on coming back. "Be Johnny-on-the-spot," he told her.

"I kept on coming back," she says. "Each time I did, I saw Jack. Each time I saw him, I was glad. Meanwhile, I'd prepared a scene from an old Paramount picture, 'Sullivan's Travels.' Kind of a depressing little scene, two kids, boy and a girl, no money, dreary. . . ."

Jack wasn't present on the board the night she finally made her audition, but he saw a rehearsal of her scene in the studio she had rented for the purpose. He was an hour late getting there. "I had to rent the studio for another hour!" she says, still pained at the waste. His comment was: "You're so wrong for the part, it's amazing you do it so well."

"I have a feeling," was Jack Garfein's verdict, "that they won't pass you. But they may ask you to come back." They didn't do either. Not until after "Giant," in fact, did Carroll pass her auditions and become a regular member of the Studio. But Lee Strasberg accepted her for one of his private classes.

The day I went to my first class, Jack called and asked me for a date," Carroll says. On that first date they went—by subway—to visit friends in Greenwich Village. Theatrical people, of course, a set designer and his wife. After that, the dates went on. Sometimes Carroll would fix dinner for them in her tiny apartment, the menu generally consisting of noodles stuffed with cheese. For amusement they went for long walks. ("We still do.") They read plays together. Sometimes people gave them theatre tickets. On other evenings they visited a pianist friend and listened to her play. Wherever they went, they used the subway.

"When we did have some money—after all, we both did work once in a while—we'd have dinner at our favorite Chinese restaurant," Carroll relates. When they were really in the chips they went to the Russian Tea Room, an artistic hang-out near Carnegie Hall, where Jack could indulge his passion for the shashlik.

On one occasion when finances were at



a low ebb, Carroll was offered a wonderful job: a cigarette commercial. "Only I don't smoke!" she wails. She needed the work so badly, however, that she decided to bluff her way. At the first interview they liked her looks, young, "sort of normal," as she puts it. "They said I 'went well' with the boy they had in mind 'or me to work with. Then they asked, 'When you smoke, do you inhale deeply?' 'Oh, of course I do!' I said fervently."

They gave her a carton of cigarettes and she went home and smoked and smoked, coughing all the while, and succeeded in making herself deathly sick. At the second interview, they liked the way she read the lines. Then came the moment she had to inhale.

"I took a tremendous draw, and didn't cough at all. But tears came to my eyes, spilled over, *splashed*. The atmosphere chilled. They still liked me very much, they said, but . . ." Nevertheless they gave her more cigarettes to take home. Again she smoked and coughed herself sick. At the final audition, though, she inhaled perfectly, and the job was hers. A commercial, of course, has to be perfect; movements, expression, everything, has to be just right. Filming the tiny sequence went on for nine hours, shooting it over and over again. When Carroll reached home she was so horribly sick she wanted to die. And the next week, the check she received came to just half of what she had expected.

"But it turned out that for six months you're paid fifty dollars every time they show the commercial. That was marvelous. For the next six months Jack and I ate regularly at all the nicest restaurants!"

The two youngsters were most prosperous during the Broadway runs of "Escapade" and "All Summer Long." But plays run just so long, and it was just as their money ran out once more that they decided they wanted to get married. Since this was to be for keeps, they wanted to do it nicely, but how, with no money? Then Lee Strasberg invited them to have the wedding in his midtown apartment.

"I decided to make my own wedding gown," Carroll says. "I bought yards and yards of off-white silk crêpe and a pattern. Then I rented a portable sewing machine and went to work. It was a very intricate pattern. Long, tight sleeves, a form-fitting tucked bodice and a bustle for underneath. A long, long skirt which Jack hemmed up for me. That turned out to be a little crooked, but the skirt was so long it didn't matter. For the head-dress I used net with seed pearls sewn on it, one by one. At five o'clock on the morning of the wedding I was still working on my dress. At seven o'clock I rushed over to the Strasbergs to press it. While the guests were arriving, I was out in the kitchen ironing!

"Then the rabbi arrived and it was a beautiful wedding, with champagne, flowers, cake and Susan Strasberg dressed in lavender. She was my maid-of-honor, carrying a small, sweet bunch of violets, and I carried white camellias to match my beautiful wedding dress. A Baker Original!"

Three weeks after the wedding, Carroll received the script of "Giant." When she reached Hollywood, she borrowed on her salary so that Jack could come out, too. It was wonderful for him to watch George Stevens at work and, later, Elia Kazan. While Carroll was in Mississippi Jack was with her there, too. "Cheaper for him to fly down than for me to call him every day!"

Then, last summer, Jack got his big break when he directed "End As a Man," starring Julie Wilson and Ben Gazzara,

for Columbia. He's preparing now to direct "The Girls of Summer," a new play starring Shelley Winters, which will open on Broadway. The young couple have taken a new apartment in New York. "I could write a sonnet to the dishwasher!" says Carroll.

Are the members of "the blue-jean set" different, then? "I don't think that we are different within ourselves," says Carroll. "I just think our values are different. We're not impressed, that is, by the big car, big house, swimming pool, bosomy blue mink glamour routine. Most of us laugh at it. We want to live nicely but we have a sharp eye out for the future. We save our money.

"Because Jack and I don't go out much, don't smoke, don't drink (we like a little wine), and spend most of our time at home, we put out more on rent than we might otherwise do. Also a lot on books (old cookbooks are my hobby) and records. But we sort of arrange our budget so that if there is an extravagance, it's balanced by an economy. In our bedroom we have a huge bed and nothing else but that! For our all-white living-room with its salt-and-pepper cotton carpeting we found a drapery material we were crazy for. Then we found out that the cost, including the making, would be \$700, so we said, 'We'll wait a few months.' When the painters made a mistake and painted Jack's study pink and the baby's room cream and would only do one of them over for us, for free, we had only Jack's study done over. The baby will just have to get along as is!"

Carroll thinks the motives of her group may be a little different. Their drive is toward finding themselves as actors, being in good things, working with good directors. Their concern is focussed on bringing alive the characters they portray so that people will forget the player in watching the play.

"Sometimes I think we are a little too relaxed, go overboard a little about the way we dress," Miss Baker admits. "Uh-huh, the blue jeans. Actually, though, the jeans were an economy measure, a sort of occupational necessity, rather than sloppiness or a wish to be 'characters.' Now that the Actors' Studio has moved to a better building, the blue-jean trend is changing. Not that I, for one, will ever go to the other extreme. I'm afraid I don't care for the glamour things. Don't care for furs. Just kills me to put out money for jewelry. Not crazy about perfume. Except for sweaters and skirts and tweeds and good leather purses and shoes, which I love, I'm not very clothes conscious. But I do take time to put on a dress, try to look nice, when I go out. I don't want to be conspicuous either way.

"I don't suppose that Jack and I will always live as simply as we do now, in a lovely but relatively small and inexpensive apartment. As your family increases, your demands increase. When there is a baby, there has to be someone to watch him. As your career grows, and you play star parts, you're too tired to come home and cook. But when you do have a bigger home and more help, you have them not for display but because they're necessary. As, for a time," said Miss Baker, with a lift of the eyebrow, "the wearing of the blue jeans was!"

"What it all comes down to is this. Our difference, if there is a difference, is that we want to live our lives in our own way, not in the way, whatever it may be, movie stars are supposed to live."

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## Heritage of Love

(Continued from page 51)

"I can take my time with my career," says Jim, with all due modesty. Besides, he's not sure that he wants to be an actor—although he greatly enjoys acting—and either way he is determined to get a well-rounded education as part of his preparation. "The most important thing for an actor is versatility," he feels. He believes that experiences are "like building a pyramid"—the more you add and the higher you get, the closer you come to your goal.

According to Jim, "Harvard's great," and he seems to relish particularly the fact that there are no restrictive rules. He is also pleased to have met many different types of young men at Harvard. "I'm pretty adaptable," he grins, leaving it unsaid that he gets along fine with almost anyone.

Although Jim is putting college before career, don't think that you won't be seeing him for the next four years. On the contrary. He is under contract to RKO to make a picture during each of his next three summer vacations. In addition, he has been approached frequently to work on television and plans to accept roles during vacation times, provided they do not interfere with his studies.

Being in the limelight is not exactly a new experience for Jim. Indirectly, he has been there most of his life, as the son of the late Charles MacArthur, Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright and ace reporter, and of the first lady of the American theatre, Helen Hayes.

Jim first bounced into the acting spotlight in the spring of 1955, when he made his TV debut in "Strike a Blow" on *Climax!* His performance prompted raves from critics and viewers alike and led to his contract with RKO. Since making "The Young Stranger," he has been hailed in show-business circles as a real "comer." Talent-wise, he has again proved to be an exception, displaying a veteran's ability.

"The Young Stranger" is the film version of the award-winning "Strike a Blow." In both, Jim portrays the central figure—a young boy who has to fight for his rights and who wants to be judged for what he is, rather than for what someone has said about him.

This desire to be judged on his own merits is also a vital part of Jim's make-up, and thus far it has had rewarding results. Kim Hunter, who portrays Jim's mother in "Stranger," says of him: "It's amazing that a youngster with no formal

training can have such a sure-footed knowledge of acting. Heritage is a wonderful thing."

His heritage, indeed, has played a big part in Jim's life and work so far. The main part of it has been a warm, encompassing sense of being loved, with the perhaps special love which goes to an adopted son. Then there is the intensely theatrical background with which he was always surrounded. But equally important have been a strong common sense and a willingness to stand on his own two feet, the seeds of which were planted early in Jim's childhood. These qualities have enabled him, among other things, to look upon his notable background with an appreciative as well as realistic eye. Consequently, Jim regards his famed name as both a glowing asset and a heavy responsibility. While he is grateful that it has brought him opportunities other young men must struggle to find, he has also learned to count its cost. "It's tough, sometimes," he says, "to have everything I do associated with them, but I still think my folks have been the greatest." His reasons for saying this are legion.

Growing up in Nyack, New York, Jim lived in an atmosphere of mutual love and respect. In spite of his parents' notoriety and the many celebrities who constantly visited the rambling Victorian home of the MacArthurs, Jim was allowed to develop normally and to partake in all the usual boyhood activities. He was never rigidly disciplined, nor did he get into any major mischief. "Sure, there were times when my folks didn't want me to do certain things," he shrugs, "but they never absolutely forbade me. And, besides," he grins, obviously thinking of the times he did act against their wishes, "they were always right."

Jim recalls being the recipient of a spanking only once, "when I was about four or five. I crawled out on the roof outside my father's room, and when he told me to come back in, I just laughed and kept going. So my father came out after me, hauled me in and paddled me with a hairbrush." He adds thoughtfully, "I think a talking-to is more effective, myself."

There was always plenty of good talk in the MacArthur household, for the whole family loved to get into what Jim calls "hot discussions," even though "my father always won the arguments." How come? "Well, we'd be arguing along, then my father would use about five big words in a row that I didn't know and I'd have

to go look them up in the dictionary. By that time," he grins, "the discussion had sort of dissolved."

Charles MacArthur was an intensely brilliant man who was also noted for speaking his mind. Jim was keenly aware of his father's strong personality and, although their relationship was not of the typical father-son type, Jim has his share of fond memories. Oddly enough, in relating them he never refers to "Dad," but always to "my father."

"We never went on fishing trips together, or things like that," he says, "but then neither of us liked to fish, anyway. Actually, just going someplace with my father was exciting to me. And when I was away at school he'd call me up once a week and tell me about everything that was going on."

Jim also recalls that often, when he was little, his father would approach him, fists raised, ready to box. The first few times this happened, Jim just stared back at him. Then his father would say, "You're not ready yet." Later, when Jim began to catch on, they would have sparring bouts. "My father would always look at your feet, and keep looking at them. It was very distracting," he says, as if still a little confused. "Then before I could do much," he adds rather sheepishly, "he'd step on my foot and I'd lose my balance."

Many times, Jim remembers, when he had come into a room where his father happened to be, Charles MacArthur would look up at his son and say, out of the blue, "Whatever you do, don't become an actor." Nor was Helen Hayes anxious to push Jim in the direction of dramatics. She didn't try to discourage him from becoming an actor, but she did insist upon his being educated in normal fashion. "That's why she didn't send me to the Professional Children's School," says Jim, "and I'm glad she didn't." Instead, he attended Solebury School in New Hope, Pennsylvania, where he starred in basketball, football and baseball.

If, after college, Jim decides that acting is still for him, he then plans to take dramatic courses. This his mother has strongly advised. Always in their close mother-son relationship, Helen Hayes has done a great deal toward giving Jim a sound outlook and constructive advice. She was also inadvertently responsible for such dramatic training as he has received. "When my mother was getting ready for a play," Jim recalls, "I would hold the script and read the other people's parts to help her learn her lines. I suppose," he adds, "some of her way of doing a role has sort of rubbed off on me."

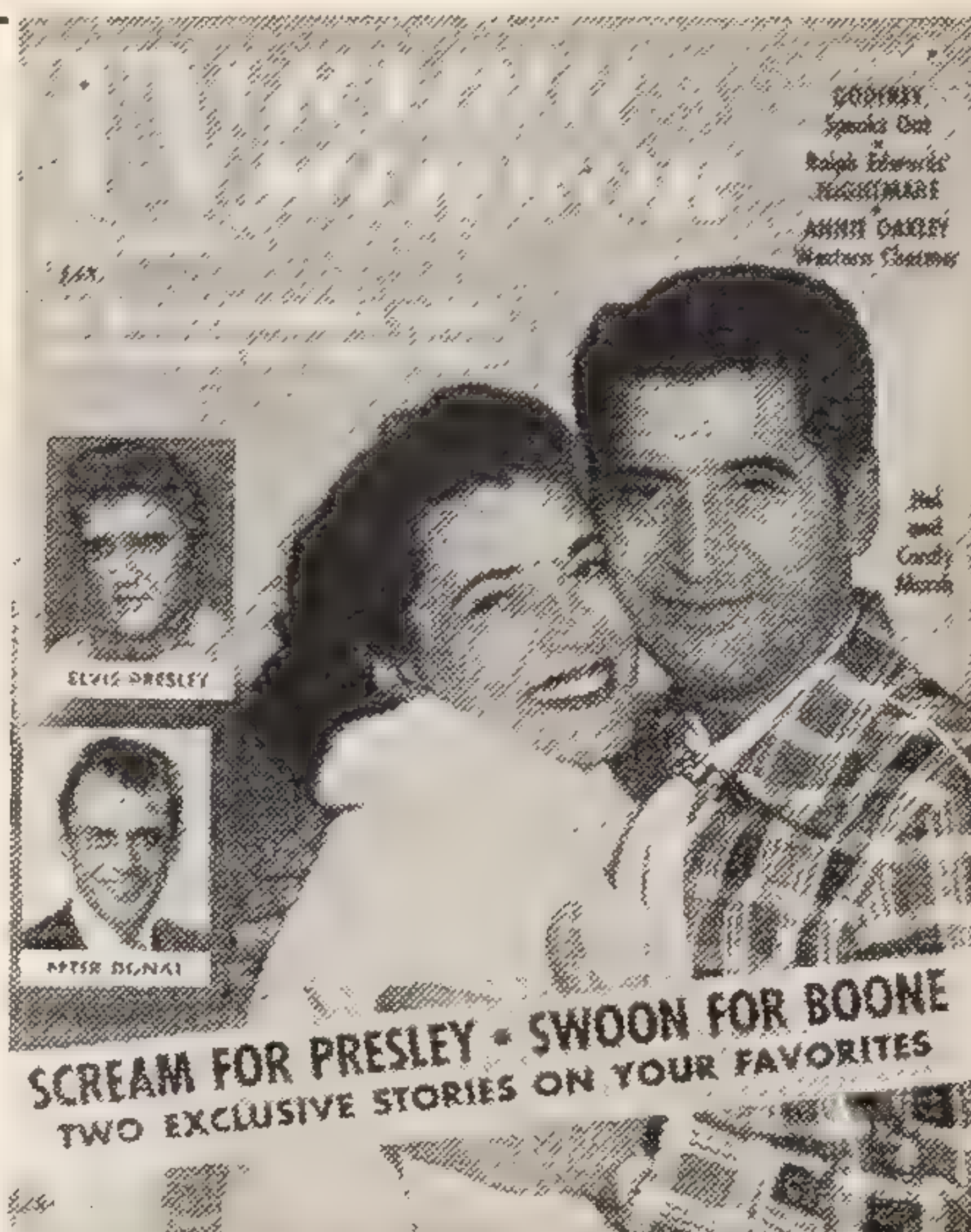
Some of the actual atmosphere of the theatre also rubbed off on Jim. Several summers ago, during a Helen Hayes festival at the Falmouth Playhouse on Cape Cod, Jim had a few walk-on parts. He also helped the theatre electrician and, in fact, grew so interested that he begged to be allowed to stay on after Miss Hayes' plays had ended. As a result, he lighted the show for Barbara Bel Geddes in "The Hut" and for Gloria Vanderbilt in "The Swan." Recalling this, Miss Hayes says, with a fond motherly chuckle, "I'm sure the stars would have died had they known there was only a sixteen-year-old boy on the lights!"

Two summers ago, Jim again had the privilege of working with his mother when she headed the company that presented "The Skin of Our Teeth" in Paris. Miss Hayes has long been noted for getting stage-fright before every performance. Jim confirms this fact, saying, "She's al-

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ways a bundle of nerves before going on, and it's always bedlam backstage."

Although Jim was allowed to absorb a great deal of theatre atmosphere, both his parents refused to let him be exploited throughout his early years. They continually rejected suggestions for a play for Jim—until the script of "Strike a Blow" was submitted. This one pleased them, and they gave the go-ahead signal that was to launch Jim as an actor in his own right.

Jim has also had his share of the jitters, though "more on the stage and TV than in movies," he explains. "But once I get into it, I'm not nervous." Jim found his biggest problem in making his first movie last summer was the confusion and noise on the set. At first he thought the crewmen were a bored, uninterested lot, but before long he changed his mind. "They're a swell bunch of guys," he says now. He especially enjoyed playing cards with them, "although I lost about half my salary at it!"

Jim has also been initiated into another phase of Hollywood life—gossip. One morning he was greeted by a newspaper item stating that he was engaged to Joyce Bulifant, his high-school sweetheart. The statement happened to be untrue. He sought advice as to what to do about it, and was advised by his agent to "Just let it go." But, even after he had returned East and was registering at Harvard, the gossipy tongues were still wagging. Waiting for Jim on registration day was a letter from his mother, who was in Hollywood, stating with concern that she had heard, not from one, but from four or five sources, that he was engaged to a young girl out there. It wasn't that she is against his getting married, Jim explains, "But she doesn't want to hear about it secondhand. So," he adds, "I called her—collect, of course—and told her it was ridiculous."

While on the subject of marriage, Jim says, "I've thought a lot about marriage—not to someone in particular, but just marriage in general—and I don't want to marry yet. There's still plenty of time."

Jim has also thought a lot about acting

—in general and in particular—and, as he does on any subject, states his feelings unhesitatingly. Also with a perceptive and practical attitude that is seldom found in one so young. "I just have to do what comes naturally," he says. "I don't believe I could ever follow that method they use at the Actors' Studio, where they analyze every little thing about a character. That's wonderful for some people, but it doesn't work for me."

Although he is keenly aware of his distinguished background and the advantages it has presented him, he has never been blinded by it, nor has he capitalized on it to any real extent. However, he admits, "I don't feel I have to go through the starving-actor routine. It's all right for those who want to or need to do it, but I'm lucky. I don't have to." And, no matter what career he chooses, Jim says, with the determined confidence of youth, "I want to be master of what I do. I don't ever want to feel I'm a slave to anyone." Which again clearly reflects the sense of independence his parents instilled in him.

Although Jim insists that he has not decided on an acting career, his thoughts and actions certainly show he is headed in that direction. But no one, including Jim, can predict what will happen after he fulfills his contract with RKO and after he graduates from Harvard. At this point, his life is like a road map—there are many routes leading to one destination or another, and they are all clearly indicated. It is up to the driver to choose which one he will take.

There is no doubt that Jim MacArthur is a competent driver who has his sights firmly set on the road ahead. Whether he will take a super-highway or a short cut is still up to him, but either way he is prepared for any detours or delays. His abilities have already been tested and not found wanting; from all indications, his destination should certainly be reached in the esteemed and enviable manner of his world-famous parents, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur. **THE END**

Go see: James MacArthur in "The Young Stranger."

## Religion in Hollywood

(Continued from page 31)

of religion in Hollywood is the fact that people who are generally so temperamental and so emotionally unstable, people who have usually come up the hard way and taken enough knocks to drive the love of humanity out of one's heart forever, are actually more deeply emotional than people whose lives are not subjected to these fantastic strains and stresses. It would seem to indicate that the more worldly we become, the more we realize the existence of Someone greater than ourselves. The more powerful we become, the more humble we become because we understand more than ever how fleeting are material rewards.

Jeff Chandler is a good example of this. Over at the Wilshire Boulevard Temple they will tell you that Jeff is unstinting in his religious and charity work. "His services are always available," they say. "Whether it be a fund-raising campaign, a charity bazaar, or any other worthy cause." But, although he does go to Temple on Jewish High Holidays, Jeff is not a regular church member.

"I believe that a man's religion is in the way he lives," says Jeff, "and has nothing to do with the four walls in which we pray. I believe in the sincerity of all forms of worship. I have respect for the

other man's religion, and for his right to worship God as he sees fit. My wife, Marge, is a Protestant, and this has never at any time been an issue between us. As for my religious views, they can be summed up in the words that are part of Christ's sermon on the mount: 'Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' This, of course, is the Golden Rule. I try to live by it."

Richard Widmark is a man who has worshiped in many churches, but he says that he is not an official member of any congregation or faith. In a devotional mood, it has been his custom to drop in at any church whether it be Presbyterian, Catholic or Mohammedan mosque. Says he, "I think God hears you wherever you care to tarry to think about Him."

Dick admits that he grew up in an atmosphere of mixed religious beliefs. "My father was a Lutheran, my mother a Christian Scientist, and her mother a Catholic. The result for me was confusion." As he grew up, Dick searched for the true religious belief in one church after another without finding a completely satisfactory answer. Then one day, in a time of worry and anguish, the way became clear for him. "To put it very simply," says he, "I turned to God. Since then I have tried to get in touch with Him daily.

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For many years there has never been a night when, as my head touches the pillow, I have not turned to prayer."

Rock Hudson, too, has a deep and abiding spiritual faith without being a member of any particular church. Rock is a very sensitive man, and at times he is quite introspective. He is constantly searching within himself, and seeking for true spiritual meanings. Rock and I have had many talks of a serious nature. I'll always remember one remark he made in a moment of thoughtfulness. Said Rock, "I cannot understand how it is possible for anyone to look at a flower and still deny the presence of God."

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis are not members of any formal religious group, yet they are truly devout in their attitudes and philosophies. Says Tony, "I try to reflect my religious principles in the way I live and do my daily work." Says Janet, who is deeply studious, "To me, God represents a search I must make, not a goal I have achieved."

Janet was born into a Presbyterian family. She has studied and been stimulated by Unitarianism; she has read Christian Science with deep devotion. She has found inspiration in all three of these, but not the final answers. Says she, "I must always go on seeking." And, as most people know, Tony grew up in the tenement districts of New York, and was confirmed in the Orthodox Jewish faith.

Have the differences in their religious backgrounds ever been a problem in their marriage? "Not once," says Tony, shaking his head seriously. "Janet and I have always tried to live with tolerance for the rights and privileges of each other. And this goes for religion as well as every other phase of our married life. To me, the whole thing boils down to a matter of honesty. When you are completely honest with yourself and the other person, then there can be no room for the least bit of religious intolerance."

This liberal attitude is reflected in other Hollywood marriages of mixed religions, such as with Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, and Patti and Jerry Lewis. Some have said that Debbie and Eddie's marriage was long postponed because of religious differences, but those who are close to them vow that there is not an ounce of truth in this. Perhaps for this reason both Debbie and Eddie have been reluctant to discuss religion in any way. To one reporter who recently pressed the question Debbie would only say, "Both Eddie and I believe in God."

Both of these young stars come from religious families. Debbie has attended

the Protestant Church of the Nazarene, while Eddie is of the Orthodox Jewish faith. While Debbie was growing up she attended Sunday school regularly, and she has a deeply religious turn of mind. Later, when she was older, she used to go to Sunday services in other churches just to learn how others worship God. Before she and Eddie were married, Debbie went to services at a Jewish Temple with him. "I found it a beautiful and deeply moving experience," says she.

In the past, Debbie has said that religion could never be a problem in her marriage. "I have no prejudices against any religion," said she. "I have been brought up to feel that in the eyes of God we are all equal." Now there is a strong possibility Debbie will accept her husband's faith for herself and her children.

To Patti Lewis, who is Catholic, and Jerry, who is Jewish, their religions, though different, have become a joyous daily experience. Just like everything else in their lives, these two share their religions with each other and with their sons. "Sometimes we take our boys to one church," says Jerry, "and sometimes to the other. Someday, when they grow up, they can choose which church they will belong to. But for the present, when they are asked, they simply say, 'We are Catholic and Jewish.'"

In this spirit of sharing, Jerry always wears a Catholic St. Anthony medal around his neck. This was given to him by Patti, and Jerry says he prays to him often. "St. Anthony is Patti's patron saint," Jerry explains. And then adds with a twinkle in his eye, "Patti lends him to me sometimes."

Jerry is convinced that God wants us all to have as much happiness as we can find, and He does not expect us to be perfect. "Most of all," says Jerry, "He understands us in all our faults and imperfections." And with the twinkle still in his eye, Jerry tells of an incident that occurred on a Sunday morning not too long ago.

"I had been in one of my mean moods," he says, "the way I can be sometimes. And so Patti and I had a few sharp words between us. When Patti returned from church I said to her, 'Well, did you talk to the Lord, and tell him all about me?'"

"Yes," said Patti, "I did."

"And did you tell Him that I was mean and despicable?"

"Yes, I did that," said Patti. "But He told me He's got great patience with you." And then she added softly, "And I guess I should, too."

In Hollywood, as elsewhere throughout the Christian world, many have turned to religion for comfort, inspiration and

peace of mind. Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Joan Caulfield, Marie Wilson and Doris Day are among the stars who have studied the teachings of Christian Science. And some of them have found here the religious answers they were seeking. After a long and serious illness, Ann Sothorn took instruction and became a Catholic. Jane Wyman, too, after the unhappiness of her marriage, has turned to Catholicism and has found solace there. "Jane's so at peace with herself," a friend said recently. "She seems to have found real happiness."

There are other stars whose religious convictions were formed at an early age, and grew with them into maturity. Ann Blyth, a Catholic, is one of these. "I was born into my religion," says she. "And it has been with me through my nights and days ever since. It has been a fountain of strength and comfort to me through every illness in my family, and through every stressing moment of my life."

Dorothy Malone is another Catholic whose religious path has been straight and true, and whose faith has been unwavering. "Religion has been much more than a part of my life," says she. "It would be more correct to say that my life has been a part of my faith."

Dorothy also says that Catholicism has solved every problem she has ever had. "Prayer is very much a part of my daily life. It has helped me meet many problems and crises. This doesn't mean that my prayers are automatically and quickly answered. Maybe the answer is a long time coming. And I've had to work very, very hard for it. But in the end, if I worked hard enough and prayed hard enough, it usually turned out right."

"To me, religion is a very personal thing. I have built my life around it, and I believe in living up to my religious tenets. For my religion embodies what I think and what I believe in. Thus I am against divorce for myself. For others, who believe in it, perhaps it is the right thing. But I believe that marriage should be a one-time, all-time contract that involves the important words, 'Until death do us part.'"

Kim Novak's attitude toward her religion is a combination of blind faith and intelligent curiosity. "I was always asking, 'Why, why, why?'" she says. "And I still do. In a religious sense I still have much to learn. Much to understand."

Kim was born of a Catholic mother and father, and she grew up in close association with her church. But she says that she didn't gain any real religious appreciation until she was in her teens. "I think I was fascinated by the beauty of the church, and perhaps a little awed by the pageantry of it all. But I didn't really understand it."

"I particularly remember my first communion. It was so beautiful. My dear grandmother had made my dress for me, all of embroidery and white lace, and it made me feel akin to the angels. But it wasn't until after my confirmation, when I was sixteen, that I really became aware of the glories that can be found in a nearness to God."

"At that age I used to take my questions and my problems to Father Connors of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Chicago. My mother and father were unfailingly patient and understanding with me, but somehow Father Connors could always provide the answers I sought. He combined a fatherly wisdom with a true religious spirit."

Nick Adams, who worked with Kim in "Picnic," tells this revealing story: "While we were shooting the picture in Kansas we used to pray together every night. We found a little church near by, and

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after the day's work we'd slip away from the others. Kim would put a scarf over her hair, or sometimes she'd borrow my baseball cap. And there in the dim-lit sanctity of that quiet country church we'd pray for help and strength and guidance. Once as we knelt there side by side, I was tempted to glance at her lovely profile, at her lips as they moved softly with silent words of devotion to God. I remembered the words Kim had once said to me, 'Nick, everybody needs someone they can depend on.' And as I watched her quiet serenity, I knew that in God, Kim had found that Someone."

Are prayers answered? Without hesitation, Russ Tamblyn says a definite, "Yes!" Russ is a Mormon, as are Terry Moore, Laraine Day and Rhonda Fleming. Russ's wife, Venetia, is an Episcopalian, and consequently they were married outside the Mormon Church. But Russ says they both live according to the precepts of the Mormon religion.

"Venetia and I say a prayer together every night," says Russ. "I have done this for many years now; my whole family prays together. And most certainly our prayers were answered last February when my younger brother accidentally shot himself in the eye with a B-B gun. The B-B lodged in his eyeball, and when we rushed him to the hospital the doctor

jointly-owned Russell property, surrounded by the homes of Mom Russell and each of her four sons.

At prayer meetings, a solid family nucleus is formed by the Russell boys—Tom, Ken, Jamie and Wally—plus their wives Nola, Lois, Pam and Mary Lou. Plus their fourteen children, Valerie, Garry, Heidi, Geraldine, Gregg, Ty, Daniel, Robin, Christopher, Pandora, Jennifer, Jay, Bruce and Jody. Plus Jane and her three, Thomas, Tracy and Buck. Plus an assortment of other relatives, friends, neighbors and visiting clergymen that occasionally boosts attendance to anywhere from fifty to a hundred.

The main chapel room is about sixty feet long. The walls and carpet are a soft shade of green, the ceiling is gray. Many of those who attend sit on low cushions grouped around the cross-shaped lectern. On the wall is the "Prayer Board," a blackboard where those in trouble list their names, and for them prayers are said. As each problem is solved, the person steps forward and says, "Thanks. I'm fine now. You can take my name off the board."

Mom Russell usually conducts the meetings of hymn-singing and Bible-reading. But in her absence Jamie or one of the other boys takes over. And afterwards everyone troops upstairs to a coffee-and-recreation room called the "Eagle's Nest." Here the discussions, usually of a religious nature, can go on for hours. For as Mom Russell points out, this is not a church meeting or a substitute for church. It is a Bible study group, whose beliefs are clearly stated in these written words: "We Believe in the Holy Bible Cover to Cover."

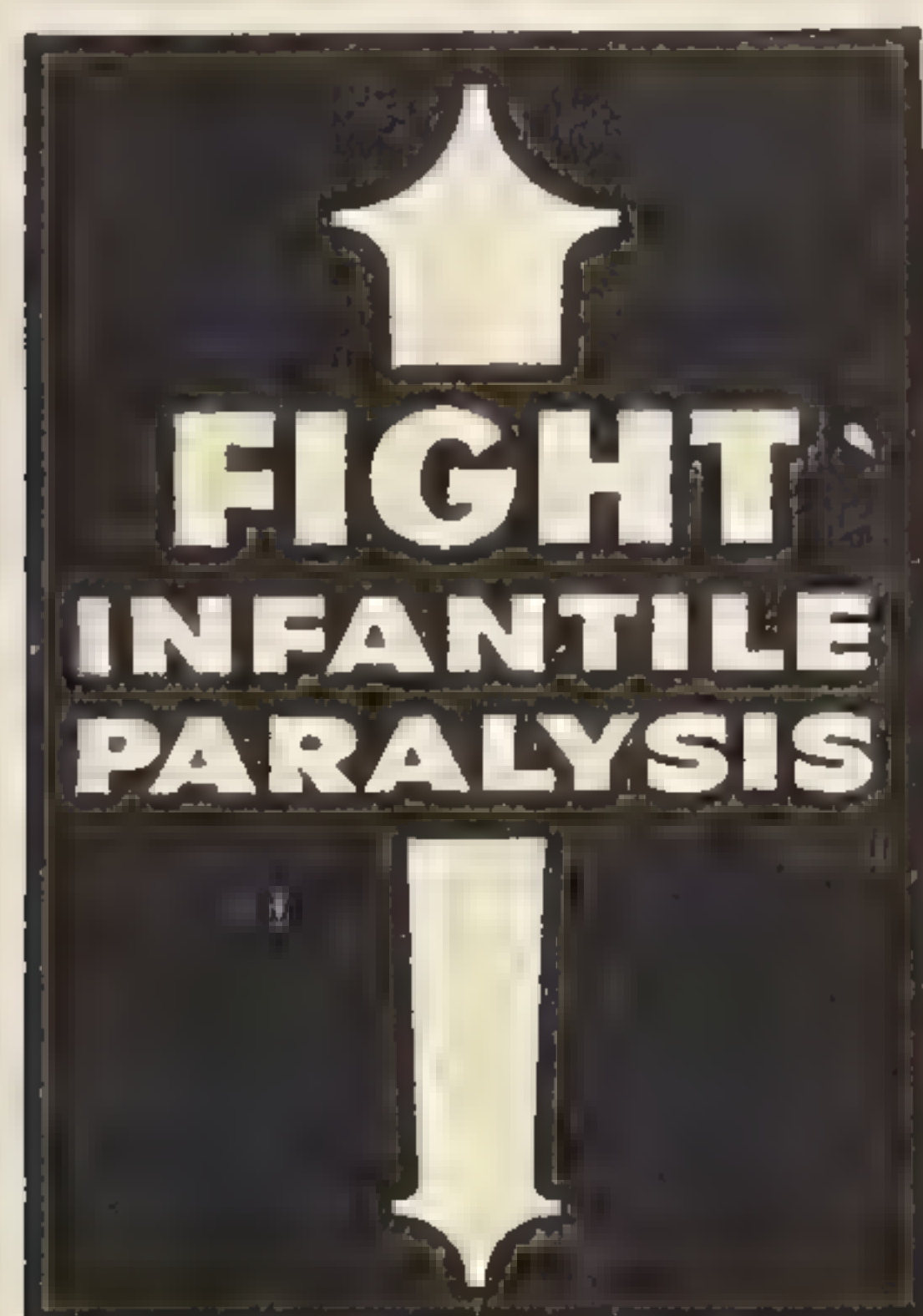
Jane has been constantly criticized for being insincere in her religious beliefs. Nothing could be further from the truth, nor does anything get Jane angrier than such accusations. In explaining how she can play the sexy roles she has made famous and still be deeply religious, Jane will tell you, "I think that life is sort of like a tapestry. To get the right pattern, you need all kinds of different color threads. Well, people are the same way. Each of us is given a job to do and told to do it in our own way. And if we do the work He set out for us to do, all the threads finally make a tapestry that can bring beauty and comfort to everyone."

But whether it's a Friday night service at the Chapel in the Hills, with its green walls and carpet, its piano, its Bible-reading conducted by Jane's mother and brothers; or whether it's a Solemn High Mass on Sunday morning at the church of St. Martin of Tours, a Saturday service at the Jewish Temple on Wilshire Boulevard, services in the Mormon Church at Pacific Palisades, or in the Presbyterian or Episcopal houses of worship, they all have one thing in common: on the day of the week that is set aside for their members to worship God, the pews are packed.

Hollywood will still make headlines because the people who live in Hollywood are people who make news. But behind the headlines, behind the tall hedges of the wealthy or the stucco plaster walls of the less luxurious apartment houses, on one day a week the citizens of Hollywood have one thing in common with the rest of the world. And on this Christmas as on any other Christmas, when the bells toll and the thoughts of mankind are on peace on earth, goodwill toward men, Hollywood, too, joins the pilgrimage to God that begins with the words of that lovely old hymn, "Oh, come all ye faithful, joyous and triumphant..."

For it has always been true that, the more man gains of this world, the more he hungers for and needs the peace found only in the world of the spirit. THE END

## MARCH OF DIMES



JANUARY 2-31

shook his head. He said it was very serious, and my brother would probably lose the sight of his eye. We knew then it was all in the hands of our loving Father, and so we all prayed almost constantly after that. Two days later we had our answer when our doctor told us my brother's sight would be saved. That was a moment of thanks and spiritual rejoicing for all of us."

Russ says a daily prayer "for strength." He is convinced that these have helped him "many, many times" in his work.

"But this doesn't mean," says Russ, "that I always get everything I pray for. I don't. However, when this happens, I believe that what I prayed for was not right for me, or else God would have given it to me. Then I can go on working toward other goals without wasting time feeling sorry for myself."

Jane Russell is one of the most honest and forthright stars in Hollywood, but these days if you ask her about her religion she is inclined to be noncommittal. She feels that the story of her spiritual life has been told too many times. Says Jane, "I don't want people to get the idea that I'm using God for publicity purposes."

Jane's religion has always been more or less a family affair. They all attend Friday night prayer meetings at the Russell family chapel in North Hollywood. The chapel's a simple, unpretentious building and was hand-built by Jane and her four brothers. It stands in a cloister-like glade of eucalyptus trees on eight acres of

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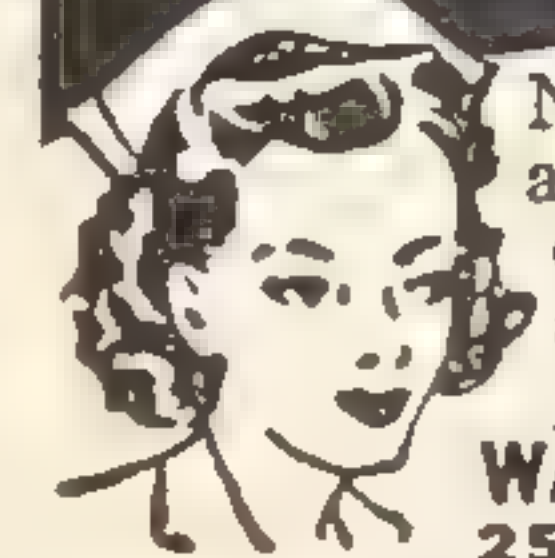
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## Watch Out for Dors

(Continued from page 34)  
she could command one of the highest prices ever paid an actress for a single picture? After all, Marilyn Monroe was earning only \$1,500 a week when she made "The Seven Year Itch"—and she was the nation's top female box-office draw. When Hollywood beckoned Diana Dors across the seas, they offered her \$40,000 per movie. Diana settled for nearly twice that amount.

"I'm not coming to Hollywood for fame and fortune," Diana announced while she waited for the movie moguls to make up their minds about meeting her offer.

And, indeed, she didn't have to. Fame and fortune had been part and parcel of Diana's career for five years before she came to America. Since arriving in Hollywood, this trend in her life has continued unabated. The girl who posed in the nude for a camera club when she was fourteen, became the favorite pin-up girl of Britain's GIs during the war and almost fell out of her dress when she made her bow before English royalty, was the same girl who eight years later went plummeting into a swimming pool, fully clothed, to make headlines heard 'round the world. To cries of, "A publicity stunt," Diana retorted icily, "Do you think I would have injured my back during the making of a movie for a 'publicity stunt'?"

Who knows? Who really knows Dors?

Diana insists she was pushed, and her burly, ex-prizefighter husband promptly pushed the pusher, a newspaper photographer, hard enough to send the gentleman to the hospital.

In quick succession, there was talk of Dennis Hamilton being sued by the man he slugged, followed by word that the photographer and the Hamiltons had decided to forgive and forget. Then, out of the blue, Dennis suddenly packed up and flew back to London, while rumors spread that lovely Diana was having a gay flirtation with a leading Hollywood actor.

"It's not true," Dennis flatly denied. "I came home to check up on a real estate project."

Dennis was telling me this right in the huge living room of the Hamilton-Dors mansion in Maidenhead, England. To prove his point, the bushy-haired Mr. Hamilton strode to the telephone, called the airlines and made a reservation to fly to Hollywood that night, thus writing *finis* to his five-day separation from Diana—and all gossip.

"They're very happily married," Diana's housekeeper, Mrs. Frances Sholl, put in. "I never saw Miss Dors in a temper. I think it's just that Hollywood resents anyone so beautiful and talented."

"What about Diana's father?" I asked. "Did he meet Hamilton at the airport?"

Mrs. Sholl looked a little uncomfortable. "No."

"Did Hamilton phone Diana's father to say hello?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Sholl. "But," she added quickly, "Miss Dors' father was here for a visit this summer."

"This summer, when Diana and Dennis were in California?"

Mrs. Sholl paled. "Yes."

Amidst all of these confusing facts, rumors and conjectures, how is one to know the real Diana Dors?

There was only one way, I decided. I had to go down to Swindon, the little railroad junction about 100 miles west of London, where Diana was born. I had to talk to the two people who know her better than anyone else.

"A different sort of baby, that's what she was," said the tall, very British Albert Fluck, Diana's dad.

"And talked incessantly, in grown-up language, from the age of two," added her aunt, Mrs. Katharine Evans.

We were sitting in the sunny living room of the Fluck house in Swindon, the house in which Diana was brought up. The house where she performed her first tap dance, recited her first poem, changed her name from Fluck to Dors and sallied forth on her rose-strewn path to stardom.

"Of course," said her father, "Diana was a complete shock to us from the start. My wife, Winifred, and I had been married thirteen years. We'd given up any hope of having a child. Then, one day, Winifred had suspicions. Even the doctor thought she was mistaken. But she wasn't. To our delight, Diana was born."

The date was October 23rd, 1931. Place, the Haven Nursing Home. The astonished parents were Albert Fluck, railways office employee, and wife Winifred, former postal clerk.

One surprise after another—that's what Diana gave her proud, middle-aged parents. She never cried at night, she ate everything they fed her and she smiled most of the time.

Diana knew her bedtime stories by heart. She had a remarkable memory for a tiny tyke, a talent which soon was to startle her classmates and teachers. In fact, both teachers and her neighbors were shocked when, at the tender age of three years and eleven months, Diana was sent to school. The opinion in the neighborhood was that she was entirely too young, that the proper place for a three-year-old was in a nursery, not in a classroom with much older children. "But Diana was such an energetic child," explained Mr. Fluck, "always asking what to do next. We decided she might as well be doing something at school instead of—well, upsetting everybody and keeping things in a turmoil here at home."

At a private institution of learning called Selwood House, it seems, little Diana Fluck immediately mastered the whole multiplication table. Whenever the principal showed a prospective pupil and his or her parents around the place, she made it a practice to ask Diana to rise and run through the multiplications. Then the principal would turn to the applicant's parents and declare triumphantly, "You see what wonderful training we give here. This child has been with us only six months and look what *she* can do."

What the amazed and presumably jealous parents didn't realize, however, was that while the bright little Fluck girl could rattle off the table swiftly and accurately, she couldn't multiply two times two. It was only a trick in memorizing. "Diana's grades," confessed her dad, "were not too good, particularly in math."

No, Diana's interests were shaping up for something else—bigger shocks to be delivered to a far bigger audience. "She was always hopping around and singing and chanting little poems," recalled Mr. Fluck. "Her mother and I decided to send her to dancing school. Diana loved it! A bit later, we let her take elocution lessons."

The fat was in the fire from then on. Albert Fluck played the piano for a great many of the local social events, and Diana, age about five, insisted on tagging along. Usually she made her vulnerable parent promise that, if there was a chance, she would be permitted to get up and perform. Diana would sit restlessly by the piano. After every number, she'd yank impatiently at her father's sleeve. "Daddy, when can I go on? When, Daddy? When?" At last, Mr. Fluck would nod, and Diana would happily rush out before the audience and do her number.

"It was a song and tap-dance routine most of the time," Aunt Kit remembered. "One of her favorites was 'Animal Crackers in My Soup.' Another was 'The World Owes Me a Living,' as Shirley Temple did it. Diana adored Shirley Temple. She never missed one of her pictures and often sat through one three times."

Aunt Kit rose and politely excused herself to put the kettle on for tea.

"Since my wife died two years ago," explained Diana's father, "Katharine has kept house for me. She's my wife's sister. She knows Diana almost as well as I do."

We went back to talking about the little girl who was determined to perform even at the age of five. According to her dad, Diana never cared much for sports. In fact, she was quite irked at having to take gymnastics at school. Her interests, instead, were her pet cat, a big, long-haired fellow named Bill, and her many dolls. "She changed their names every week," laughed Mr. Fluck, "but she kept them neat and dressed them in her own baby clothes."

Meticulous was the word for Diana. If she had even the tiniest smudge on her

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dress, she would come running to her mother, screaming, "Dirty! Dirty!" She spoke at a rapid pace, using an adult vocabulary.

Aunt Kit came back with a tea tray and added a few more memories. "Diana wasn't finicky about food," Aunt Kit revealed. "But she did have some peculiar favorites. She loved bananas and cream and baked beans on toast. That was her breakfast."

"At lunch and dinner, Diana poured tons of vinegar on everything," her dad joined in. "She'd rather have vinegar than ice cream or candy. We never could figure it out. And another thing," he went on, "she'd pass up her mother's delicious roast for immense helpings of bread and gravy. As a matter of fact, she still relishes nothing better than bread dipped in gravy."

One day, Albert Fluck, an excellent pianist, decided it was time to teach his young daughter the art of the keyboard. "All right, Daddy," agreed Diana, but without much enthusiasm. There followed a series of evening lessons, but alas, our Diana made little progress.

"Maybe," said Albert to Mrs. Fluck, "it's a case of a father not being able to teach his own daughter. I'll send her to a friend of mine."

Twice a week, Diana trotted off to another piano teacher. At the end of three months, Albert Fluck received a note from his friend. "Better stop the lessons and save your money," it read. "Your daughter just hasn't got it!"

That was the finish of the piano lessons. Another letter marked the beginning of the end of her school days at Selwood House. Diana was not a very diligent student, hated homework and was good in only one subject—English composition. One afternoon, she came home and told her mother, "Mummy, the French teacher said something awful today."

"What was it, dear?" asked Mrs. Fluck. Making a face, Diana replied, "She said, 'Oh, hell!'"

That evening, Mrs. Fluck mentioned the matter to Mr. Fluck. "Well," frowned Diana's father, "I believe we ought to let the teacher know that we don't approve of her using such language in front of our daughter." Whereupon Albert Fluck took pen in hand and, with characteristic British diplomacy, carefully phrased a short letter to the French teacher.

The shock technique was being put to work again. Once more things started to pop. The French teacher showed the letter to the principal. The principal indignantly phoned Mrs. Fluck to come in and discuss the problem. The next afternoon, tall, stately Winifred Fluck, daughter in hand, marched into the office. An argument ensued and, while Selwood House would never use such a crude word as "expelled," it seems that's exactly what happened to our little heroine, now ten.

Around Selwood House today, Albert Fluck said, the teachers still talk about the "unfortunate" incident. They also remember Diana as a strong-willed youngster, with a flair for the dramatic. She often wore an eyeshade, tilted at a rakish angle. When she got angry, she slammed doors and stamped her feet. But when she appeared in a school pageant, she was as sweet as an angel. "We had no doubt," one of the teachers confided to Diana's dad years later, "that your daughter would go far. She had that rare combination of sensitivity, intelligence and fire." They might have added, "And a rare talent for getting herself into the midst of things when they start to happen."

One of the things which had started at Selwood House and which Diana promptly put herself in the midst of was a course in

elocution. She had begun taking lessons from a Selwood instructor, Miss Leason. When Diana enrolled in another Swindon school, Colville House, she continued to study privately with Miss Leason. She learned to recite and declaim and entered one elocution contest after another, "always walking off with first prize," Daddy Fluck added proudly.

Movies, too, were becoming important to Diana about this time. At least twice a week, Mummy and Diana would spend an afternoon at the local picture house. When they returned home, Mummy would go into the kitchen to prepare dinner. Diana would trot upstairs to her mother's bedroom. One evening Daddy Fluck came home around seven and asked, "Where's Diana?"

"In my bedroom," Mummy replied.

"Doing what?"

"Dressing up in my clothes and acting out the picture we saw this afternoon."

"Oh," said Daddy, "may I go up and watch?"

"You may not!" said Mummy. "Don't you know it's a big secret? Diana doesn't even suspect I have an inkling of what she's doing."

However, curiosity got the better of Albert Fluck, and he tiptoed upstairs to peek through the keyhole. There, he saw his young offspring, perched up on her mother's high heels, a flowery bonnet on her head and a heavy fur piece wound around her neck. Diana was pacing the floor and moaning in throaty tones to imaginary characters: "Oh, how I've suffered! The world knows how I've suffered! But my husband and children are all I have left. If it means their happiness, I'll go on suffering! (Here a sob or two.) Suffering . . . suffering!"

This was Diana Dors, age eleven.

Boyfriends? "There weren't many," said Albert Fluck. "She had the usual dates any young girl has. But no one special. However, when she was about thirteen a lot of American soldiers were billeted here in Swindon. Diana was fascinated by them."

Diana and her father used to walk down the street, gazing at the GIs in their strange uniforms. "Daddy," Diana kept pestering, "can't we invite some of them home? Please, Daddy!" Finally Daddy obliged, and from then on, while some of the neighbors disapproved of such gay goings-on, the Fluck house was filled with Americans almost every night. "They played the piano and sang songs," recalled Fluck. "We served them tea whenever rationing permitted. Mostly it was the other way around. The Americans brought us chocolate bars and cigarettes, and we were most grateful."

By now, Diana was an expert dancer. With her mother as chaperone, she spent many an evening at a Swindon dance palace called Bradford Hall. Mummy would sit up in the gallery and watch. Diana quickly became a favorite of the GIs who had paid their three shillings to get into the hall. She picked up the Big Apple and other American steps; and the delighted soldiers argued among themselves as to who was to be Diana's partner. But promptly at ten o'clock Mummy would come downstairs, curl a finger at her daughter, and the two would make their departure. After all, Diana wasn't fourteen and there was school the next day.

Aunt Kit poured another round of tea and said she remembered when all the girls at Colville House were asked to do a composition on "What I'd Like To Be When I Grow Up." Diana, as usual, had no doubts about what she wanted out of life.

"Most of the pupils wrote 'I'd Like To Be a Nurse' or 'I'd Like To Be a Beauty Operator,'" declared Aunt Kit. "But not our Diana! Her composition was called,



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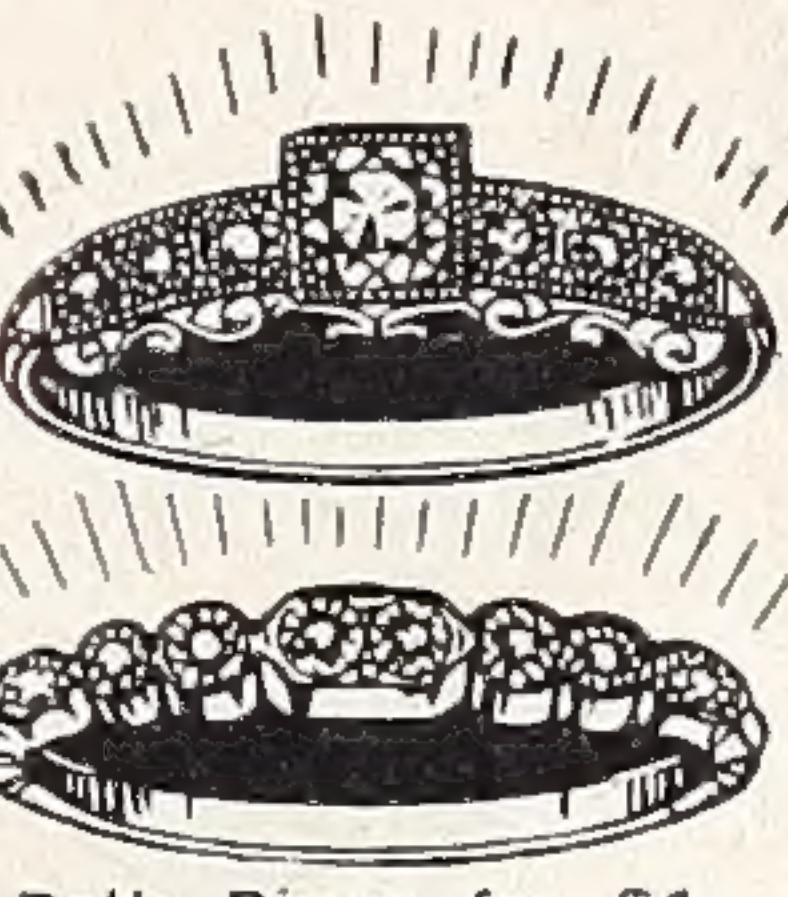


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"I Am Going To Be an Actress," And she went even further. She said, 'I am going to have a big, beautiful house with a swimming pool and a cream-colored telephone.' Today," concluded Aunt Kit, "Diana's home in Maidenhead, just outside of London, is a country estate with a huge swimming pool and a cream-colored telephone!"

In the last year at Colville, Diana was being criticized for lightening her brown hair with a rinse and entering elocution contests like mad. "One day," recalled Daddy Fluck, "Diana and I took the train to a nearby town where she was competing. The train was late and we rushed into the auditorium, hoping we'd still make it. When we arrived, it was exactly the moment for Diana to go on the stage. Calm as a veteran, Diana took off her coat and hat, walked on and recited her piece. When she was through, the contest manager shook Diana's hand."

"Thank you, Miss Fluck. Thank you very much!" he bubbled enthusiastically. Then he turned to me. "Why don't you give this girl a chance?" he demanded. "She's not only walked off with first prize but she has ten times the talent of most youngsters in these contests."

When Albert Fluck got home that evening, he told his wife what the manager had said. "Maybe we ought to give her a chance," he finished thoughtfully.

"Send her to London to the Academy?" asked Winifred Fluck.

"Yes," replied Dad. "After all, we brought Diana into the world. She didn't ask to come. Now that she's here and appears to be so gifted, the best we can do is give her the chance." He sighed a little sadly. "We'll have to let her go, Mummy."

So Mummy and Diana went to London to arrange for Diana's admission into the Academy of Dramatic Art, which is something like New York's Actors' Studio. They were told Diana would have to pass an examination before she could be admitted. This examination would consist primarily of reading poetry and enacting small scenes from plays. A date was set and Diana and Mummy went back to Swindon to prepare for the big day.

"She used to practice on the family," reminisced Aunt Kit. "And she had quite a repertoire. One of her poems was called 'Daffodil.' Then there was a very tragic one—I've forgotten the name—but it had us all in tears. Even Diana's burly uncles were getting out their handkerchiefs and wiping their eyes. 'Diana,' said the uncles,

'if you can move us, you'll certainly pass the test!'"

A few days later, Diana went to London and did pass the exam. But because she couldn't get a room at the YWCA, and her mother wouldn't think of allowing her fourteen-year-old daughter to stay anywhere else in the big city, Diana attended the Academy only part-time during her first term.

However, by the time the second term rolled around, a new Y had opened and Diana found accommodations. She would take an early morning train Monday from Swindon and return home Friday night. "Our daughter was gradually going out of our lives," reflected Daddy Fluck. "But she was happy. And that's all we wanted."

At the London Academy, examinations are held periodically. If a fledgling passes the first test, he or she is awarded a bronze medal. For the second examination, it is a silver medal; for the third, gold. Diana easily collected her bronze medal and, at the age of fifteen, was up for the silver trophy. One of the judges was Mr. L'Epine Smith, a film executive. After Diana's act, he took her aside.

"How old are you, Diana?" he asked.

"Fifteen," she replied.

Smith shuddered. "Fifteen!" He drew a long breath. "Look, if you'll tell people you're eighteen and change your name to something besides Fluck, I can get you a film job."

Diana promptly adopted her grandmother's maiden name, Dors, and began applying make-up (she'd used only pale lipstick until then). A couple of weeks later, L'Epine Smith took her to the office of George King, a producer. Smith sat himself on the arm of Diana's chair, holding tightly to her wrist.

One of the first questions King asked was, "Diana, how old are you?"

Smith squeezed Diana's wrist hard. Diana stuttered, "I—I—I'm eighteen!"

She was hired. Her first movie job was a bit part in a now-forgotten film. She received about forty dollars for her work, which lasted a week.

"The next thing we knew," recalled Daddy Fluck, "Diana had herself an agent. One Saturday, the agent phoned Diana here in Swindon and asked, 'Can you jitterbug?'"

"Oh, yes!" Diana promptly answered. "I used to jitterbug with the GIs at Bradford Hall."

Diana was in pictures again—another bit part, another week's work, another forty dollars. But Diana was on her way.

"The rest is history, I guess," said Mr. Fluck. "J. Arthur Rank put her under contract when she was sixteen. She married when she was nineteen. And now she's twenty-five and rich and famous."

"We don't see too much of her," added Aunt Kit. "She's been back home only once since her mother died. Says she can't bear to be in the same house again. She and her mother were very close."

"But we keep in touch," put in Dad. "I get letters. Even got a telephone call all the way from Los Angeles. And when she's in England, she's always inviting me over for a weekend."

"More tea?" asked Aunt Kit.

When the tea was declined with thanks, Albert Fluck let go of a long sigh, rubbed his hands together, and said, "Well, I guess that's about all we can tell you—except that we're very happy and proud about Diana. She's come a long way."

Leaving those gentle people on the quiet streets of Swindon I was in hearty agreement with their summing-up of their famous daughter. She had, indeed, come a long way. She has a long-term agreement with the J. Arthur Rank Corporation, a deal for three pictures with RKO and options for two more. She has also signed up for three independent movies and three for her own producing company.

Diana made more headlines recently when her husband announced that she was through with Hollywood and that she and he were returning to England permanently. Diana promptly repudiated this by announcing, through an RKO executive, "If Dennis did say that, he was crazy, and I don't believe he said it."

Nevertheless, two weeks after this both Hedda Hopper and Sheilah Graham announced flatly that the Hamiltons were being divorced, with financial details.

Before that, Diana and her husband had bought a great deal of Beverly Hills real estate, seeming to indicate that they liked it here just fine and intended to stay. Her second movie, "The Lady and the Prowler," co-stars Rod Steiger. She was thoughtfully paid \$100,000 for making it—an increase of \$25,000 over her first picture, which is not bad pay, even in Hollywood.

The home she lives in, banked with flowers, flanked by its swimming pool and its three-car garage, is a far cry from that quiet street in Swindon. But the Diana who flips and quips her way from party to party, with one eye on the cash register and the other on the headlines, is not so very different from the little girl who started shocking her parents the day she was born and has been cheerfully shocking and surprising people ever since. And despite an outward resemblance to Miss Monroe, Diana Dors is a star in her own right. She is, as she will modestly tell you, not Britain's Marilyn Monroe but Britain's Diana Dors.

Like Marilyn, Diana gets along beautifully with the press and the columnists. But unlike Marilyn, Diana is troubled by no inner doubts and fears. Diana is a realist in a realistic world. She learns the rules of the game—just as she learned her multiplication table at the age of four—and plays the game accordingly. She is bright, shrewd, quick-witted and essentially friendly and easygoing. She is frankly happy to be making so much money and hopes—and intends—to go on making it.

Essentially, Diana hasn't changed much from the days of the little house in Swindon. Because she has been observed, only recently, discreetly dipping her bread in gravy.

THE END

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